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ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOL. III.

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

HIS EMINENCE
CARDINAL WISEMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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PART IV.

PAPERS

ON

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, AND ART.

SPAIN.

ART. IV.—1. *Revelations of Spain in* 1845. By an ENGLISH RESIDENT. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1845. Colburn.

2. *Journal of a Clergyman, during a Visit to the Peninsula, in the Summer and Autumn of* 1841. By the Rev. W. ROBERTSON, Minister of New Greyfriars, Edinburgh. Blackwood: 1845.

3. *Diary of Travels in France and Spain, chiefly in the year* 1844. By the Rev. FRANCIS TRENCH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1845. Bentley.

THESE works, and others which have come out since we made up our list, are evidences of the interest which is beginning to be felt in the state of the Peninsula. A country which, for upwards of twenty years, seems to have been but the theatre of successive revolutions, which, while every other great European nation has been enjoying perfect peace, and improving its resources, has been plunged in a series of civil, and almost provincial, wars; a country in which all the elements of society seem to have been thrown into a political chaos from which a new creation was to spring, is seen at last subsiding into tranquillity, and emerging from an abyss of disorder; after several oscillations, that have grown fainter and fainter, it seems to have gained its upright position; order and firm government have asserted their rights, and the course of calm legislation, so long pent up or deviously deflected, has begun to flow in its proper channel. A country so situated cannot fail to interest. Under this aspect it is already visited by the statesman

and the utilitarian; and its resources, infant amidst the matured or fading prosperity of other states, are being accurately measured and scanned. The rail-road schemer, the mineral treasure-hunter, the bridge-contractor, have already rushed to the spot; and the Spaniards are to be treated to the inconceivable luxury of passing at once from twenty miles a day's travelling on an *arriero's* ass, or in a desperate diligence drawn by twenty mules, to flying at the rate of twice as many miles an hour, on the wings of steam. They will not have to pass through the intermediate state of expensive roads now choked with grass, and "Nimrods" and "Wonders" whirled by "blood-power"[a] at twelve miles an hour's speed.

But while many will be interested by Spain, as the opening market of new speculations, *our* eyes naturally turn towards it, to seek "the old paths," and we look with eagerness for every indication of its moral and religious state. And in doing so, it is not merely as Catholics, but it is as *English* Catholics peculiarly, that we find ourselves attracted to the unusual spectacle which Spain presents. Here is a country, in which, of all others, whatever has been cast as a reproach on our holy religion by the mouth of the calumniator, has been supposed to have grown to its maturity. Who has not heard for years of the religious ignorance of Spain? of its superstition? of its priestly domination? Who has not heard that noble country spoken of, as exemplifying more than any other, the state of abject degradation to which a people could be brought by not reading the Bible, but allowing themselves to be blindly led by designing priests? Again, and again, we have been told that its religion all consisted in outward show, that the poor were beguiled

[a] A Spanish expression for "animal power."

by magnificent ceremonials in splendid churches, at altars blazing with the wealth of the Indies; that their senses were enslaved, while their reason was unconvinced, and their heart insincere; that crowds of enormously rich, cunning priests, and indolent monks and friars, were leagued together with a despotic government, helped by a cruel inquisition, to keep the people in habitual delusion, and error, and thraldom. Spain was proverbially, in a Protestant's mouth, the type of the Catholic religion worked out to its consequences, and so exhibiting a melancholy picture of spiritual abandonment and abjection.

Now of a country so circumstanced, what would one naturally have predicated? Why, that take but away the outward props, and the edifice would crumble. Remove what till now has made the people seemingly religious, and the hollowness of the system will be manifested, and you will be left with a mass of infidelity and immorality, stripped of its outward seemliness and decent covering. Well, all has been done that can be done to apply this smarting test, this actual cautery to the body of the Spanish Church. First, she has been pretty well spoiled of all earthly wealth, and left as poor and indigent as the most fervent admirer of apostolical poverty could desire to see her. All the church lands have been seized to the state, all tithes have been abolished, every imaginable source of income turned away; and a pension substituted for all — and most scrupulously never paid. Secondly, the violence of plundering foes, and the *liberal* rapacity (how ill do the two words agree!) of Mendizabals and Esparteros have succeeded each other in first harvesting, and then gleaning, the Church treasuries, to the extent of having pretty generally shorn the divine worship of its splendour, and bared

altar and shrine of their pride and ornament. They have sucked up every fund for defraying the expenses of God's service, and have driven, by starvation, the priests from the sanctuary. Whatever could be done to render the ceremonial and liturgy of the Catholic Church as meagre and as mean as possible, has been thus most sedulously accomplished. Thirdly, the alliance between Church and State has been not only openly, but ostentatiously broken, by the banishment of bishops, dignitaries, and parish priests, from their diocese or country, and by measures coolly calculated to bring the ecclesiastical order into contempt. Every religious body has been dissolved, the monks driven into the streets, and all their corporate influence destroyed. Where there may have been ten ecclesiastics, fairly provided for, to rule or bias, there is hardly one pauper curate left.

Surely here is enough in conscience to probe to the quick the soundness of faith in Spain, and to bring to proof the assertion, that externals formed the religion of its people, and outward show their worship. Who, that believed the picture drawn above of what Spain has been thought to be, would not have predicted that, by this time, the people would have been found godless, their clergy powerless, and their worship deserted? Who, of such a mind, would not have expected that the few who remained still attached to the desecrated altars of their fathers, should have to be sought at the gates of ruined churches, wailing, like Jeremiah, that the ways of Sion are made desolate, and that none came to her festivals?

But, thanks be to God, it is not so. And we really believe it will be a relief to many Catholic hearts to hear so. For, though we will not presume to think, that any one who bears that name would have used

such terms as we have put into a Protestant mouth, yet are we obliged to fear, from much we have often heard, that, even among ourselves, prejudice had crept in, and usurped our judgments, upon that great and generous country; which gave us shelter in our day of distress, and provided us with the means of educating, for centuries, that clergy which, in spite of the rack, the gallows, and the quartering-knife, kept true religion alive in England. Not a few Catholics would have gone to the very verge of the language which we have imagined, or would, at least, have feared that it might contain some truth.

On our part, however, we should, from the beginning of the great religious struggles in Spain, have rejected the idea with scorn. Perhaps early and vague impressions, mingled with the recollections of childhood, which nothing had been able to efface, may have brought it home to our conviction, that faith and deep religious and moral feelings were there solidly implanted; and this consciousness may have repelled from our minds the insinuations and charges which we so often heard against the religion of Spain. Or, it may be that such evidences as chance threw in our way, all went to give the lie to the traveller's or apostate's tales, concerning clergy and people. We have seen the exiled religious of Spain, when first the decree of suppression was issued, joining the communities of other countries, and everywhere edifying by the strictness of their discipline, and the holiness of their lives. We have seen its banished clergy in the towns of France, penniless and starving, yet living in small communities, reciting devoutly the Divine Office in choir, and leading quiet, inoffensive lives; ready for any good work, and exemplary in the discharge of every duty. We have seen the hardy youths

of Catalonia crowding the decks of the Mediterranean steamers, returning cheerful from Rome, whither they had repaired without scrip or purse, to obtain that ordination, which the banishment of their own bishops, or the doubtful jurisdiction of intruded administrators of vacant sees, or the prohibition of an infidel government, prevented their procuring at home. We have seen the bishops, driven from their churches by the revolutionary scourge, make themselves revered for their learning, their virtues, and their unflinching courage. In fine, we have seen many of the laity of Spain, and among them youths of birth and education, firmly attached to their religion, and zealously practising its obligations, when far from home. With such chance-evidences before us, as well as by pretty regular attention to the religious periodicals of that calumniated country, we have ever watched its religious crisis with an eye of hope; we have disbelieved, with unwavering constancy, the reports of all newspapers' "own correspondents" (a race which, with some few honourable exceptions, every continental government might with safe conscience banish); and have gleaned consolation and confidence from the remembrance of the issue of every great contest between Catholic principle and the tyranny of states.

They are our views of the result of this combat, and of its accompanying storms and terrors, that we wish to lay before our readers; and, not only our views, but the grounds on which we have formed them. We may be naturally expected, in the first instance, to say something of the works before us, in reference to our subject. Two of them are by clergymen, representing the two poles of Protestantism,—the Anglican, and the Scottish Presbyterian. Each displays his qualification of Reverend on his title-page; and each

clearly intends his work to be the manifestation of Gospel views, and of a holy horror of Popery in connection with Spain. They express the triumph of self-contented private judgment over a church and religion, which they can neither understand nor comprehend.

Our Anglican tourist sadly deceives us by his title-page —"Diary of Travels in France and Spain, chiefly in the year 1844." In reality, the "Travels in Spain" consist of a few days' excursion across the Pyrenees, as far as Pampeluna. In the preface to the work, we are carefully informed that the clerical character of the author is to be impressed on every page. He has travelled to make himself acquainted with the state of religion—the *Romish faith* — in France; and, apparently, his "sense of responsibility for time, attention, and interest, attached to one occupying the position of a minister," which forbade his having any other object on one side of the Pyrenees, would not allow a change of principle on the other. Now we will undertake to say that, on his return from both countries, he knew considerably less of what he went to learn, than he did when he started. For, really, ignorance is more akin to true knowledge than false—positively false—notions are. A man, who knows nothing about Mussulmen, knows more than one who thinks them Christians. And Mr. Trench would truly have been better off for acquaintance with Catholics, had he remained in blissful ignorance at Freehills, than he is now, after carefully picking up so much nonsense and so much untruth, in his travels in two countries. We do not mean to impeach his character; for he really seems a most amiable, well-meaning gentleman. He dedicates his work to his wife; and seems always easily pleased and satisfied — save, of course, where

religion is concerned—and ever ready to see the fair side of men and things, except in Popery. But, should any one turn to his pages, expecting to find the smallest imaginable amount of information respecting the religious condition of Spain or its people, he is doomed to inevitable disappointment. Mr. Trench thinks, no doubt, that he is discharging "the responsibility for time, attention, and interest, attached to one occupying the position of a minister," by giving away Spanish Testaments and tracts, as he travels through a small section of the country. Having distributed "those Testaments and a few tracts," he thinks he has ascertained that "facility now exists there of *dispersing* [*sic*] the Word of God!" (Vol. ii. p. 72.) But surely, we need not expect to learn much of the state of religion in that vast, and almost mysterious country, from the diary of a clergyman, however amiable, who thinks he is doing apostolic work, by driving into it a party of young ladies, in a pony phaeton—even though the ponies were grey, and the phaeton built by Mr. Cole, of Fareham![b]

The Presbyterian clergyman may be naturally expected to look with even less favour upon Catholic Spain. He is, indeed, "led to hope that he has one recommendation to the favour of a certain portion of the public, beyond what is possessed by the generality of tourists, viz.: that he has endeavoured to look on everything *with the eye of a minister of the Gospel of Christ*." What this "eye" is, we are at a loss to discover; unless we are to judge from passages in his book, which we should be sorry to quote. Such is one in pp. 31, 32, which begins with a solemn appeal

[b] We should have hardly noticed this work, but for its being no bad specimen of *surface travelling*, if we may use the term. As for its *Protestantism*, it is of the lowest class.

to the Deity, about the religious state of Spain, in these terms :—

"O Lord, how long? How long wilt thou suffer tyranny and priestcraft to exclude the Gospel and *Gospel ministers* (*!*) from this sinful land? Arise, Sun of Righteousness, with healing on thy wings!"

and goes on, after a few lines, in a strain of worldly levity, which would have secured to any Spanish clergyman, had he written it, suspension, or severe reprehension from his bishop. The "eye" of the "Gospel minister" seems to have been directed to anything but spiritual objects. The whole passage, to us, is unspeakably disgusting.

Yet this gentleman, in his travels through Southern Spain, has, of course, his views on the state of religion there, and the means of improving it.

"Spain," he writes, "appears to be in a transition state. She has, to a certain extent, shaken off the yoke of Popery, without getting anything better in its place. On a country in this condition, how powerful might be the influence of a faithful and energetic Christian minister at Gibraltar, who should be disposed to assume the aggressive as well as the defensive,—to be a missionary as well as a pastor!" —P. 180.

Again :—

"I have said that Spain is in a transition state. It is obvious, from the conversations I have had with those who are acquainted with the state of the country, that an important change in the religious views and character of the people is in process. This change had begun to show itself before the abolition of conventual establishments, and the recent appropriation of part of the patrimony of the Church. These innovations have, however, done much to shake the already tottering fabric of superstition, and to overthrow the already decaying influence of the Romish priesthood. No one can enter Spain now without being struck with the discrepancy betwixt his preconceived notions of the superstitious reverence of the Spanish lower orders for the mummery of Romanism, and the actual state of the fact. I am not acquainted with any part of Europe, in which Popery is acknowledged, where less reverence or devotion is to be

observed among the common people in their religious ceremonies; and it is notorious that many superstitious observances have now quite disappeared. Am I gratified at this? I acknowledge that I am. Not that I am prepared to maintain that no religion at all is in itself better than Popery; but because, while the influence of the priesthood over the minds of the people remained unimpaired, the introduction of the Bible generally into Spain was almost hopeless. A new era in the religious history of the Peninsula has begun. Spiritual despotism—the most dangerous enemy which the truth has to encounter—is no more; and civil despotism is quite incapable of excluding the Bible entirely from the land. Now that the anathemas of the priesthood are disregarded, the people are eager to receive the word of God, and experience everywhere proves that where a people are desirous of welcoming the light, not all the most stringent regulations of the most bigoted and tyrannical of despotisms can keep them altogether in darkness."—P. 185.

His remedy is as beautiful as are his premises:—

"Wherefore, if the eye of the Christian tactician carefully surveys the hitherto impregnable defences of the man of sin in Spain, he will not fail to perceive that a wide and practicable breach is already made. Up then, soldiers of the Cross! Eternal honour to the man, be he Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, or Independent, who shall first mount the breach with the sword of the Spirit in his hand! Eternal honour to the man of God, who shall first preach the truth of Jesus in Madrid!"—P. 188.

Such is the information which a person desirous to know the religious condition of Spain is likely to get from travellers who pretend to have expressly made it their study. Their own fanatical views are the medium through which they see, and there is not even an attempt at reasonable investigation. Mr. Robertson's notions and hopes on the subject are completely belied by facts alluded to by himself, to which we may have occasion later to refer. We shall certainly look no further into him for information.

The "Revelations of Spain" have a much more substantial claim to notice. They are the clever production of a person well acquainted with the late history, the

social peculiarities, and the national characteristics of Spain. There is much vigour and much truth throughout the work. But, though it will be of use to us in many respects, it would be but a poor guide in our present research: for it is only incidentally and indirectly that the religious condition and prospects of Spain are mentioned. The author too is a Protestant; and, though he is clearly fond of Spain and its people, it is useless to expect from him, or any such, access to many sources of information, which a Catholic alone can possibly reach, understand, or apply. The religious condition of any nation must be estimated by a variety of considerations. One, for instance, is the adherence of the people to the doctrines and practices of their faith, and the love which they feel for it. Now who but a Catholic can truly understand the relative value which these possess, and the scale of importance in which they stand? Is any but a Catholic likely to inspire the bishops or higher clergy with that confidence which will lead to their opening to him their knowledge of their people, their own struggles, their sufferings, their views, their hopes? and consequently make him able to estimate their learning, their zeal, their constancy, their patience, and their other qualities, in whatever measure they may possess them? Or, who again, but a Catholic, can appreciate the real value of the combat for principles which, like those of our own St. Thomas, a Protestant can hardly understand? Yet, who will be able to measure the religious prospects of a nation, without an accurate acquaintance with the virtues or defects of its hierarchy? Who but a Catholic can get to the heart of a Catholic, especially when it is suffering from the pains inflicted by heresy and infidelity—when it is shut up from the scrutiny of all but bosom-friends, through the jealousies

of perilous times? Who, but one recognised as a brother, will penetrate into more secret asylums of virtue and sorrow, and gain acquaintance with the hidden hopes which may lie stored up in the fervent prayer and silent patience of the cloistered spouses of the Lamb? Nay, how seldom can a Protestant even come to know the feelings on this subject of those who will converse with him freely in society, upon politics, or the topics of the day, but feel that there is no communion between them on matters of more conscientious interests?

It may be presumptuous in us to hope that we have succeeded in this difficult task; but at least we have endeavoured to accomplish it. We have had opportunities of conversing with the prelates of that country, whether exiles, or in their sees, and with the administrators of more than one vacant church; we have sought the acquaintance of its ecclesiastics, and it has ripened into feelings of a more pleasing nature, with some distinguished for learning, virtue, and discernment: we have visited seminaries, colleges, and schools; have considered every institution of charity as deserving of minute inspection, and quite as noble a monument of a city's glory as the Alhambra, or Alcazar, and have been as interested explorers of the one as of the other; we have therefore spent hours in hospitals, asylums, orphanages, and workhouses (if the name can be applied without profanation to the refuges of poverty and old age in Spain), and other such establishments; and everywhere we have met with nothing but courtesy and a readiness to throw everything open. We have penetrated into the sacred recesses of many religious houses, and drawn both edification and hope from the virtues which we have there discovered. Finally, we have made the

inquiry now before us, into the state of religion in Spain, our principal object while visiting the country under circumstances peculiarly favourable, which enabled us to converse with persons of all parties, of various professions, and of different ranks, and which put us on a footing of intimacy and familiar intercourse with many, both able and willing to give, or procure, us every information we desired.

It is the result of this investigation, so conducted, that we now proceed to lay before our Catholic readers, in hopes that it will interest them, as it has done ourselves. Our personal researches are indeed confined to the south of Spain; but our documentary evidence will extend over the entire country: and we shall be most careful not to make a single statement without such authority, unless it be the result of personal observation. In placing these materials for consideration under the notice of our readers, it is far from being our intention to write a disquisition on our subject, or to give a methodical and argumentative treatise. We think we shall communicate our views much better in a more varied and discursive form, which may lead us into digressions, not perhaps always needless for our purpose.

I. We have already remarked, that it would be useless to attempt a judgment upon the religious position or prospects of a Catholic country, without some data whereby to judge of the actual condition of its hierarchy. But this one element clearly resolves itself into several distinct considerations. Thus, it is of importance to know, to what character of persons we have to look for the reorganization of the ecclesiastical system; the re-establishment of seminaries where suppressed; the reformation of abuses which must have crept into the Church during so long a period of anarchy;

the rekindling of zeal which must in many places have grown cool; the restoration to canonical order of jurisdiction disordered by civil interference; and not least of all, the filling by new means, the terrible chasm which the suppression of religious communities has made, in the machinery for instructing, directing, and influencing the mass of the people. It is clear that the physician must be skilful indeed, who has to reset the frame, of which every limb and articulation is disjointed by the rack whereon it has been cruelly stretched, and to heal its many sores and ulcers, and cure its aching head and its fainting heart. But beyond this, it is also of importance to know to what extent the people are desirous of this treatment, or value the physician's art. For if *they* have no feeling on the subject, it is clear that his labour will be heavy, and comparatively fruitless. Moreover, the government of the Church is so essential a part of her very being, that if a sense of its value be lost, we must fear that with it much else that is practically important will be gone. Thus, the just prizing of the sacrament of Confirmation would be perilled, where the episcopacy was undervalued; and conversely, the desire of that holy rite where it had been delayed, would form a test of the estimation which the episcopal order itself enjoys. A Catholic alone will fully understand this reasoning.

We must own that every means within our reach, of judging of the episcopal body in Spain at the time of the late revolutions, and, consequently, of as much of it as yet survives, leads us to form a very high estimate of its worth. One simple fact will introduce the subject, and speak more than volumes. At the beginning of last year [1844], of the sixty-two bishops who compose the hierarchy of Spain, only twelve were left

in their sees. Many no doubt had perished through natural causes and old age, not a few from the hardships to which they had been subjected; but a most honourably large number were in exile, either in other provinces, or beyond the confines of the kingdom. The government, usually called liberal, had, by arbitrary measures, got rid of the Church's noble defenders. For let us *in limine* express our strong conviction, that in revolutionary governments, none are so despotic as those which call themselves liberal, and if good people in England fancy that with the downfall of Espartero there was an overthrow of liberty, they are indeed mistaken. The London citizens who feasted him, and (unknowingly) the woman-murderer Nogueras, *quem secum attulit umbram*, and thought that thereby they were paying homage to the same spirit as gave England its constitution, would think very differently if they had in themselves a taste of his policy in government, and were turned over for a time, to the administration of a Mendizabal, and the tender mercies of a Zurbano.[c] Yet such are the idols of our liberals at home!

The treatment of the bishops is a tolerable evidence of these men's principles of personal liberty. A bishop,

[c] It was indeed lamentable to see how the English press took part with the last desperate attempt of this wretched man to disturb the tranquillity of Spain. He was praised as the hope and salvation of the country. In Spain his character was better known. We are unwilling to believe the tales of sacrilege related of him; those of blood can hardly we fear be disputed. One anecdote, received from excellent authority, we will record. When Espartero put to death Diego Leon, Quiroga, Montes de Oca, and others, Galiano, now so well known as a statesman, was pursued to death by the murderous Zurbano. The mother of his intended victim presented herself to him to entreat his compassion. The ruffian's answer was: "If I can take your son, all that I shall grudge will be the value of the powder and ball which it will take to shoot him."

after all, was a citizen and a Spaniard; and, according to our old-fashioned prejudices, we cannot understand a government, or minister, unceremoniously sending away, without trial, into exile from home or country, any one entitled to constitutional protection. Yet such was the treatment of these venerable men. By what is called a "*providencia gubernativa*" — that is, an arbitrary order of the government — a bishop was commanded to depart forthwith to the place appointed for his banishment, and there to remain till further pleasure. And as all the revenues of the bishopries had been seized, and the pensions allotted in their place were never paid, the exiled bishop, separated from the sympathies of his flock, was left to the charity of strangers, ignorant, probably, of his virtues and his wants. The pretences on which this treatment was inflicted were various. Some were banished for refusing to recognise the jurisdiction of an ecclesiastical junta or commission, created and invested with authority in spiritual matters, by a government decree of April 22, 1834; some for resisting the prohibition issued to them to ordain their clergy; some for petitioning against the suppression of religious orders; others, again, for defending the property of the clergy; and all, finally, for refusing with horror to consent to the schismatical separation, contemplated by their civil rulers, from the Apostolic See.[d] Such were the

[d] Pensamiento de la Nacion, vol. i. p. 25. As we shall often be indebted for valuable information to this excellent journal, we may be allowed to say a few words concerning it. Its first number appeared Feb. 7, 1844, and it has continued to be published weekly, till the present time. It consists of sixteen 4to. pages, devoted to politics (uniformly treated on great Catholic principles), to religious and ecclesiastical intelligence, and to literary articles. Its tone is calm, moderate, and grave; its style pure and elegant; its sentiments noble and fervently religious. It seems to us the very model of an eccle-

crimes of the Spanish episcopacy — the crimes of our Saints Anselm, Thomas, and Edmund — the crimes which had sent into banishment before them, a Gregory VII. and a Pius VII. Had the English Church, at the unfortunate period of Henry the Eighth's reign, possessed a body of bishops as ready to suffer, and, consequently, as resolute in resisting, as the Spanish episcopacy has shown itself, we may doubt whether the faith would have been lost to our country as fatally as it was.

We cannot exactly state the number of bishops expelled from their sees; for we have no evidence within our reach, as to how many may have died in exile. But the number who have survived, and lived to be restored with honour to their sees, is not inconsiderable. On the 19th of January, 1844, the government, at the earnest petition of the clergy and people of Seville, addressed a note to the holy and venerable Cardinal Cienfuegos, archbishop of that noble city, who had been in banishment at Alicante since February, 1836, most honourably recalling the decree of his banishment, and inviting him to return to his affectionate flock. It must be observed that the order

siastical journal. It is under the direction of Don Jaime Balmes, a young ecclesiastic, whose great abilities, extraordinary learning, sacred and profane, and devoted zeal to the cause of God and his Church, form the admiration of all lovers of order and truth in Spain. Of some of his other works we hope to speak more at length in a future article; but we must here mention another periodical conducted by him, previously to, and with this, to which likewise we shall have occasion to refer. This is La Sociedad, in 8vo., of which the first number appeared at Barcelona, March 1, 1843, and closed with the second volume in September, 1844. [It need not be added, that a premature death soon after closed the hopeful career of this excellent priest. He is now better known in England by his work on Catholicism and Protestantism, translated into English.]

for his banishment had accused him of no fault—it would have been difficult, indeed, to have placed one on his sacred head; for he is a prelate who, from his virtues and amiable character, had, and could have, no enemies. But the government of the day were about to suppress the religious orders; and they knew that, mild and gentle as he was, he would never have consented to their iniquitous designs; but would have opposed them, as became a good shepherd. He was, therefore, to be removed; and this was done by one of those *ministerial* or dictatorial *acts*, to which we have alluded. We shall have to return again to this excellent pastor. The same day a similar decree of recall was addressed to the archbishop of Santiago. These measures of justice were soon followed by others of a similar character. In February and the following months, honourable invitations to return to their sees were sent to the archbishop of Tarragona, to the bishops of the Canaries, of Palencia, of Calahorra, of Placencia, and of Pampeluna (who had passed his banishment at Pau); and either then, or soon after, to the bishop of Ceuta. The bishop of Minorca, D. Fr. Juan Antonio Diaz Merino, died in exile at Marseilles, on the 16th of April of the same year. A few days before his death, he wrote to a friend at Madrid to beg a small sum of money to defray his funeral expenses; and soon after receiving it, he died in holy peace. All Marseilles bore witness to the virtues which shed honour and veneration around his exile. But of his character and life more just now. Nor must we overlook the cruel ignominy with which the aged and excellent bishop of Alcalá was treated. Although upwards of eighty years of age, he was banished, or rather transported, in 1837, to an African *presidio*, or prison-fort, where galley-slaves are detained; where

even the water that is drunk must be brought from Spain; where the climate is pestilential; and where he would have none of the comforts necessary at his advanced age. But the public voice of condemnation obliged them to recall him, we believe after two years.

We have here three archbishops and eight bishops, in all eleven prelates, who have nobly borne banishment, many of them in an advanced age—and a banishment, be it remembered, aggravated by absolute destitution — rather than surrender to the wolf the sheep confided to their care, or an atom of that sacred deposit of truth, of discipline, or of religious practice, which had been committed to their custody. But though we are, at this moment, able only to record these few, the number is certainly much greater; for several had died in their banishment, before a happier era dawned on the Spanish Church. If there be any truth in the feelings which guided the ancient Church, when she prided herself upon having bishops, who, like St. Athanasius, St. Hilary, St. Chrysostom, or (to take the country of which we write) St. Fructuosus of Tarragona, or St. Eugenius of Toledo, were ready to suffer exile rather than yield one tittle to the enemies of the Church; and if she thought and felt herself strongest, when seemingly most oppressed (for *virtus in infirmitate perficitur*); nay, if the hopes of a church may be calculated by the proportion in which we find the characteristics of the Good Shepherd, as given by our Lord, marked in its chief rulers, the Church of Spain has much to be proud of, and much to hope for, in an episcopate which has so generously done its hard duty in such a crisis; and we may surely augur well of its future prospects, after it has produced, trained, and raised to dignity so worthy a body of clergy. Nor can any

set-off be well made on the other side. That some weak men may have been found in so large a number, who bent beneath the storm, is very possible. The only one who, to our knowledge, has publicly espoused the revolutionary principles, which have sent his brother bishops into banishment, is the bishop of Astorga. We have before us his pastoral, in which the authority of the state is made co-ordinate with, and even paramount to, that of the Church;[e] in which he is most anxious that his flock should learn to distinguish between the head of the Church and the *king of Rome*[f] (a term which even Pistoja did not venture to use), attributing to the latter the condemnation of a work by his uncle, Felix Amat, late bishop of Palmyra[g]—a condemnation which he therefore pronounces to be of no value. Sincerely do we regret to have to mention this exception to the honourable bearing of the Spanish episcopacy; but the very exception serves to put them in a fairer light. The bishop of Astorga was made a member of the Senate.

Having spoken thus in general of the conduct of the Spanish bishops in the days of trial which they have passed, we may be allowed, we trust, without infringing on any sacred feeling, to say a few words of some of them more particularly. Our object, in so doing, will be not merely to make their own characters known,

[e] Pastoral del Obispo de Astorga (Aug. 6th, 1842), Madrid, p. 12.

[f] Ibid. p. 19.

[g] Observaciones pacificas sobre la Potestad Ecclesiastica, 3 vols. 4to. This work led to a long correspondence between its author and the apostolic nuncio, afterwards Cardinal Giustiniani, and to its being condemned by the congregation of the *Index*. The Pastoral above referred to was likewise condemned. The bishop of Astorga defended both in his Apologia Católica de las Observaciones pacificas, &c. Madrid, 1843.

but likewise to show the feelings of the people in their regard. The bishop of Placencia had Cadiz assigned him for his place of banishment. Confined much to his bed by illness and suffering, we saw him labouring with his hands, together with his chaplains, for the poor, by making beads for distribution among them. He assured us that, during his six or seven years' exile, the charity of the faithful, on which he had to depend, had never failed him: and he spoke in terms of warm gratitude of the religious feelings of the inhabitants of Cadiz, who had ever treated him, though a stranger, with the utmost kindness and respect. The bishop of the Canary Islands was, fortunately for the city, banished to Seville—we say fortunately; for as the venerable archbishop himself was in exile, this learned and exemplary prelate supplied, in part at least, his absence, by giving confirmation and orders there, by his delegation. Every one who has approached him must speak of him with regard and affection; feelings which such brief personal intercourse as has been permitted to us by circumstances, entitles us to express in his regard. During his exile he published several works, which have excited general attention. But as an important controversy respecting the course to be pursued in the ecclesiastical affairs of Spain has arisen from them, or rather, as they may be considered as the exponent of the views of a large portion of the Spanish clergy, as to the best basis for the future settlement of ecclesiastical affairs, though warmly opposed by many others equally able and zealous, we will reserve a further notice of them to another section of our present undertaking. The bishop of Canaries was summoned, during the course of last winter, to Madrid; and was there treated with the greatest consideration by the government, and re-

turned to Seville, on his way to his diocese, full of hopes which have since been realized.[h]

We have had occasion to mention the bishop of Minorca; and we flatter ourselves that a few details of his character and life may not prove uninteresting; for they will serve to illustrate our position, that the hopes for Spain may be gathered from the character of her bishops. He was born at Iniesta, in New Castille; at the age of twelve he wrote Latin, both in prose and verse, with great ease and elegance; pursued his philosophical studies, with extraordinary success, at Alcalá, and having entered the Dominican order at Toledo, was sent back to the same university to complete his theology. So much did he distinguish himself here, that he was soon named professor of that science in the university of Avila. During the French occupation of Spain, he retired to the Havannah, where he obtained, by public competition, a theological chair; and afterwards, returning home, he held high offices in his order, particularly as prior of the celebrated convent of Our Lady of Atocha in Madrid. He became general of his order, and was consulted by many bishops in intricate affairs. He edited two large and important collections, the *Coleccion eclesiastica*, and the *Biblioteca de la Religion*. No wonder that he was raised to the episcopal dignity, in the see of Minorca. Here he was the model of clergy and laity. His household was most exemplary, and he daily presided at its prayers. Every day before saying mass, he passed from two to three hours in meditation and preparation, making a severe examination of his conscience. As soon as he was raised to the episcopal

[h] [He has since been named archbishop of Seville, and it is a gratification to the writer to mention, that they were added together to the sacred college.]

dignity, he distributed all that he had to the poor, and always gave away at once whatever came in, from even private sources. Beyond his episcopal robes, his dress was the plainest and coarsest; his table was the most frugal, and its furniture the simplest; and during meals a pious book was read by one of his attendants. In the time of the cholera and of scarcity, he gave away everything, and expressed his determination to sell all the furniture of his palace, rather than that the poor should want. When visiting once at a house with a friend, he observed him looking towards a pile of gold lying upon the table, and eagerly said to him, "What are you looking at? That is dirt, nothing but dirt!" He was most affable, and accessible to all, most zealous for the beauty of God's house, but firm in repressing and correcting evil. When, therefore, he felt it his duty, in 1837, to refuse consent to the irreligious measures of the government, he made up his mind to suffer every consequence. "I do not oppose these measures," he said to one of his canons, who has recorded the conversation, "from political considerations, nor from opposition to the government. If other bishops come to different convictions, let them follow them. I have laid mine, as a bishop, before the government, and whatever sentence may be the result, I am resigned. Let them seize my temporalities, let them banish me, let them transport me,—I will cheerfully submit, and make no other defence than patience." When the order came to him to quit the kingdom and his beloved flock, he uttered not a word of complaint; but retired into France. Here he was soon reduced to absolute penury; the climate, to him severe, painfully affected his health; a cataract nearly deprived him of sight, and his hearing became very faint. But in all his sufferings he maintained the

same cheerfulness of manner, and serenity of mind, patient and resigned for his Saviour's sake. Only the thought of his afflicted church, never absent from his heart, seemed to give him pain. At length serious illness attacked him; he eagerly desired to have the last sacred rites of the Church administered to him: he received them full of faith and love. But first he solemnly declared that he left no enemy, that he pardoned all, and begged, himself, forgiveness from his flock, desiring that his diocese should be written to for this purpose. After having been thus strengthened and consoled, his attendants approached to wish him joy, and he received their congratulations with evident delight. "How do you feel now?" asked one of his faithful followers. "Ah!" he replied, "I am looking forward eagerly for the happy moment!" A few hours before his death, he asked for the picture of the Blessed Virgin, which hung over his poor bed, and as he pressed it to his lips, a stream of tears gushed from his eyes. At length he took leave of his confessor, saying, "I go—I go to heaven!" and calmly in his seventy-second year, gave up his soul to his Creator. He died, as we have said, at Marseilles, on the 16th of April, last year. His funeral there was attended by a crowd of ecclesiastics and laity, anxious to bear witness to his holy life and death. The same took place at solemn obsequies performed for him at Toulon, Madrid, and Cadiz. But when his body reached Minorca, the affliction and veneration of the people knew no bounds—all felt they had lost a friend and father. His solemn obsequies were performed at Ciudadela, his episcopal residence, on the 14th July.[1]

[1] We have extracted these particulars from the funeral sermon preached on the occasion, by Dr. D. José Marqués y Gener (Sermon Funebre, &c., Madrid, 1844).

Such was the venerable prelate John Diaz Merino, one of those whom the liberal government of Spain banished from the kingdom, and considered an enemy. And thus, we may add, are there even at this day, bishops in the Catholic Church, who lag not behind the ornaments and lights of ancient times, in learning, and holiness, and zeal. And with such to guide and rule it, surely no church need despair.

We cannot have better evidence of the manner in which the people of Spain know how to value their pastors, than the behaviour of Seville to its venerable cardinal archbishop. No sooner was the sentence of his banishment reversed, than the municipality of the city sent a deputation to Alicante, to entreat him to return again to his loving flock, which longed once more to receive his paternal benediction. The holy prelate in reply expressed his own most anxious and affectionate desire to be again among his children; but regretted that his health made it impossible for him to undertake so long a journey. A steamer was offered to be placed at his disposal to bring him by sea; and when it was found that this was quite impracticable, it was proposed to carry him in a litter, borne on men's shoulders, a distance of several hundred miles! Could attachment to a pastor, and fidelity to ecclesiastical government, show itself more strongly, or more tenderly than this? But, alas! it was too late! Paralyzed in every limb, unable to do more than sign his name, and that in a manner scarcely legible (as more than one document, which we highly prize, couched in terms of warmest friendship, too painfully shows us), but with his head sound and clear, he continues from that distance, to direct every important affair in his diocese, and dictates long letters, remarkable for their strong sense and lucid views, as well as for their piety and zeal.

Having gained back, by suit against the Exchequer, his diocesan seminary at Sanlucar, which had been seized with other ecclesiastical property, he sent to the administrator of the diocese the full plan and regulation for its restoration. Well may his spiritual children pray, as did St. Martin's, that their master's sure reward may be yet delayed, that so they may have the consolation of enjoying his example and his guidance!

Hitherto we have spoken entirely of the banished prelates. But we must not altogether omit those whom Providence has reserved from this trial, for the comfort of their flocks. We will confine ourselves to one example. Between the packet which has borne the traveller to southern Spain, when moored in the middle of the Bay of Cadiz, and the quay of that fairest of ocean-cities, it is not improbable that he may hear speak of its bishop. It has so happened to us: the boatmen who rowed us ashore mentioned his name with reverence. Nor will it be otherwise, if ever the stranger, struck with the enchanting beauty of the scene he is approaching, seizes naturally upon one of its most striking features. A magnificent bay, canopied over by a deep brilliant sky, that is reflected in broken masses on the ever-heaving waters, stretching inwards towards San Fernando, as far as the eye can reach, looking more like one of Claude's creations than anything to be seen in a northern climate, with the one side closed in by low hills covered with a succession of villages of sparkling whiteness—Rota, Port St. Mary's, and Puerto Real, and the other shut up by the beautiful city, rising like Venice from the very water, with its bold ramparts and its shady walks, its palace-like houses, and its myriads of towers, all as clean and fresh as if only just built,—such is the first view which a traveller has of Spain, on entering it

from the south. But above the towers and domes of churches, he will see one pre-eminent in size and majesty of proportions; and if he ask what it is, he will be told that is the *new* cathedral, and that the city owes it entirely to the present good and saintly bishop. Yes—strange as it may sound, while Spain has been convulsed with revolutions; while all church property has been confiscated and alienated; while the clergy have been left to starve, and the people have been ground down by extraordinary exactions to support the war; while commerce has been extinguished in Cadiz,[k] and every species of distress has increased—this truly meek, gentle, and most amiable prelate has completed and embellished a spacious and noble cathedral, and that, as he himself assured us, without applying to a single individual for help, yet mainly by means of charitable contributions.

The old cathedral of Cadiz is but a poor and insignificant building; in form, however, resembling the Roman basilicas. At the period of the city's greatest prosperity, it was natural that a desire should be expressed to see it replaced by something more ample and magnificent. Accordingly, in 1716, one of the canons proposed to the chapter to undertake the erection of such an edifice; and his proposal was immediately acceded to. The preliminaries occupied several years, and it was not till the feast of the Holy Name, Jan. 10, 1722, that the foundation-stone was solemnly

[k] Formerly there were eighty private carriages kept in Cadiz, now there are only two. This must not, however, be taken altogether as a proof of distress, as it depends much on the simplicity of Spanish manners. But the trade of the Indies is departed from Cadiz, and the gold-bearing galleons no longer moor in her bay. Still there is no sign of decay about the city, nor are houses easily found untenanted. We are glad to see that several tokens of reviving activity have lately manifested themselves there.

laid. The canons gave up to the work their extra fees and tithes, as well as a stated portion of their incomes; many added munificent donations, as of course did the bishops; the city contributed largely, and the faithful assisted with their alms. But wars, disputes between architects, and difficulties about collecting the imposts levied for the work, delayed and interrupted it; till it was entirely suspended in 1796. The appearance which the building presented from that time till 1832 was truly lamentable. Some portions were indeed groined over, but the nave was for the most part uncovered, the dome not built, the front only half-raised, and the whole edifice unguarded and unprotected. As the carved work, and marble, of the walls had been built in from the beginning, the action of the weather, and especially of the spray from the sea close at hand, and the aggressions of thoughtless or ill-disposed persons, had gradually defaced and disfigured the building, and made it look more like the ruins of an old, than the beginning of a new, church. Then came war—and it was made use of for keeping stores, and so left at the mercy of an unreflecting soldiery. In fine, part of it was let for a wood-store, while the nave was used as a rope-walk.

Such was the condition of this noble building, on which had been expended at least £258,643. 14s.[1] when D. Fr. Domingo de Silos Moreno was named bishop of Cadiz, on the translation of his predecessor to the see of Seville, which he now so worthily occupies. And to the honour of the latter be it mentioned, that, in 1819, he made every effort, but in vain, to rouse his flock to exertion in favour of the church. At this period, "When the cathedral shall be finished" was a proverbial expression in Cadiz, equivalent

[1] Or 24,829,796 reals.

to the "Greek Calends." Our excellent bishop was a Benedictine monk, distinguished for his piety, who had held situations of great labour and responsibility at Madrid, and elsewhere. He had been named to a colonial see, when the American revolutions broke out, and fortunately for Cadiz, he was prevented from going to it. The consequence was, that after some delay, he was appointed to his present church. When he came to take formal possession of it, and entered, for the first time, the old cathedral, his heart sunk within him. "I had seen," so he expressed himself to us, "the magnificent minsters of every other part of Spain, and I said within myself: 'My God! is this to be my spouse — this Thy chief temple here!'" He resolved it should not be; and having, on his returning home, communicated his feelings to some of the chapter, was somewhat consoled on hearing that there was another cathedral half finished, though they held out no hopes of its ever being completed. He would not put off beyond next day his visit to it; and having entered, resolved, in his heart, that it should be finished. This was in 1825; but it was not till 1832 that he was able to undertake the work. On the 6th of January in that year, a fire broke out among the timber kept in a chapel of the unfinished cathedral, which soon almost entirely destroyed it, and perfectly calcined all its marbles and ornamental work. The injury to the building was so great, that it was found necessary to take measures for the security of what remained. It seemed as if this accident aroused once more the enthusiasm of the public, and inspired the venerable bishop with courage to make known his long-cherished desires. He appointed a superintendent of the work, and named a commission to assist in carrying it on; and having, for the

first time, taken the episcopal chair in chapter, proposed to that zealous and learned body the continuation of the building. He offered to devote to it everything that he could spare from his own income, and to live with the strictest economy; and he has most certainly kept his word. The canons on their parts promised to contribute from their own resources; and the municipality and chamber of commerce no less generously came forward with promises of assistance.

It was on the 23rd of October of that year, the feast of SS. Servandus and Germanus, patrons of the city, that the good shepherd communicated his pious intentions to his flock. His pastoral instruction on the occasion is, like his sermons, characteristically simple, straightforward, and fatherly. Indeed, his own description of his addresses, to us, is most correct. "I do not preach; I only talk to my people — they are my children, and I speak to them as a father." We cannot resist giving a translation of the beginning of this pastoral. There is no flourish of introduction in it, no round-about attempt to excite zeal; but it takes success for granted, assumes the certainty of its proposed means. The good bishop plunges at once *in medias res*, as follows :—

"With the liveliest pleasure and delight of our heart, we announce to you a great joy—one that must be such for all men, but particularly for you who are born in this beautiful city, or have the honour of belonging to it. The new cathedral, that building rare and unique of its kind, for the admirable combination of architectural orders, and for the treasures of jaspers, marbles, and other precious stones that adorn it—that building which having wrestled with earthquakes, and the storms of its neighbour the ocean, yet stands, parrying the blows of its terrible enemies, with no other defence than its solidity—after the lapse of one hundred and ten years since it was commenced, and of thirty-eight at least since a single stone has been added to it—is going to be prepared for the celebration of Divine service, and for offering to the God of your fathers that

worship which they wished to render in it, at the price of so much expense, and such great sacrifices. This is the joyful news which has to move your pious hearts, and make them bound with sweet and holy gladness; to see effected what your forefathers so anxiously desired, but could not see. . . . . But to speak plainly: if in the days of this city's splendour and abundance, if in the days when streams of gold and silver ran through the streets of Cadiz, this work, on which 30,000,000 of reals had been spent, could not be brought to a close, how can it be prudent even to think of finishing it at a period when to ease has succeeded decay, and to riches penury, in this city worthy of a better fate?

"Now, see in this, my dear children, the finger of God; see the secret influences of His unfathomable dispositions."

He then proceeds to explain how he was inspired with this thought on the occasion of his first entering the old church, and details the preliminary steps taken. After this he appeals, in the following words, to the charity of his people:—

"But you will say, on what funds do you rely for so vast an undertaking, which must employ much time and many hands in the great and delicate work of a church, such as our cathedral? Where shall we find capital sufficient to finish a building which has swallowed up so many millions [of reals], so that it shall be not unfit for His residence Who fills the universe? Where? In your fervent piety, beloved children, in your noble hearts, in your enlightened zeal for the better worship of the Author of your being, the Master of your hearts, and the Saviour of your souls! There we promise ourselves that we shall find an inexhaustible source, which will supply us with all that shall be necessary for us to enjoy the supreme happiness to which we aspire, of seeing the Tabernacle of the Lord completed."[m]

The good bishop then goes on to show the grounds of their duty to assist generously in the work; and encourages them, at some length, by examples from Holy Writ. He orders that chests be placed in the cathedral, and its three dependent parishes, for receiving alms for the building; and this, be it observed, was the only way in which the money was collected.

[m] El Obispo de Cadiz a todos los naturales, vecinos y habitantes de la misma. Cadiz, 1832, pp. 3 and 10.

On Sunday the 11th of November, a stately procession of the chapter and clergy, having the bishop at its head, and assisted by the civil authorities, proceeded from the old church to the new, where the bishop gave his solemn benediction to the work. The crowd was immense; and the good bishop, inspired by the occasion, addressed them in his own simple but feeling manner, more calculated to move them than any studied eloquence. "It would be folly," says a spectator, to whose narrative we owe our historical details, "to pretend to conjecture what were the thoughts of those who composed that vast assemblage, or what were their sentiments as to the result of what was going to be undertaken; but we may safely believe, that the prevailing feeling of all was, that its completion was beyond hope, for so many powerful reasons palpable to all."[n]

But in spite of incredulity, the work commenced. The bishop was alone treasurer, committee, and in fine the very soul of the undertaking. Though at times reduced to his last dollar, the work never ceased, and Providence never failed him. His own means all went thither: his personal contributions amounted to £3,960, a large sum, which can have hardly left him enough to live upon. And the total sum collected (that included) between November, 1832, and September, 1843, amounted to no less than £22,444. And yet not a subscription-list was ever published, nor an

[n] Descripcion Historico-Artistica de la Catedral de Cadiz, por D. Javier de Urrutia. Cadiz, 1843, p. 137. The author of this interesting little work is a magistrate of the city, and an excellent amateur artist. He is engaged on a panorama of Cadiz from the tower of the cathedral, to be exhibited for its benefit. He makes over the profit of this work to the bishop, towards whom he feels deep veneration and affection, as must every one who has had the pleasure of knowing him.

organized system of collection followed.[o] We would ask if these facts do not speak volumes for the faith, the piety, and the generosity of the Catholics of Spain, even when many would have us believe, that these virtues have grown cold there, and have almost disappeared? And do they not well establish the important position, that there is a close and affectionate sympathy between the pastors and their flocks; that the voice of the shepherd is still heard with docility by the sheep; and that an episcopal body containing such men is a guarantee to the hopes of any Church?

On the 28th of November, 1843, the bishop consecrated the church. The concourse was immense, and he could not resist addressing them. His sermon is before us, and it is truly eloquent, because every word proceeds unaffectedly from the heart.[p] But even since then he has continued his work. A splendid sacristy has been finished this year, and one of the lofty towers has nearly reached its completion. Whomsoever you ask in Cadiz about the cathedral, he will tell you it is entirely due to the bishop, and that without him it never would, or could, have been completed. All will tell you so, but one man, and that is the humble bishop himself; who, if you say a word to him about what he has done, will turn it off with a smiling "*Nada, nada!* Not at all, not at all! I have done nothing at all. It is entirely God's work; and all the honour belongs to him." We must add the

[o] We have been told that when he commenced the tower he had not above a shilling in hand. A few days before our last interview with this venerable prelate, some one had brought him 250 dollars, half of a prize won in the lottery.

[p] Oracion que el Exmo e Ilmo Senor D. Fr. de Silos Moreno, dijó celebrando de pontifical, &c. Cadiz, 1838.

impartial testimony of an English Protestant, to the unanimous suffrage of the Catholic population of the city:—

"The cathedral of Cadiz," says the author of the *Revelations of Spain*, "is finished inside, and nearly so without. It is a very noble structure, and of pure Grecian architecture. All within is jasper and the richest marbles. For the splendid aspect which it now presents, it is indebted almost entirely to the bishop of the diocese, who has devoted all his funds for many years past, beyond what was necessary for a very moderate subsistence, to the noble purpose of completing this magnificent temple. With a zeal as intense as that which raised the parent cathedrals of Europe, he has kindled sparks of the same fire in thousands of other bosoms, and is on the point of attaining a result, which not even the most sanguine anticipated,—the final completion of the edifice. I am no advocate of the institution of celibacy, but when we see such pious monuments, and learn by what means they have been raised, we cannot fail to trace a wisdom in an unmarried clergy. . . . . This excellent prelate has consecrated and opened the temple for divine service, and the Academia Gaditana de Bellas Artes, has assisted in selecting its interior embellishments." —Pp. 191, 192.

In closing our account of this most worthy prelate, we are really afraid of one misgiving concerning him arising in any reader's mind. If he is so distinguished for his zeal and virtues, how comes he to have escaped that proscription, which seems to have selected its victims from the episcopacy, exactly by these very qualities? Our answer will justify all that we have said. The order for his banishment *was* made out; but a deputy for the city, upon hearing of it, waited on the minister who held it, and told him in few words, that "the cost of issuing it would be a revolution in Cadiz. The population would rise to a man, without distinction of party, to prevent the removal of their beloved bishop."

If we have been prolix upon this portion of our subject, let it be remembered that we have few opportunities of learning much on the state of religion in

Spain, and that facts, bearing on the late and actual condition of its episcopal body, must throw much light upon the matter. But we have likewise wished (and we are far as yet from having satisfied our wish) to make somewhat known the cruel persecution which has been going on in a country so near us, from a party which we have chosen to consider as the friends of freedom, a persecution scarcely less unjust, violent, and unfeeling than that of the Czar in Russia, or Minh-Menh in Cochin-China, yet which has hardly as yet enlisted our sympathies. And we have wished, moreover, to show that, wherever the Church of Christ is doomed to suffer, she has, prepared beforehand by an All-good Providence, confessors and martyrs equal to the trial. Nor has the Church of Spain been behind her duty, nor has she fallen below the exigences of her position.

But there is another vexation connected with the want of bishops in their sees, putting the consciences of clergy and people to a severe trial, and calculated to manifest the sound principles and steadfast attachment of both to the faith, as well as the wicked designs of the late government of Spain. We allude to the intrusion of administrators into vacant bishoprics, in violation of canon law, and to the supporting of their usurped authority by actual force.

The Catholic Church has most minutely provided for the wants of a vacant see, by vesting in the dean and chapter the power and duty of naming a vicar capitular, with jurisdiction over the diocese *sede vacante*. There are many conditions attached to this power, a want of compliance with which renders the appointment, and consequently the jurisdictions, null or doubtful, and communicates the same defect to all acts and minor authorities that have emanated from

it. No one but a Catholic can well conceive the embarrassment to which consciences may be put by such a state of things, where the validity of most important sacraments, as penance and matrimony, may be rendered subject to cruelly anxious doubts. Now this has been the case in several instances, during the late vicissitudes of Spain; where the government has thrust into vacant sees persons wholly unfit by character, and has either extorted the consent of the chapter so as to render the election doubtful, or forced upon them a choice *ipso facto* null by common law. We have, in several instances, collected on the spot the history of these painful outrages on law and conscience, and heard from the oppressed and aggrieved clergy themselves, the full recital of their sufferings. But such information we forbear, for obvious reasons, to use, except where we can have recourse to documents printed and accessible to others, without breach of trust. We will therefore content ourselves with one or two public cases.

The unhappy Church of Malaga seems particularly to claim our notice; because its sufferings have been considered by the father of the faithful worthy of the notice and sympathy of the Universal Church; his holiness having made it the subject of his allocution in the Consistory, held March 1st, 1841. We will not enter into particulars respecting the first intrusion, by the government, of a vicar capitular, upon the death of the last bishop, further than to say, that he was a canon of the cathedral, "*de corpore capituli*," as the canon law requires, and had at least that qualification more than his successor, of whom principally we have to speak; but that he was, as we shall have occasion to show, a man of suspicious orthodoxy, and of lax principles. His name was Manuel Ventura

Gomez. He was educated in the suppressed University of Baeza, into which the works of Febronius and the doctrines of Pistoja had too fatally penetrated, and he clearly had brought away his share of them. He was afterwards obliged to leave the kingdom for his revolutionary doctrines, and came to England; where his name, if we mistake not, will be found figuring in the reports of the Bible Society, of which he became an active member. Such was the man chosen by the liberal government of Catholic Spain, for dignity and rule. Nor is he the only refugee in England, who is governing the vacant bishoprics of that country. We shall see perhaps, just now, what sort of a theologian he was: suffice it to say, that in the spring of 1837, he vacated his office, exchanging it for that of deputy to the Cortes for Jaen! and having been, moreover, named by the government to the vacant see of that city, he died suddenly. Upon his resignation, the chapter elected their dean as vicar capitular. How he disappeared from the scene, and made room for his successor, does not appear from any of the mass of documents before us, relative to the affairs of this church; but we believe we are not wrong in stating, that owing to his having acted according to the laws of the Church, relative to the ordination of a young ecclesiastic, professed in the Franciscan order, and now an excellent zealous priest at Gibraltar, he was banished beyond the seas, and went to Lisbon, where he remained two years, with his benefice of course sequestered, though of late this has been a very nominal punishment.

To him succeeded the person whom the Government had thought proper to name as bishop elect of Malaga, Dr. Valentine Ortigosa, archdeacon of Carmona, and as such, dignitary of the cathedral of

Seville—a name that will long be painfully remembered in the Church of Malaga. He seems in youth to have had his orthodoxy tried, and found wanting. For in a speech made in his defence, on the 4th of February, 1839, by the late well-known Argüelles (whom it has been the fashion in England greatly to bepraise,[q] and whom the papers, on occasion of his death, commended as the model of statesmen for virtue and honesty, but who in Spain is known as the father of the *Encyclopedist*, or Gallo-infidel party), that statesman spoke of Ortigosa as one whose friendship he had made, when both were under trial before the Inquisition. Of his subsequent history we know nothing, further than that he was at Madrid, an active partisan of the revolutionary government, and engaged in public duties under it, when he was named bishop elect of Malaga, by the ministry which he had served. That government, regardless of the canon law, which forbids a bishop elect (or presented) to be vicar capitular, and enjoins that he should be one of the chapter, acted upon the plan of recommending to chapters (*sede vacante*), to choose for vicars the very persons whom it had named for future bishops over them. This was the case with regard to Ortigosa. By a royal order, dated October 7th, 1836, the chapter was *recommended* to appoint him its vicar.

The election, if it can be called such, took place on the 17th of the month, and presents the weak point in the history of the entire transaction, in every other respect so much to the credit of the clergy of Malaga. The chapter unfortunately yielded to the dictation of power, and named him who was destined to be its scourge. "I do not undertake," writes one, who is

[q] See, *e.g.* Scenes and Adventures in Spain, from 1835 to 1840. By Poco Mas. London, 1845, vol. i. p. 233.

now one of its brightest ornaments, but did not then belong to it, "to defend the chapter of Malaga, nor to declare it innocent, or free from all responsibility. That venerable body will know how to defend itself, and to allege the reasons which impelled it to take such a step; but Malaga and the whole diocese compassionate it. Well-known and public are the terrible circumstances in which it was situated on the 17th of October, 1836, when the election took place. Political convulsions had reduced them to a state of terror; *a few days before, the Junta directiva of the year had removed from their prebendal stalls, and banished from the city twenty or more of the body, in one night*, without any more trial or indictment than a simple official note, with the expression, '*We have thought proper.*' The number of chaptermen with votes was reduced to six, instead of being nineteen; and one half of those were newly come to this church; and this happened to be the first election which they had attended. They saw themselves, moreover, invited by her majesty, the queen regent, to elect you [Ortigosa], and had evidence before them, how the government, to carry its ends, had in other churches banished whoever had evinced sufficient courage to neglect similar invitations, because they thought them wrong. Can a chapter, composed of such elements, and placed in such circumstances, be considered as the chapter of the Church of Malaga? For these reasons, undoubtedly, and for others, the whole people of Malaga is convinced that the act was null, and null whatever was granted by it, and all that springs and arises from it."[r] Here is, indeed, a good specimen of the freedom

[r] Respuesta a la Exposicion del Sr. D. Valentin Ortigosa. Por un Católico Romano (D. Narciso Manuel Garcia). El Reparador, Ep. i. tom. iii. Cuad. iv. p. 61.

left to the Church for the discharge of her most important functions, by the pretended champions of that cause.

There is more than enough in these facts to taint the entire proceedings as conducted under *coaction* and undue influence. So that Don Valentine Ortigosa was clearly an intruder. He did not reach Malaga till the beginning of 1838; and was not many hours in possession of his usurped office, before he began to show his true character. After swearing "to keep and fulfil, and have observed, the statutes and laudable customs of that holy Church, and the privileges and rights of the chapter, and the honour of its individual members," his first act was, on the 11th of January, to appoint a layman, belonging to a secular tribunal, his official and private secretary, thereby superseding the one named from their own body by the chapter, in accordance with immemorial usage; and thus violated both his sworn pledges, of observing all such customs, and of preserving the honour of individual members of the chapter. This body most respectfully, but at the same time most firmly, protested against this usurpation of their rights, as well as against the appointment of a layman to an office which had to treat the most secret and delicate ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs. This remonstrance called for a long answer from the bishop elect, and is the first of a series of documents, which bring before us the two most prominent features of his character, as marked in his writings—the most extraordinary arrogance, and the most startling Jansenism. Papal enactments are to him so much waste paper; and he asserts the doctrine, which pervades all his other writings, that bishops receive their authority in its fulness from the Church, by mere election or presentation, without

confirmation from the Holy See. So that presentation by a *lay* sovereign is enough to communicate the plenitude of apostolic power, and of ecclesiastical jurisdiction! The bishop elect immediately appealed to the civil authorities; the chapter were thus compelled to throw themselves under the protection of the crown. Nothing, we believe, was gained; but, as usual, might triumphed over right.[s]

But it was not long before a far more serious cause of alarm and just indignation arose, from the conduct of this unhappy man. During the vicariate of Ventura Gomez, a certain Francisco de Paula Fernandez, formerly professed in the Franciscan order, and consequently bound by vow to perpetual chastity, applied to him to be released from his vows, and permitted to marry. He pleaded their nullity, on the ground that when he took them he was not of the age required for valid profession by the Council of Trent, and that the certificate of baptism produced at his profession was not his, but that of a brother who died when one year old; and further, that he had not acted from free choice, but under fear and compulsion from his brother already in the order. After stating these grounds, he proceeds to say (or is made to say) that dispensation from vows belongs essentially to the episcopal jurisdiction, because it belonged originally to the apostles, the fulness of whose authority every bishop inherits; and that it was only through the false decretals of Isidore Mercator, and the dark ignorance of the middle ages, that this power was reserved to the Apostolic See. And as the Church admits no petition for declaring the religious profession null and void, unless presented

[s] Historia Documentada de las Desaveniencias entre el Iño Cabildo de la S. Iglesia Catedral de Malaga, y sus Vicarios capitulares. (Extracted from the Voz de la Religion.) Madrid, 1839, pp. 63—79.

within five years after it has been made, unless it can be shown that, during such term, application could not have been made, when the rights of the *quinquennium* are restored, he applies to the vicar for such restoration, and for the declaration of nullity. The fiscal, or legal officer, whose duty it was to oppose the petition on behalf of the law, made a report in its favour, in which the most extraordinary theological doctrines are jumbled together with an equally gross perversion of facts. The result was, that the vicar capitular pronounced in favour of the appellant, and pronounced his religious vows null. This was on the 11th of March, 1837.

To him succeeded, as we have before stated, the dean, elected vicar by the chapter. To him Fernandez applied for dispensation from the publication of banns; and he, not satisfied about the previous decision, whereon this new application was based (and which every sound Catholic would know at once to be invalid, as beyond the powers even of a bishop, much more of a vicar), prudently consulted the chapter on the subject. This body named a commission from its own members, to take the whole matter into consideration, and to report thereon. Their report is, in every way, a most admirable document; calm, grave, closely reasoned, and full of sound ecclesiastical learning. It begins by vindicating the course pursued by the dean in consulting the chapter; a step which had been blamed by some. It then, step by step, investigates the cause of Fernandez, analyzes minutely the decrees of the Church on such cases, shows that they are in full force and applicable here, and how they have been violated in every particular in this instance; and pronounces the judgment given to be nothing worth. It then examines the question of fact, as to whether proof was

really given of the original invalidity of the vows. It traces out the insufficiency of the evidence in some instances, and its doubtfulness in others; the suppression of documents and witnesses, most important for ascertaining the truth; and the utter falsehood of many allegations. It enters into a full examination of the false and heretical principles on which the judgment is based, and solidly confutes them; and concludes by declaring the solemn conviction of the commission, that Fernandez was still bound by his vow, and therefore incapable of contracting matrimony.

The petitioner acquiesced, and agreed to apply to the Holy See for relief; and a memorial to that effect was prepared, to be forwarded to Rome. At this conjuncture Ortigosa came to Malaga; and the ill-advised religious renewed his petition to him. The result was, a long decision *motivée*, dated January 22nd, 1838, from the vicar, consisting of sixteen heads; in which one hardly knows at which to be most astonished—his insulting trampling down of that body which he had sworn to honour, and holding them up to public disgrace, or the bold and open tone of defiance with which he strips the sovereign pontiff of his acknowledged rights, and out-Herods Herod, going beyond even the worst disciples of the perfidious school of Jansenius. The bull *Auctorem Fidei*, to whose censures he exposes himself in every paragraph, he seems to treat with perfect contempt; and riding over every barrier, which general councils, popes, and the very constitution of Christ's Church, have placed against the schismatical independence of particular bishops, and acting further on the clearly false principle that a bishop elect has all the power of the apostles themselves, he pronounces the vows invalid, grants the required dispensation, and orders the curate of Casarabonela to marry the apos-

tate. And not so content, he commands this insulting and heretical document to be read at the offertory of the public mass in that place.[t]

The consummation of this daring act of usurpation and iniquity filled all with indignation and disgust. It was not only the clergy who felt it, but the people of the city and diocese cried out against it, and their voice was echoed throughout Spain. But another occasion, apparently more trifling, brought out the poison of Ortigosa's evil principles still more palpably. He applied to the chapter on the subject of honours, wishing to know what distinctions and pre-eminences would be granted him in the chapter-house, and in the choir of the cathedral. In the Church such matters are plainly defined, subject to the exemptions or usages of particular churches; and in those of Spain everything is most strictly and clearly established by long-standing custom. The chapter again appointed a commission; and, upon its report, replied to the vicar, exactly informing him of what had been always done relative to persons in his position, and what was the law of custom throughout all churches in Spain, and at Malaga in particular. This respectful answer was met by a most outrageous reply from him, as full of arrogance and of heresy as such a document could well be. After expressing his unworthiness of the post he occupies, in terms which can deceive no one, he proceeds as follows:—

"But at the same time (that the kindness of my brethren may take this into indulgent account), I must as frankly confess the weaknesses into which my genial constitution and character may most easily betray me. This is naturally active, energetic, resolute, constant; and where, after reflection, I feel the call of duty, I am vehement, and perhaps often imprudent, as far as regards my own

[t] The entire series of documents are in the same work, pp. 4—61.

interests. Besides these qualities, which will often make me fall into defects and errors, I am very tolerant and condescending; I wish to learn from all the world: I acknowledge the superiority of every man who is accomplished in anything; I know nothing of pride or haughtiness; and because I am not even subject to temptation from them, I ingenuously publish to the world my little fitness, my *un*estimable qualities, and even the humble position in which I was born. There is only one happy thing which gives me joy in all the adversities of a laborious life, one which compensates them all; never have I made myself an enemy, because I cannot be any one's enemy, nor can any one be mine. . . . . Coming now to the question, I beg to tell the chapter, that, penetrated with the thought of what the episcopacy is, and of the degradation to which it has been brought by the misfortune of our times, and having made a profound study of the authentic monuments of the primitive Church (monuments quite forgotten and unknown by the majority of people), and possessed, moreover, by an ardent desire to labour for the restoration of its high privileges, now that important circumstances of great future interest to the poor Church of Spain, so critically situated, require it, I feel myself impelled by an instinct of conscience to enter into this discussion, that so we may mutually enlighten one another, and the entire world; and, not being swayed by the spirit of either the ultramontane, or the cisalpine, school, by impracticable philosophical Jansenism, by abominable, gross, and hypocritical Jesuitism, nor by a collection of irrelevant doctrines based on contested principles, let us fix the following ones, which are essential. . . . . For our decisions are useless, the tedious annoyances and perplexities of the trivial doctrines respecting benefices (for a bishopric, without coming down to the ridiculous, cannot be called a benefice); as are tiresome quotations from the Decrees of the Congregation of Rites, or the repeated calling to mind of pernicious formulas invented in modern times, and given to be sworn without deliberation or mature examination . . . . . or the quibbles and arbitrary interpretations of a subtle scholasticism," &c.[u]

After this modest preamble, which we have quoted to show the character of an Esparteran bishop elect, Ortigosa goes on to lecture the chapter on his rights, claiming all and every honour due to a bishop canoni-

[u] Ibid. p. 87. Also in a separate publication of Ortigosa's, alluded to lower in the text, printed at Malaga, September, 1838, without title, p. 9.

cally confirmed and consecrated, and denying that he owes anything to them, to the pope, or to any one else.

This was on the 2nd of February, 1838. Now as Ortigosa, in all these matters, had not sought concealment, but had made his most uncatholic notions ostentatiously public, the chapter could no longer permit the scandal to continue. Recourse to Rome was impossible, and therefore the canonical step of denouncing his writings to the metropolitan, the archbishop of Seville, as unorthodox, and putting him on his trial, was adopted. The government, to Ortigosa's evident disgust, did not wish to interpose in a matter purely ecclesiastical and spiritual, and the minister of grace and justice directed him, by a note dated July 27, 1838, to proceed to Seville, and submit himself to the cognizance of the tribunal of the governor or administrator of the archbishopric, during the cardinal's exile. Illness, real or pretended, detained him till next spring, when at last he proceeded to Seville. But in the preceding autumn he addressed a pastoral to the clergy and laity of the diocese, in which he pathetically told them that he was going in obedience to the order of the government, "which is paramount." In his usual boastful tone he says: "I go with the tranquillity which is secured to me by my incorruptible faith, and my pure and well-examined conscience. There, as everywhere else, most willingly before every faithful Christian, before friends, and more firmly still before enemies, I will make profession of that faith which I received at baptism, and had strengthened, by the grace of God, in confirmation. . . . . I hope to defend myself like an Athanasius, and to come forth triumphant from this combat, into which I have been so treacherously entrapped. Nor do I shrink from this

contest to which I am challenged; to which, oh! that I could obtain from her majesty power to bring my accusers; that in some vast temple, in presence of the faithful, might be exhibited the representation of the contest of Carthage, as it took place between St. Augustine and the Donatists."[x] With this boastful leave-taking he sent a copy of all his obnoxious and offensive writings, to which he thus gave new publicity.[y] We need not add that, in his pastoral, he heaped every opprobrious epithet on the chapter and all that composed it, calling them "hypocrites and enemies of the national liberties, of the public peace, and cause, and of Isabella II.," and attributing their conduct to "mortified vanity, venomous envy, desire of revenge, and pharisaical zeal."[z]

But all this braggart spirit seems to have evaporated, when the hour of trial came. The St. Athanasius melted within him, the St. Augustine was struck dumb; his desire to make profession of faith before enemies oozed out at his fingers' end, and the very sight of the archiepiscopal audience-chamber, and of the necessary preparations for the investigation, terrified his "active, energetic, resolute, constant character;" he threw himself behind the shield of the state, and appealed to the civil power to rescue him from the ecclesiastical tribunal. The civil power, anxious at

[x] Printed on a fly-sheet, without title, p. 2.

[y] Document quoted in note [u], p. 47.

[z] These flowers of pastoral eloquence, which abound in Ortigosa's writings, have been carefully culled, and united in a precious nosegay, by D. Manuel de Jesus Carmona, of the Chapel Royal, at Seville, professor in the university of that city.—Examen critico-teológico-canónico de los Escritos publicados por el Sr. D. Val. Ortigosa, tom. ii. Sev. 1841, p. 7. We regret that this second volume does not go beyond p. 48. It exposes many untruths, respecting the trial, in Ortigosa's account.

once to gain any triumph over the Church, and to serve and save its own child and faithful partisan, its intruded bishop elect, interposed its authority through the organ of the *Audience* or tribunal of Seville, forbade the governor of the diocese to proceed, and severely reprimanded him and his assessors, for presuming to do that which the minister of grace and justice had sanctioned. This order was issued on the 24th of April, 1839. It excited the astonishment and indignation of all sensible persons in Spain,[a] and led to the perplexing conclusion, that in Catholic, constitutional, Spain, there was no longer any authority competent to examine into the orthodoxy of a public ecclesiastical teacher.[b]

But this falling back from all his professions, and this insult to ecclesiastical jurisdiction, was so far from being considered by Ortigosa a disgrace, that he made it the subject of another boastful pastoral to the clergy and laity, in which he considers it a triumph, and describes himself as having copied St. Paul when he appealed to Cæsar, and pleaded his citizenship in bar of being scourged! "My constancy and my resignation to suffering," he writes, "mortified my persecutors; and at the end they ruined themselves by their impatience, and suddenly all their artifices were brought to nought. Confounded, they hide themselves and fly—not from me, who have done them nothing; nor could my character, though strongly energetic, yet peaceful and Christian, have inspired them with terror; but they fly from their own consciences, &c."[c] He further published a review of the proceedings, characterized by all the peculiar graces observable in

[a] See the Piloto, 30th April of that year.

[b] Respuesta a la Esposicion, &c. p. 66.

[c] Printed on a fly-sheet, without title, p. 1.

his other writings.[d] But the contest had now acquired an interest, beyond the local one which the events that had provoked it could possess — it was no longer the cause of the chapter of Malaga, but the cause of religion and orthodoxy in the Church of Spain. There appeared at Seville the "First Letter of an Andalucian Catholic," which was soon reprinted at Malaga; in which there is a mixture of that quiet polished humour for which the Spaniards seem to have a peculiar turn, and of sound sense and principle. From it we learn another important item for appreciating the bishop elect's character — that not even in the miserable sophisms and weak facts put together by him in his unorthodox writings, can he glory, as his own; for he has servilely copied them from a paper by Sr. Abad y Queipo, bishop elect of Mechoacan in America, and his friend; a writing placed on the index of forbidden books by Pope Leo XII. in 1820.[e] So that they are not very choice feathers with which he has chosen to deck himself out! But he was more closely pursued, and more scientifically handled, in another work by one of the professors of canon law in the university of Seville, D. Manuel Carmona, the first volume of whose acute and learned "Examination of Ortigosa's writings" was compiled at the request of his scholars, anxious to have a guide in the intricate controversy which had arisen. In it he goes fully into the positions of the bishop elect, respecting the jurisdiction of persons in his situation,

[d] Examen del Procedimiento ilegal del Gobernador del Arzobispado de Sevilla, a que ha dado lugar la denuncia anticanonica del Cabildo eclesiástico de Malaga, contro los escritos de D. V. Ortigosa. Seville, 1839.

[e] Carta primera de un Fiel Andaluz, en que se contesta al libelo publicado por el Sr. D. V. Ortigosa. Seville and Malaga, 1839, pp. 7 and 26.

and solidly confutes the flimsy arguments employed by him.[f]

Ortigosa thus escaped from censure only to commit new ravages in the Church of Malaga. We cannot pretend to follow him through his tyrannical and oppressive acts; we have rather dwelt on those which involve principles. But he insulted his chapter, and tried to bring them into odium with the people, on occasion of the solemnities of Corpus Christi;[g] he got several of that body arrested and put into confinement; the good and most exemplary Fathers of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, the vicar of Velez, and a beneficed clergyman of the same city, the vicars of Archidona and of Olvera, the parish priests of Zafaraya, of Coin, of Alcalà del Valle, of Montejaque, and Tolox, and we believe of many other places, were brought to trial by him, or otherwise cruelly oppressed: so that some of those towns were driven into a state of the highest excitement, and almost into insurrection. But by the aid of the civil power, he rode triumphant over the necks of all, and defied every feeling of public indignation and horror.[h]

Yet his crowning work of insolence was not accomplished. His iniquities and excesses could not remain concealed from the watchful eye of the chief pastor, whose vigilance overlooks no oppressed, or desolate, church. The sovereign Pontiff, who, by his energetic voice, had made a Ferdinand and a Nicholas writhe

[f] Exam. Critico-teologico-canonico, tom. i.

[g] Historia Documentada, pp. 99—121.

[h] See the Carta de la Malagueña, or Letter of a Malaguese woman to Ortigosa, Reparador; ep. i. tom. iii. cuad. 14, p. 89. If this be really the production of a woman, she is one of no common spirit and intelligence.

on their royal and imperial thrones, caused the Catholic earth to thrill with the sorrows of this afflicted church (which had fully paid for its first act of weakness), and raised a universal cry of abhorrence against its tyrant. On the first of March, 1841, his holiness Pope Gregory XVI. in a private consistory, addressed the assembled cardinals, on the miserable state of oppression of the Church of Malaga, and on the conduct of its pretended pastor. To this allocution Ortigosa replied, in a tone of insult, which we believe has never been equalled, certainly has never been surpassed, since the days of Luther. He affects to believe that it must be a forgery; pretends to distinguish what are the Pope's sentiments in it, from what has been put into his mouth by treacherous compilers, "extorted," as he repeatedly says, "from his venerable old age," abusing the revered name of the sovereign Pontiff; accuses him of oppression and injustice against "the humblest of priests," and cites him to answer for his allocution before the judgment-seat of God![i] For this insolence he was well chastised in many publications, several of which we have had occasion to cite, as well as in loose sheets, and newspaper articles now before us.

But from this time we may date his downfall. Shunned by every one, clergy and laity, at last without even a party to support him, stripped of his usurped office of vicar, no longer bishop elect, he was lately annoying the chapter from his retirement at Madrid, through government applications respecting his income. What has since become of him we know not. We only wish him time, and still more, grace, to repent of his past injustices, that he fall not into the

[i] Esposicion del Ilmo Sr. D. V. Ortigosa .... dirigida a Ntro. Smo. Padre Gregorio XVI. Malaga, 1841.

judgment of his fellows.[k] For Spain, so thoroughly Catholic in its feelings, has observed with awe, how other such bishops elect have fared. We have mentioned the sudden and unprovided death of his predecessor in the scandals of Malaga, the biblical Ventura Gomez, elect of Jaen; D. Mariano Rica, elect of Cuenca, shared the same fate, falling down dead, and his secretary, Don T. Romea, followed him similarly within a fortnight. A like end overtook D. F. Martinez de Velasco, likewise elect of Jaen. We believe that other examples could be quoted. Far be it from us to presume to penetrate into the unsearchable judgments of God; but such a number of similar results in similar cases, cannot fail to impress the mind with fear.

We have before seen the character and conduct of the true bishops of the Spanish Church; their courage, their patience, their piety, their zeal, and their devotion to their flocks. We have seen every quality of the Good Shepherd imprinted on their lives. We have seen likewise, the men whom the *liberal* government would have put into their places. If a character could be made up of the hireling and the wolf, we should have no bad description of their conduct:—weak enough to deliver over every sacred right to the rapacity of an irreligious government, that seeks to tear and spoil; but with strength enough, and fangs enough, themselves to worry and to destroy. Of the people we can say that, in Malaga at least, they knew, and did, their duty. From the high magistrate to the tradesman, we found not one who took the intruder's part, or sympathized with him. All saw, all knew

[k] We have heard that he has since addressed a most humble and submissive letter of retractation to the pope. God grant this may be true!

instinctively, the difference between him and a true bishop of God's Church. However he may for a time have deceived any of them, he soon gave the lie to his own pompous statement, that he was incapable of being, or of making, an enemy. In the unchristian sense of the word, we hope it may be so. But that in Malaga he has left no partisan, none that would defend his conduct, we feel very confident. Nay, we are sure that there are persons there, most estimable for their virtues and acquirements, who would not have an enemy in this world, but who would fly from him, on his return to the city (should such an event occur), as they would from a plague.

Other instances of the perplexities and torture of conscience produced by the interference, or undue influence, of late governments, in the administration of vacant dioceses, are to be found in other parts of Spain; and the course pursued by the present moderate party in power, presents a gratifying contrast to that of their predecessors. It has consisted in refraining from all actual interference, but advising, or at least freely permitting, the parties to follow the line of conduct which duty and conscience naturally suggested.

Thus, in the diocese of Osma, there was great anxiety of mind on account of the illegality of the diocesan governor, Sr. Campuzano; in consequence of which, after the overthrow of Espartero, the chapter applied to the government for permission to lay the case before the Holy See, and obtain from it a remedy. The ecclesiastical governor, feeling himself the doubts which agitated others, applied likewise to be allowed to resign. Sr. Mayans, the minister of grace and justice, immediately took the straightforward course of replying to him, that it did not belong to the

government of her majesty to grant such permission; but that, "if there was agitation and disturbance of consciences, it would be beneficial to the state and the Church, and gratifying to her majesty the queen, if he did resign." He accordingly did so, in May of last year; and thus peace was restored, as the chapter was left to the free, unembarrassed, and unbiassed, exercise of its rights in a new election.[1]

The diocese of Guadix was lately, and may be yet, in a similar embarrassment. The chapter, on the death of the last bishop, in September, 1840, unanimously elected as vicar capitular, Dr. Joaquin de Villena; and the choice was approved by the government, in May of the following year. On the 28th of August, the *gefe politico*, or civil governor of the province of Granada, in which Guadix is situated, thought proper to order a protest, or manifesto, against the Pope's allocution of March the 1st, to be read in all churches, on three successive festivals. The vicar, as in duty bound, opposed this measure, both for its substance and for its form. He was immediately proceeded against; and on the night of the 21st September was put under arrest in his own house, and then ordered to consider himself as committed to prison. Being thus under violent restraint from the discharge of his office, he canonically informed the chapter of the circumstance; and it proceeded at once to name a vicar, till the impediment should be removed — since, according to canon law, he could not be otherwise replaced. D. Isidoro Cepero y Torres was so elected. In the mean time the action against the vicar proceeded, and he was condemned, on the 22nd of July, 1842, to four years' banishment from the diocese! Such has been the treatment of hundreds of ecclesi-

[1] Pensamiento de la Nacion, tom. i. p. 233.

astics, under Espartero's liberal government! On the 2nd of June, last year, this unjust sentence was reversed, and he turned to Guadix. But doubts had now arisen as to the rights of the two vicars, and opinions were divided, as to which was truly in office.[m] How the affair has ended, we know not; but it is a melancholy instance of the trouble and misery resulting from the unjust and oppressive interference of the secular power, in matters ecclesiastic, as well as of what a diocesan ruler had to suffer, if he boldly discharged his duty.

But no church in Spain has been more a prey to the evils of uncertain jurisdiction, or has more claimed public attention in that country on this account, than the metropolitan see of Toledo, under whose jurisdiction Madrid is situated. The see fell vacant by the demise of Cardinal Inguanzo, in January, 1836. The government of the arch-diocese was bestowed first on Sr. Valleja, and after him on Sr. Gonfalguer. But serious doubts all along existed, as to the canonicity of either's election. What undue influence may have been used over the chapter to constrain election, is not accurately known; but in the entire diocese there was uneasiness and insecurity. Nor could we have a better proof of the sensitiveness of the *people* to the question of lawful jurisdiction, and the legitimacy of those who pretend to hold it. For nothing could be more marked than the feelings of all classes towards Gonfalguer. In Madrid he was shunned, and left completely isolated: all sorts of means were employed to avoid having recourse to his jurisdiction, or to supply its supposed defect. Parties wishing to marry, went to establish a domicile elsewhere, to escape danger; and many were kept from the sacraments, even at Easter, for fear of

[m] Pensamiento de la Nacion, p. 582.

receiving them through doubtful faculties conferred by him.[n]

At length, when the pressure of the "Regent's" government was removed, these suppressed murmurs broke out, into open remonstrances, and calls for redress. In May, 1844, all the clergy of the archipresbytery of Uceda addressed a firm, and yet most temperate, memorial, to the dean and chapter of Toledo, expressive of their feelings of doubt and uneasiness, and begging that the matter might be referred to the Holy See, for final decision. In the following month the *Ayuntamiento*, or corporation, of Humanes respectfully addressed the queen on the same subject, seeing that, their parish priest being dead, and the administrator who had succeeded him being very infirm, no priest could be found to undertake the spiritual care of the place, under so doubtful a jurisdiction. In the same month, all the clergy of the district of Guadalajara signed a similar petition, to have the matter referred to the decision of the sovereign pontiff. In July the entire body of the clergy of Madrid presented a petition to the same effect, to the dean and chapter. These and many other similar remonstrances had at length their effect. Gonfalguer resigned his situation in November last, and left the chapter at liberty to make new and canonical arrangements.

Nor must it be thought that this had been merely a conflict of words or opinions. The usurped power of the vicar was, as in other instances, supported by violence, and by the persecution of every worthy ecclesiastic, whose duty brought him into conflict with his assumed jurisdiction. As late as April last year, Gonfalguer's vicar at Alcázar, D. Mariano de la Peña, wrote to Father Pantoja at Villacanas, desiring him to

[n] Memorial of the Clergy of Madrid. Pensamiento, p. 408. See p. 310.

accept additional faculties, to absolve from the reserved case of not having complied with the paschal duty of communion, faculties derived directly from the bishop or his substitute: to communicate the same to another religious already, like himself, in possession of ordinary (legitimate) faculties, and to order three other priests, not furnished with these, to present themselves within three days at his office, and take out permission to preach and hear confessions. To this the worthy priest replied, that having called together the ex-religious mentioned, they one and all declined, either to make use of the extraordinary, or to take out the ordinary, faculties offered to them, because either must depend, for their validity, on the lawfulness of the power which delegates them. Now this they considered in the present case doubtful; and every one knows that it is not lawful to employ such doubtful authority in the administration of the sacraments. In other respects, he observes for himself, that though seventy years of age, almost blind, afflicted with a troublesome habitual catarrh, and other grievous infirmities, he is willing to labour all day, as he has done till now, in the confessional.

Here is a clear case, in which the delicacy of conscientious feelings ought surely to have been respected. If a person of upright character, so far esteemed by the opposite party (if we may use the term) as to be called forward by it to receive new and important trusts, hangs back from scruples which do him honour, and show only how worthy he is of confidence, his motives and conduct ought to entitle him to regard. But instead of this, on the 4th of May, an officer is sent to the houses of all these priests, and of two others who have acted similarly, to seize, examine, register, and seal up all their papers and correspon-

dence, and oblige them to present themselves before the vicar in three days, with all their ecclesiastical faculties and licenses. This they are compelled to do; and though they are treated with courtesy, they are obliged to deliver up these faculties, and so in reality to go back with the censure of suspension put upon them, though they are permitted to use their faculties till Gonfalguer shall have further decided. Thus are seven respectable ecclesiastics wantonly treated like conspirators, or suspected thieves, have their houses ransacked and their papers examined, are marched off to a distance, and return degraded and punished, as far as lies in their oppressor's power.[o]

We hope we have not tired our readers by our lengthened statements respecting the condition of the episcopacy, or its substituted authorities, in Spain. We have sought rather to condense than to enlarge; but we trust we have produced enough to show, how highly respectable and venerable a body the true episcopate of Spain lately was, and, so far as it survives the revolutionary deluge, yet is; and how much may we hope from its restoration to vigour and activity, by

[o] Pensam. p. 233. Even local governments imitated the anti-religious course of their masters. In October, 1840, the *junta gubernativa* (or governing committee) of Xeres de la Frontera, deposed several parish priests, and named their successors, with no other formality than a note to the following effect:—"Governing committee. This committee, in its meeting of to-day, has agreed to suspend you from being rector, ad interim, for ——, and has named in your place the Rev. ——, to whom you will immediately deliver your charge, acknowledging the receipt of this order, and certifying its execution. Yours, &c., Xeres, Oct. 20, 1840. M. Sanchez Silva, F. C. Ruiz." A little sheet, "Reflexiones, &c.," by F. P. D. [Francisco Palomino Dominguez, curate of St. Michael's], showed briefly how the appointed successor would be an intruder, and schismatical, and his acts null. But we may naturally ask, "Quid Domini facient audent cum talia fures?"

the filling up of its vacancies, the restoration to it of decent means at least, and the support and direction of the Holy See. In fact as far as we know of proposed nominations for vacant sees, they seem to promise most favourable prospects for the Church of Spain. Among old proposals which have remained suspended by the revolution, but which we hope to see renewed (having had means of forming a judgment about them, whether from personal acquaintance or from trustworthy reports), are those of D. Juan Cholvis, archpriest of Malaga, elect of Almeria, and D. Antonio Lao, abbot of the Collegiate of Our Saviour, at Granada, elect of Segorbe. The present administrator of the archdiocese of Seville is spoken of as proposed for the afflicted Church of Malaga (Ortigosa being set aside), and he, no doubt, will heal its sores, and console its afflictions, by the prudent and zealous sway of which he has already given proof; while as successor to the saintly bishop of Minorca is named Sr. Cascallano, dignitary of the cathedral of Cordova, eminent as a preacher, distinguished for his learning, and no less for his virtues; one whose affable manners and amiable character will not fail to win the hearts of his clergy and flock. Of these supposed nominations we have but just heard, and we earnestly pray they may prove true.

But we trust that the facts here brought together, will likewise help to demonstrate, that the people are not indifferent either to the virtues of their true pastors, or to the dangers arising from false ones. They have seen the difference between a bishop duly appointed, and selected by a Catholic government with confirmation from the chief pastor of the Church, and the false shepherds, chosen for political subserviency and lax maxims, to fill their places, and to afflict their

flocks.[p] They know the importance of a true mission —they know too the sacredness of the episcopal character. When the bishop of the Canary Islands visited the celebrated tobacco-manufactory at Seville, and entered the immense room in which a thousand women are engaged in cigar-making, the entire place was in commotion and confusion. All rushed towards him to kiss his episcopal ring, and receive his benediction; nor was it easy to restore order. And we have ourselves witnessed similar scenes, both in smaller provincial towns, and in larger cities. We have seen a bishop, though a stranger, so soon as recognised, surrounded by a crowd, which it required some gentle violence to penetrate—the churches, which he visited at chance-hours, filled as if by magic in an instant, and even the street, if he went on foot from one to another, literally blocked up, by the people who left their shops, and their work, to show their respect. Beads held out to be blessed, indulgences requested, blessings and prayers implored, expressions and tokens of affectionate respect lavished on every side, nay, more, tearful eyes, and the question again and again asked, "When shall *we* have a bishop? Why will not you stay with *us!*" These were proofs which we have again and again had that the Spanish people—yes, the people, the poor, the ignorant, the simple-hearted, believing people of Spain, —know the full value of true and legitimate church government, have really felt its loss, and will willingly

[p] Even the author of the Revelations of Spain marks the great difference between the old, and the constitutional, clergy of Spain. "I speak," he writes, "of the class of zealous clergymen, who, though often ignorant to the last degree, are wedded to the altar, and weaned from the world; not of the constitutional clergy, who are for the most part mere politicians and place-hunters, and have few of the virtues, and none of the enthusiasm, which adorn the clerical character."—Vol. i. p. 353.

obey their lawful bishops, when it shall please the Almighty to restore them.

Nor must we close this portion of our subject, without saying a few words on another motive which they have to love them. It has been fashionable to speak of the enormous wealth of the Spanish bishoprics. But few have taken the trouble to inquire, or to report, what has been done, yea and what has not been done, with that wealth, exaggerated as it has been. We have had some instances before us in the foregoing pages. But if a traveller would note down, over the whole Peninsula, every great work either of magnificence or of public utility (not that the first excludes the second) which is due to the unassisted generosity of bishops, he would form a list that would not easily be rivalled here, by works executed with parliamentary grants, from the taxes of the people. Ask who built and endowed the sumptuous hospital, or orphan-house? and you will be told, such a bishop; who constructed the aqueduct which supplies the city, before unwholesomely provided, with water? and you will be answered, such another bishop; who founded the college for the education of the laity, or the seminary for the training of ecclesiastics? and it is still a bishop. Look at those magnificent chapels in the cathedrals of Malaga, Cordova, or Granada, which must have given work, and perhaps inspiration, to artists, which brought out from the neighbouring Sierra its marbles and precious stones, hidden almost till then, and which stand as national monuments of good taste and genius! A bishop in every instance. And it is still easier to enumerate the uses to which episcopal revenues in Spain have not been, and are not applied. They are not employed in enriching families, or setting them up in the world; the family

of a Catholic bishop is the poor. Nor will the wealth of the bishops be discovered in their houses. For the traveller will be strangely disappointed, who expects to find magnificence in the episcopal palaces of Spain. The remark of a minister of state, lately visiting the vast palace at Seville, was most correct: "I expected to see a palace, but I find a place more like barracks." Long corridors with plain whitewashed cells for the dwelling of officials and attendants, a large library kept up for the public (to which the present archbishop has added his own collection), a chapel, the archiepiscopal offices, and one or two large halls for state occasions, occupy the bulk of the building. The only apartments reserved to the cardinal himself, consist of a narrow short gallery, from the end of which a small cabinet is partitioned off by a glass door. This contains a plain bureau and a few chairs, and has parallel to it a bedroom, borrowing its light entirely, through two doors, from the gallery and cabinet. A country curate's rooms in England could not well be simpler in character and furniture. And the same we can say of other such residences.

II. In what we have written about the episcopal bench (to use an English phrase) of Spain, we have had more than one occasion to speak of the clergy, and to give examples of their courage and zeal. We find it more difficult to enter upon definite statements respecting this highly respectable body; because we find it impossible to individualize, as we could do in speaking of the bishops. The number of these is limited, and a certain amount of examples may permit us to draw more general conclusions. But the same could not be so well done for the vast body of the clergy; nor would it be right to bring forward individuals, whose station does not, from its public

character, warrant our making free with their names. We will, therefore, content ourselves with speaking of classes; but still we hope to allege sufficient to vindicate the character of the Spanish priesthood from many foolish and wicked charges; and to show how much there is to hope from it, if things shall be restored to their proper condition.

In every country it is natural to expect that the more choice portion of the ecclesiastical body will be found in situations of trust, and, to a certain degree, of repose. The scholar, and the man of ability and of good address for business, will be drawn naturally upwards to the seat of ecclesiastical government; and where the prebendal stall is not a sinecure, but entails a burthensome daily duty, which requires residence, it will be the most obvious provision for one whom the bishop, or the chapter, considers likely to be a valuable assistant or adviser. It is, therefore, to the cities and to their chapters, that we may reasonably look for the more learned portion of the clergy. It is far from our minds to make this an exclusive assertion; on the contrary, we shall find, in cities particularly, many clergy highly distinguished for scholarship and ecclesiastical learning in all its branches, belonging to the parochial body, or having other occupations. In the University of Seville, and we doubt not in many others, there are professors holding parishes, and one of these is at present the rector of that university. Without, therefore, meaning to draw such a line of separation between the different classes of clergy as our preamble might imply, we are ready to assert, that the ecclesiastics who compose the capitular bodies in Spain, or are otherwise connected with its episcopal functions and government, will be found equal to those of any other country, in character and acquire-

ments. This, certainly, is the result of our own observation in no inconsiderable number of cathedral towns; where it has been our good fortune to make acquaintance with the capitular clergy.

After the zeal of the bishops, it is to that, and moreover to the good taste and generosity of its chapters and dignitaries, that Spain owes its most splendid works; and, as far as we can judge, the noble spirit, which formerly was allied to comparative wealth, has not degenerated in these days of poverty and oppression. We may, we think, best illustrate this assertion, by entering more at length on what has been done, in past and in present times, by one of these bodies, the chapter of the magnificent cathedral of Seville.

When this city was conquered from the Moors, by the great St. Ferdinand, his first care was naturally to provide in it for the worship of God. A magnificent mosque, erected on the site of an ancient Christian church, was consequently turned into a cathedral, and consecrated in 1248. But, though by degrees it became extremely rich, it was found quite unequal to the desires and feelings of the people; and it had suffered also much, in course of time, from earthquakes and other accidents. On the 8th of July, 1401, the whole clergy of the church met in chapter, and shortly agreed that, as the cathedral threatened ruin, "Let another be built, such and so good as that there shall be none equal to it; and that due regard be had to the greatness and authority of Seville and of its church, as is reasonable; and if for this work the funds of the fabric be not sufficient, all said that there shall be taken from their income so much as shall suffice, for that they will give it for the service of God. And they ordered this to be signed by two

prebendaries."[q] We are told that the decree of the chapter for the building of this cathedral is still read in the capitular register, in these strong quaint words: "Fagamos una Eglesia tal que los venideros post nos nos tengan por locos;" that is, "Let us build such a church, that those who come after us may take us to have been mad." In two years the work was commenced, and continued without interruption till 1506; and how? By a prolonged course of unwearying sacrifice, which probably has no parallel. The canons, and other clergy of the Church, retired into a small house, near the cathedral, lived in community on the most economical terms, and gave up the whole of their income to the new building. When it is considered that they were not religious, and that there was no tie upon them to live as such, and that they could have none of that peculiar feeling which binds monks to what is their home, and moreover that this mode of life was continued through several generations, for a hundred and five years, without objection or relaxation, and without the prospect, to most, of ever enjoying the fruit of their sacrifices — we must own, that there was a generous spirit in that race of men, worthy of the best times of the Church, and most honourable to their order. In 1511 three great pillars gave way, and fell with the roof in the middle of the night; but in four hours the people had removed all the ruins, the chapter recommenced its labours, and by 1519 this sumptuous temple was completed.

And in truth, it may well have passed into a proverb in Spain, as a thing that is marvellous. "I do not hesitate," says one of the authors before us, "to characterize the cathedral of Seville as the most noble

[q] Sevilla Pintoresca, Sev. 1844, p. 91. An interesting work in course of publication.

temple in Christendom. The effect produced on entering, is absolutely overpowering. The mind is astonished and overawed by the solemn and sombre sublimity of the interior. No creation of mere human art, with which I am acquainted, can rival the cathedral of Seville in the instantaneous and overwhelming sense of awe which it produces. Its vast size, obscurely discovered by the dim and holy light which is poured in through its richly-stained windows; its lofty and enormously massy clustered columns; the prodigious elevation of its vaulted roof; the sombre richness of its ornaments; and the solemn silence which reigns throughout its vast extent, which seems increased rather than interrupted by the echo of some peasant's step hastening to his favourite shrine, and which we listen to as it falls faint and more faintly on the ear, until it is lost in the far distance—all exercise a singularly subduing and solemnizing power. The effect is powerfully devotional."[r]

To this description of the effect of this magnificent church upon the senses and feelings, we are ready to bear full witness. No Pointed building in England, France, or Belgium, has ever produced on our minds so solemn an impression. Its loftiness and vast area, owing to its consisting of five wide aisles, besides lateral chapels of great dimensions, no doubt contribute to this effect.[s]

[r] Journal of a Clergyman, p. 46.

[s] The author just quoted has given us the dimensions of St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and Seville cathedral. We will add to them those of three of our old cathedrals.

	St. Peter's.	St. Paul's.	York.	Lincoln.	Salisbury.	Seville.
	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.	Feet.
Length	673	510	492	482	449	443
Breadth	280	120	96	80	90	275
Height of nave	146	100	99	80	81	134

It will be seen from this table that, while our old churches have

But splendid as was the building thus erected by the generous zeal of the chapter, not less so have been its appurtenances, respecting which we must speak, on account not so much of their value and splendour, as of the credit which their faithful preservation reflects on the present clergy of the Church. Although we have spoken of the wholesale plunder of churches, which has taken place in Spain, whether under the

the advantage in length, they do not come near Seville in width and height. In the former dimensions it is only five, and in the latter twelve, feet below St. Peter's. Further, it must be observed that from the position of the choir at Seville there is an uninterrupted view from end to end, along the double aisles on either side, and the whole width is at the same time visible. We insert a ground-plan made from a few notes and memory. It must be observed, that besides the side aisles is a row of large and splendid chapels on either side, which are wholly omitted in the plan, as are the sacristy, chapter-house, &c.

A. Sacristy for the high altar.

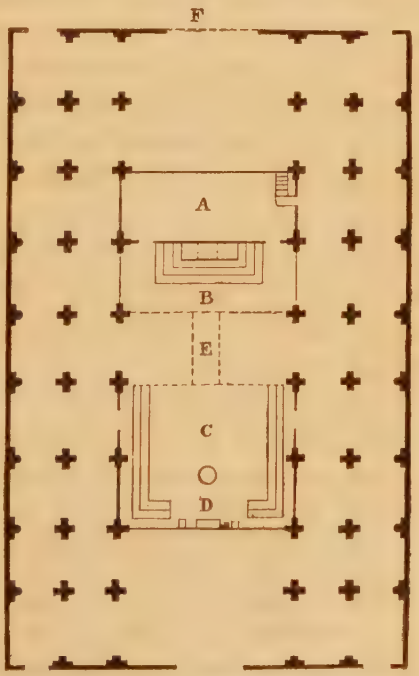
B. High altar inclosed on three sides by iron open screens.

C. Choir, on each side of which the organs.

D. Episcopal throne.

E. Passage railed off for communication between chancel and choir.

F. Royal chapel.



French, or under liberal domination, we must make an exception in favour of this richest and most sumptuous minster. Not that the will was wanting to pounce upon its treasury, but that promptness, tact, and firmness on the part of its clergy have succeeded in thoroughly foiling every attempt of irreligious rapacity. And yet that clergy have shown themselves ready to make sacrifices, even in this point, for the public benefit. During the war of invasion they voluntarily gave up much plate to the state, so as to reduce, for instance, the number of silver lamps in one chapel (the *Antigua*[1]) from seventy-two to forty-eight. But, notwithstanding these losses, the altars and treasury of Seville cathedral still show what Catholic churches used to be in the middle ages, when men kept poor houses, that they might have rich sanctuaries, and the altar possessed what the sideboard has now usurped.

The principle on which this munificence was based, is also here clearly manifested. It is not show, nor the gratification of vanity, nor ambition to impose upon beholders, as people would have us think, but simply a natural manifestation of honour, and a rendering of service to God, with the most precious of His gifts. When the treasuries of churches have been plundered, we have generally heard but little regret expressed; on the ground, that their wealth was uselessly hoarded up, and kept from being publicly beneficial. But why is not the same reasoning applied to the family plate and jewels of the great, or to the

[1] So called from a most ancient painting of our Lady, on the wall, supposed to have been part of the old Gothic church; *i. e.* the church built by the Goths anterior to the Saracen occupation. It was incorporated in the mosque, and so preserved. The whole altar, credences, and furniture, including many massive candlesticks, are silver. It has a large sacristy of its own, richly provided with gold plate, jewels, &c. There is great devotion there on the part of the people.

regalia of the crown? They are of no more benefit to the public than those of Loreto were: to purchase them, indeed, there were large sums thrown into circulation; and when made, they gave encouragement to art and to industry. And after they have thus given their equivalent to the public, no one complains, if they remain for centuries in the iron chest, to be produced from time to time, on a festive occasion. Nay, it will be said, that such thriftless accumulations *are* useful to society, by keeping up social distinctions, and sustaining those high family feelings, which are among the guarantees of a nation's honour. And surely the treasures of the Church have been originally paid for, like those of the Tower, and have served to inspire art and skill, in many, from St. Eligius down to Benvenuto Cellini or Juan de Arfe.[u] And after this what ground is there to complain, if they are kept up with care? For, if the preservation of such treasures is considered becoming the house of a noble or royal person, and seems to add somewhat, in the estimation of other ranks, to their dignity, it is but natural that the majesty of God's house and service should be adequately enhanced by what excites those feelings; nay, the contrary would be at variance with an instinct of nature. God Himself in His old law would have only gold around His sanctuary; the heathens even in distress, would have golden vessels for sacrifice (*pateris libamus et auro*). The Christians, from the earliest antiquity, had the same feeling, and acted upon it.

[u] One of the artists in the sixteenth century, who worked for the cathedral plate. He made the magnificent silver *custodia*, or shrine, for the blessed sacrament on Corpus Christi. It is an exquisite piece of plate, eighteen palms high. Merino and Bart. de Morel contributed pieces of unrivalled workmanship to this treasury. Both lived in the same century.

We should have deemed it superfluous to write all this, were we not as yet constantly assailed by the old cry of "*Ut quid perditio hæc?*—Wherefore this waste?" whenever there is an approach to the magnificence of old times. Judas was the first to speak the words; and he has had his school, through the succession of such men as Peter the Cruel,[x] Harry VIII., Napoleon, and Mendizabal.

But to return; so far are the treasures of the cathedral of Seville (which is but a type of what other churches have been) from being intended for show, that we may really say that they comparatively produce but little effect, nay, that the most precious are hardly, if ever, seen. The altars, it is true, are brilliant with massive silver ornaments, colossal busts, gigantic candlesticks, huge lecterns—everything which in other churches might be of wood or copper; but the gold and the precious stones are in great part hidden, because appropriated chiefly to the immediate contact and service of the most adorable Eucharist. Thus on the high altar, there is a well-proportioned, but yet enormous silver tabernacle; but, then, within this is another never seen, forming a temple of purest gold, and in this again, is a very large ciborium of the same precious metal, but covered with diamonds and other jewels. There is a pyx of beautiful workmanship, representing a dove, within which is a vessel for the

[x] At the east end of Seville cathedral, occupying the place of Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, is the royal chapel, which has a chapter, and daily office, of its own. The high altar with the shrine of St. Ferdinand over it, is valued at £10,000. It is all of massive silver, elaborately wrought. Peter the Cruel seized on the former treasures of the chapel, and gave a receipt for them, taking them, as he says in it, for their better custody. The paper yet remains there, but it is unnecessary to add, the plate has never been returned.

Blessed Eucharist, all of pure gold, which is never used except to carry the viaticum to the archbishop. Again, the golden key, only used to lock up the Blessed Sacrament in the sepulchre on Holy Thursday, is studded with magnificent brilliants. The chalices are all of the same material, and in such numbers, that a different one is used on each principal festival, and never else; for everything is regulated by strict rule. Thuribles, reliquaries, and all else immediately pertaining to the solemn sacrifice of the New Law, are of the same substance, and of the most beautiful workmanship.[y]

If we have dwelt thus upon the wealth of this cathedral, the far greater part of which, as well as the splendid buildings in which it is kept, rich with paintings of the first merit,[z] are due to the good taste and generosity of

[y] Among other beautiful objects, we must notice a *pax*, in the form of a small triptych, of gold most brilliantly enamelled, and otherwise richly ornamented, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. There is another beautiful pax, of silver gilt, of the same period, preserved among the few remnants of the treasury of the cathedral of Malaga. As we are on this subject, we will not omit mention of two of perhaps the most splendid pieces of silversmith's work in existence, which have likewise escaped all the ravages of the late times. The one is the *custodia* for Corpus Christi, the other a processional cross, both of silver, in the cathedral of Cordova. They are of the most delicate and finished Gothic work. The custodia rises to the height of seven or eight feet from an octagonal base, covered with beautiful reliefs, and ornamented with scroll-work to a point, the intermediate portion being composed of exquisitely wrought pinnacles and traceries, with gilt images. Both are of the fifteenth century. Their beauty has saved them, when all else has been carried off.

[z] Over the altar in the sacristy, at which the reliquaries, with other more sacred plate, are kept, is a picture of the Descent from the Cross, painted by Pedro de Campaña, in 1548. It is one of the most beautiful paintings we have ever beheld. It was formerly the altar-piece of the parish church of Santa Cruz, close to which was Murillo's house. This great painter used to pass hours before the

its chapter, it is not merely to enhance these good qualities in those who have passed away, but also to do justice to the present members of it, to whose wariness and intrepidity their preservation is due. For it must not be supposed, that the covetousness of late chancellors of the exchequer, including the Jewish one so often alluded to, overlooked the wealth, valued, we have heard, at a million sterling, yet preserved in this church. When the French overran Andalucia, these riches were carried to Cadiz, which alone escaped the power of the invaders. When the Carlist general Gomez made his foray into the same province, the government ordered the same precaution to be taken. The chapter objected, considering that there was sufficient security in the feelings of the people. "We have only to place these sacred and precious things in public," said the present dean, then mayordomo of the church, "and they will make themselves respected." However, this was not listened to; and the contents of the treasury were packed up in thirty large cases and sent to Cadiz, accompanied by two faithful servants of the cathedral, one of whom never left them day or night. All returned safe. And now came another danger. The government sent orders for the delivery

picture, and when asked what he was looking at so long, replied, "I am waiting to see them get down our Lord," so natural is the action of the figures, though in a severe style. In his will he directs his body to be buried before that painting. This was done, but Soult pulled down the church, and Murillo's ashes are without a tomb, and in the street. Yet Soult was the great admirer of Murillo! The Dean Cepero has now what he considers Murillo's house, and in it the most splendid private collection of paintings in Seville. Among them are several beautiful works of that master, and a Crucifixion by Alonzo Cano, which we consider unrivalled. [It was in that church of the Holy Cross, which Murillo so loved, and in which he wished to be buried, that the writer of these pages received the inestimable blessing of baptismal regeneration.]

of the treasures to its commissioners; but they were not heeded. Note followed note, commands, threats, were sent in succession; but still to no purpose. The chapter refused to give up the sacred deposit committed to their custody. But at length the orders were so imperative, and the threats so urgent, that the next step would have been a forcible attempt to seize them—a hazardous one in such a place. In these straits, the dean had recourse to a proposal, which foiled the rapacity of the exchequer. "They shall be delivered up quietly," he said, "but with due honours. These treasures consist of either reliquaries or sacred vessels, solemnly consecrated to divine worship. They shall, consequently, to the last, be treated with the reverence due to them. The chapter, therefore, in solemn procession, in their copes, and preceded by their cross, shall bear them through the streets to the town-hall, and so give them up." This would have been more than the people of Seville could have stood: the offer was not accepted, nor has the chapter been further molested.

The city, the fine arts, and religion, owe a debt of gratitude to the ecclesiastics, who have thus parried successfully every blow to rob the Church of what was an honour to the three; and have left us, consequently, a sample of what our fathers' piety could do for the worship of God. But as we have chosen this cathedral as an example of what sacrifices[a] and what efforts the capitular clergy are ready to make for their mother Church, we will continue to say something more of

[a] It is generally supposed that the benefices in Spain were enormously rich: but they will not stand comparison with English cathedral endowments. The forty canons of Seville had annually 40,000 reals, or £400; twenty prebendaries £300; and twenty-one minor canons £200 each.

them (though it will be applicable to all the class), in connection with the services of the Church. The cathedral service of Spain must formerly have been splendid. The phrase in every one's mouth, when speaking on the subject, is: "It is not a shadow of what it was." The chapter, properly so called, of Seville, consisted of ninety-two persons; and the whole body of clergy and assistants attached to the church, including the choir, amounted to two hundred and thirty-five. And as everything employed in the functions was of a most magnificent description,[b] the processions, which took place every festival, must have presented, especially on more solemn days, a most majestic and sublime spectacle. To this we must add, that there are yet preserved in that cathedral, and in other Spanish churches, uses and ornaments that have disappeared elsewhere, or which we are taught to consider as revivals.[c]

[b] In the sacristy of the cathedral are ninety-two white and ninety-two red copes of a suit for these processions before Tierce. The orphreys of those for the dignitaries, are embroidered with figures, as beautifully executed as those of the old times, and the canopies over them are still Gothic, though the work is modern. We had many opportunities of seeing that even this, as every other branch of sacred decorative art, is perfectly preserved in Spain, far beyond what it is in any other country.

[c] Thus the deacon and subdeacon yet wear the apparelled alb, and also the collar as apparel of the amice, which is placed over the head while the other sacred vestments are put on, and then is thrown back over the chasuble, as seen in the plates of Mr. Pugin's Glossary. The alb worn on Good-Friday is truly magnificent; as the priest takes off his chasuble for the adoration of the cross, his alb, besides the usual apparels gorgeously embroidered, has one on the breast with a beautiful image of our Saviour, and one on the back with the figure of our Lady. On the Sundays and ferias of Lent and Advent, the ministers wear *planetæ plicatæ* instead of the dalmatics, and they are made of the old ample form ending in a point, and coming very low down on the arm. So that on entering into a Gothic church where

But if the services of the Church must have been formerly splendid, it must be acknowledged that they are now more edifying, as a proof of the spirit of attachment to duty which they display, in those who still continue to perform them. The funds of the fabric and of the chapter have been seized or sold; the pensions substituted in their place are not only small, but most inadequately paid; the arrears being generally of years. The consequences are, that there is not actually provision for the ordinary services of the Church; still less for the more magnificent functions; such as those of Holy Week, Corpus Christi, or the Conception. This Lent, the government issued an order for an advance to be made on the allowance to the churches and cathedrals, in order to meet the expense of oil and wax, &c., necessary for the offices of Holy Week; which, in reality, was only equivalent to an order for such an amount of arrears to be paid up. It is, therefore, entirely owing to the zeal of the chapters, supported by the charity of the faithful, that even the daily office is performed. Lamentable,

mass is being sung, and seeing all these ancient forms of sacred vestments in use, one can easily transport oneself back to ancient times. It must be observed also, that in the cathedrals, the inferior ministers, thurifers, acolythes, and others, in considerable numbers, wear dalmatics with apparels and collars, or copes.

In Spain the Gospel and Epistle are always sung from *ambones* or pulpits at the entrance of the choir, or outside the screen where there is one. We were struck with one rite, which seems to be of great antiquity. At the beginning of Lent, a white curtain is stretched before and across the sanctuary, so that the people in the body of the church are completely debarred from having any view of what is done at the altar. The curtain is drawn aside three times, for the Gospel, for the elevation, and for the *Oratio super populum*. On Holy Wednesday, at the words in the Passion, "et velum templi scissum est," it is torn open in two parts. The usual veils over the pictures, &c., are not removed till Holy Saturday.

indeed, is the sight of half a dozen canons, sprinkled over the triple range of stalls in the choir of Seville or Cordova; but still there they are, day after day, taking care that the fire of perpetual worship shall not be extinguished upon God's altar. The choristers, generally old men, but attached to the house of God, in which they have been trained from infancy, continue to perform gratuitously their laborious duties; and never for a single day has the solemn chanting of the entire office, with High Mass, been interrupted. And nowhere have we heard the Gregorian chant in deeper and fuller tone than in the cathedrals of Spain.

Speaking, however, of Seville, we must make one exception. There has been one day, and one alone, on which a low Mass only was celebrated at the high altar, as the conventual Mass, and that was on the memorable 21st of July, 1843. We must say a few words upon this epoch, because it certainly has been in many respects misrepresented. It will be somewhat of a digression, but we have already given warning to our readers of our discursive intentions. When that almost spontaneous movement against Espartero, which ended in his exile, took place throughout Spain, Seville was of the common mind; but the expression of its feelings was repressed for a time by military violence; and on the 12th of May of that year the city was declared under military government. However, on the 18th, the civil authorities, unable any longer to repress the popular feelings, in which they themselves partook, met in council, and having summoned, to aid them in their deliberations, some of the most respected characters in the city, entered into communications with the military commander, the result of which was, what is now pretty well understood in England, a *pronunciamiento*, a fraternization between the troops and the

people, and the flight of the commanding officer. A junta or commission was formed, in which the canon D. Manuel Cepero, since appointed dean of the cathedral, acted a conspicuous part. The result was, that General Van Halen proceeded from Granada to beleaguer the open city. On the 17th of July, General Hezeta, now the excellent *Gefe politico* of Seville, who was posted with a staff on the summit of that beautiful tower, the Giralda, with an excellent English telescope, announced the descent of the besieging army from the heights of Alcalá dė los Panaderos towards the city; and the next day Van Halen took up his position, and began to erect his batteries at the Cruz del Campo, a small group of houses within short range of the place.

In the mean time, the people had made active preparations for their defence, and had erected batteries, set up guns, and fortified the gates. There were 5,848 armed men to defend these works. On the 8th of the month, the enthusiasm of the people had been aroused by an imposing ceremony. The authorities of Granada had excited much popular feeling by displaying the banner of "the Catholic kings"—that banner which Ferdinand and Isabella waved triumphantly over the city of the Moors. Seville possessed, in its cathedral, the more valuable standard which St. Ferdinand bore when he conquered the city. This was borne in solemn procession; and the people swore before it, to defend their walls against the enemies of religion and the throne.

On the 20th the batteries opened. The second shell passed clean over the town, several others fell in the middle, but the greater part fell short. The damage done, therefore, was not great.[d] But, in that

[d] El Pronunciamiento y Sitio de Sevilla. Sev. 1843, p. 31.

first day, there were fired upon the city 119 shells. The next day was the memorable one of the siege. For eighteen hours the batteries were never silent, and hardly ever was the air free from some missile. Three hundred and fifty-seven shells, and six hundred cannon-balls were launched upon the city.[e] On the next morning Espartero arrived; there was some relaxation of activity on the part of the besiegers. On the 24th, seventy-eight shells were thrown in, besides balls; and the bombardment continued for a few days more till on the 28th the enemy retired, pursued by the liberating army. During the siege there were thrown into the city 618 shells, besides balls.

Now, when we consider that the entire transaction, on the part of Espartero and his general Van Halen, was a most wanton act of cruelty and barbarity; of cruelty towards the thousands of defenceless inhabitants, and of barbarity towards the monuments of art with which the city is filled—that even if they had taken Seville, it could not have averted the fate which their panic-like supineness had brought upon them—that, at any rate, the way to take the city, or, if taken, to make it a *point d'appui* for a stand against the entire kingdom, was not to bombard it, and exasperate its inhabitants to madness by the reckless ruin inflicted on them—and when we consider, further, that these men have been courted, feasted, honoured in England, as patriots and defenders of their country, we are filled with ineffable disgust, and feel such marks of respect to such men, as a national stain.[f]

[e] Alzamiento y Defensa de Sevilla. Ib. p. 47.

[f] "There is one Homeric epithet of Mars, to which Espartero may assert his right among his countrymen—the only one which they are willing to accord him—that of 'wall-battering,' the bombarder of cities. Barcelona and Seville will live in the memory of Spaniards,

What a pity that, in the banquet to Espartero, among the decorations of the hall, the words, "Seville," and "July 21st, 1843," were not conspicuously emblazoned.

We have heard the partisans of Espartero say, in his defence, that his object was only to frighten the Sevillans; that care was taken that no real damage should be done — but particular care was taken to avoid, in taking aim, the Cathedral and the Giralda. But really both excuses are intolerably false. As to the first, can any motive, short of the hard necessities of war, justify such play as that of sending six hundred shells, and more than that number of balls, into a city with 80,000 inhabitants, where you cannot see their effect? Twenty lives were actually sacrificed, and many houses reduced to a pile of ruins. The terror caused both in families[g] and in the numerous

as long as his defeat at Ayacucho in Peru: and whatever his absolute right, the recklessness of those attacks upon life and property, and the indifference to the preservation of the noblest monuments of Spain, will be indelibly graven in their minds."—Revelations of Spain, vol. i. p. 14. The author, however, wishes to apologize for Espartero's conduct.

[g] We will record one case of a providential escape in the family of a gentleman, previously known to us, who related it to us on the spot. Senor R——, a rich merchant, occupies an excellent house beside the church of San Isidoro. Having been kept in a state of alarm by the bombardment, he proposed to his lady that they should cross the river to Triana, in order to have one night's quiet sleep. This was agreed to, and they accordingly left with their children, leaving a son-in-law, who wished to remain in charge of the house and much valuable property. That very night, a shell entered through the wall of the highest floor, fell through this, and exploded in the chamber which Mrs. R—— would have occupied, and shattered in pieces the bed in which she would have slept. It destroyed all the furniture, and the windows and doors of the neighbouring rooms, and broke down the corner of the wall. Some phenomena of a singular nature occurred, reminding one of the mysterious action of the elec-

communities of religious women, may easily be imagined. The nuns of eleven convents left their houses, and sought refuge in the cathedral, or in distant quarters of the city, so that as many as 130 of them were crowded in the convent of St. Clare. We will give the history of one, the Augustinian convent of San Leandro, more interesting, perhaps, to our readers, from the circumstance of the superior, Mrs. Collins, and another nun (Mrs. Ridgway), being English. We heard their own account of what befel them. During the siege, *thirteen* shells fell and exploded in their convent, one in the dormitory, one in the refectory, &c. But in the evening of the eventful 21st, while the community were fortunately in choir, a shell fell on the superior's bed, and set it on fire. A lay-sister happened to see it, and called in assistance. The fire was promptly extinguished, after doing some damage; but the good religious were too terrified to remain any longer in the house, and accordingly going out, sought refuge for the night in the church of San Ildefonso, immediately opposite to their house. They were placed in the choir; but had not been there long, when a shell broke into the church, and burst upon the altar. Once more they went forth in the night—the first time that any of them had left the walls of their convent since making their religious profession, some more than forty years before, ignorant whither they should go, while the air resounded with the cannonade, and missiles were flying over their heads; till some charitable persons led them to the Lonja or

tric fluid. Thus a bottle half full, standing on the upper shelf of an adjoining small room, was found standing unbroken beside the window opposite. An English gentleman who had left by the preceding steamer—the last opportunity—had been sleeping in the room which the shell first entered.

Archives of the Indies, a strong building, where a committee was sitting. In the porticoes of this they passed the night, and the next day were sent over to the suburb of Triana, by the canon Cepero, one of the governing committee. Again, in the Beaterio (a religious community) of the Holy Trinity, in which, besides the nuns, are seventy-five children under their care, a shell fell in the court, the ordinary residence during the summer months.

We may easily, therefore, imagine the consternation into which the city was cast by this wanton aggression. And here it must be owned, that the chapter did their duty nobly. We do not speak of the more daring acts of enthusiasm performed by one of its members already mentioned, Don Manuel Lopez Cepero, who took the lead in all the arrangements for the declaration, and the defence of the city, and was the very soul of the movement, by infusing into it a strong religious feeling;[h] but of the conduct of the clergy as a body. First, they threw open the gates of the cathedral to all who sought refuge in it, and it was soon filled. Many thousands of persons, including religious communities, took up their abode in it, as a place of security, from its strength, and from its sacredness. Not indeed that there can be any credit attached to the assertion that Van Halen designedly spared that magnificent monument; for those who watched on the Giralda (and he knew that there the look-out for his movements was kept) have assured us that clearly many shells were aimed at that tower and the church which it covered; some fell short, some

[h] Discurso improvisado, &c. Sev. 1843. His sermons filled the people with enthusiasm. The good bishop of the Canary Islands was indefatigable in his attention to the distressed, visiting the wounded at great risk of his own life.—El Pronunc. p. 39.

passed over, and several fell on either side; but, thank God, not one touched the sacred edifice. We have seen the places where shells fell on each side; one in the court of the Lonja on the south, and only separated from the cathedral by a street; another in the episcopal palace on the north, and almost in contact with it. However, the people felt every confidence in the protection of God's house, and it was freely tendered to them. The Blessed Sacrament was removed, and the different chapels were assigned to different communities; while the vast area was divided by curtains, and allotted to families who had there sought shelter. And be it observed, to the credit of the population, that while multitudes had left for neighbouring towns and villages, and many were thus crowded in this and other churches—for most were filled — not a single act of plunder or theft came before the police then or after.[1]

But while thus the house of God was thrown open to every poor sufferer, the chapter never once interrupted its offices. In the midst of that multitude (the choir and altar alone being left free), every canonical hour from matins to complin was fully chanted, and high mass sung, except, as we have before observed, on the 21st of July, when such was the confusion and terror caused, on every side, by the incessant cannonade, that the service was shortened, by the substitution of a low mass! The solemn bell tolled, amidst the cannon's roar, at every accustomed hour (and the punctuality here observed is admirable), and the canons hastened through the desolate streets to the crowded cathedral, to intone the usual song of praise. Once indeed, before, it had given proofs of the same calm intrepidity. In 1751, on the 1st of

[1] Discurso, &c. p. 22.

November, the celebrated earthquake shook the church so violently, that all felt alarmed. The divine office was being performed there at the time; the canons accordingly left the church, but only to assemble round the cross in the great square, and there finish the appointed service. In commemoration of this, a portion of the office is sung on the same spot, every All Saints' day. Happy climate, in which this can be done!

This peaceful attention to the service of God's house, through poverty, through persecution, through revolutions, through the horrors of a siege, is certainly a characteristic highly creditable to those who have paid it; and to our minds speaks most strongly in their favour. Nor have they failed to show a most disinterested generosity in keeping up the beauty and magnificence of their sanctuary. A considerable legacy was left them, about two years ago, for the church. Instead of applying it in any way to their own benefit, they employed it in renewing the vestments, which (being of a blue colour, by special privilege) can only be used on the 8th of December, and which are truly gorgeous, having cost them 14,000 dollars. What we have said of this cathedral, we wish to extend to every other, with which we have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted. In every one the daily service has been uninterrupted; though in some the number of prebendaries has been so reduced, and the church so impoverished, as to admit of only a recited, instead of a chanted, office, at least in part. In almost all, we have met with individuals who have suffered banishment for their conscientious resistance to the usurpations and oppressions of government. In all, without exception, we have found persons of most highly estimable character, whose great ecclesiastical

learning we have admired, whose patience and meek bearing under the humiliations of their body, and whose many virtues we have been edified with; and on whose kindness and easily-won and estimable friendship we look as a valuable acquisition; and among whom we feel sure that we have left many builders up of the walls of Israel, and restorers of its temple, whenever the Lord of Hosts shall return to visit His long-afflicted inheritance.

We must now say a few words on the general body of the clergy in Spain; and we will try to condense our remarks as much as possible. That in a class so numerous, and brought up under such different circumstances, there will be great variety, as to learning, talent, and virtue, is at once to be admitted. This has no doubt been the case since the very beginning of the Church. And yet it may not be amiss to look a little more closely into some of the charges based upon this variety. The charge of ignorance is the most common one brought against the Spanish clergy. A passage quoted above from the author of the "Revelations," insinuates it; and that most unscrupulous of travellers, Borrow, gives us one or two examples to prove it, which are really beyond endurance. We will, therefore, notice them merely as specimens. At Cordova he meets, at the hotel, with an aged country priest, who is reciting his breviary. He makes friends with him, and as usual puts into his mouth a conversation, which he takes care, as on every similar occasion, shall be pretty indicative of imbecility. And in the course of it, he makes the poor old man speak of St. Paul's First Epistle to Pope Sixtus![k] which he wisely conjectures to mean the Epistle to the Romans. Now, when a man tells untruths, he should at least make

[k] Bible in Spain, c. xviii. p. 104 (Colon. and Home Library).

them probable—*se non è vero, sia ben trovato*, should be his rule. But the Gospel distributor of Spain is above such prejudices; and he never seems to trouble himself about gilding with probability the pills which he compounds for his morbid admirers. The evangelical swallow, he knew, was capacious enough for anything anti-popish; and he gives it as mercilessly wholesale a supply, as Morison ever did his patients. Any one who knows what the breviary is, knows also that it is mainly made up of Scripture; and contains considerable portions of every book, and of none more in proportion, than of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. It is an absolute impossibility that *any* priest in Spain, or elsewhere, could have been ignorant of this book, or could have imagined one of the title given by Borrow. This answer will apply as well to another more startling instance—startling by its boldness. He travels from Madrid to Seville with a friar, on his way to the Philippine Islands as a missionary. The rest of his description is as follows:—"He had been *professor of philosophy*, he told me, in one of the convents (I think it was San Thomas) of Madrid, before their suppression; but *appeared grossly ignorant of the Scriptures, which he confounded with the works of Virgil.*"[1] The friars missionary in the Philippine Islands are Dominicans, as we believe was the house or college of St. Thomas at Madrid. A professor of philosophy in a Dominican convent must have taken his degree, after severe examination on the works of St. Thomas of Aquin: and it is *his* philosophy that he has to expound. We appeal to the learned reader whether a student and an expounder of the works of that father, can have been ignorant, in the manner which Borrow describes, of the sacred

[1] Bible in Spain, c. xlviii. p. 275 (Colon. and Home Library).

Scriptures. There is not a page of that saint's writings which would not prove the impossibility of such a fact. The very story confutes itself to any one acquainted with them. But Mr. Borrow was not writing for the learned, but for the gullible readers of evangelical magazines. There are three long interviews with different people in his work, which we have the best authority, coming directly from the parties named, to declare untrue from beginning to end—mere, pure fictions, and even directly at variance with what was really said.

When an author writes of the ignorance of persons belonging to a class different from his own, it is probable that he judges by a standard drawn from his own knowledge. It is not probable that Borrow or any other lay-traveller would be able to enter into much theological conversation, or to sound the depths of ascetic learning in a Catholic priest, with whom he might converse. He might find him exceedingly ill-informed upon politics, or trade, or even profane literature, and pronounce him an ignorant man—and he might be quite wrong. For if his mind was well furnished with that learning which is truly useful for his calling, though unfurnished with other acquirements, he is entitled to the praise of such learning as is most proper for him. But let us reverse the case. A Spanish priest comes over to this country, after having gone through the ordinary course of studies exacted from every one in Spain, before he can be a priest—*three years*' study of philosophy, and *seven years*' of theology. Such is the course which we found followed in the seminary of Cordova, and in the university of Seville; and such, we were assured, was the course everywhere enjoined, and even required by the government. Now this course comprises *Scripture*,

moral and dogmatical theology, and ecclesiastical and canon law. It would be impossible, after such a study, in which Scripture is quoted at every turn (not to speak of the direct treatises upon it that form part of Catholic theology), to be ignorant in the way described by Mr. Borrow. Well—to return—a Spanish ecclesiastic, who has so studied, visits one of our universities, and wishes to become acquainted with some of the lights of the Anglican Church—peradventure aspires to an interview with one of its bishops, that so on his return he may enlighten his countrymen, respecting this learned clergy, who taunt *his* order with gross ignorance. He will not certainly attack his lordship upon Æschylus or the Pindaric measures; he will not ask him whether he considers Porson or Bentley the greater scholar, nor consult him on the niceties of Greek particles; but in his innocent simplicity he will imagine that the way to test the learning of an ecclesiastic is to talk on those matters which he (good soul!) had been taught to think must have formed the great staple of his education and subsequent study. Will he return to his country with the impression that the ecclesiastical body of the Church of England is a learned body, as *he* understands learning? that her country curates go forth from the university well read in the rules for directing of consciences, and resolving of doubts and difficulties in the way of salvation? that her rectors have studied and possess the decisions of councils, even such as their own Church calls œcumenical? that her prebendaries give themselves up to deeper mystical lore, and spend their leisure hours in those sublimer studies which in his own country unlettered men like St. Peter of Alcantara, and women like St. Teresa, have cultivated, for leading souls more favoured of

God, to high perfection? and in fine that her bishops have at their fingers' ends the whole mass of doctrinal learning, can turn over to every decree of the Church, and lay down the law clearly and convincingly on every new controversy, and be oracles in every difficulty, and sure guides in every trial of conscience. But if he came to the contrary conclusion, and you condemn him for it, and call it absurd to consider a clergy ignorant whose bishops have edited Greek plays, or whose clergy publish lectures on geology; we ask you in the name of justice to allow *him* too to be judged by his own standard, and let the ecclesiastical knowledge of a Catholic clergyman be the test of his learning. On this score the average of Spain will do more than compete with that of England.

But turning to other qualities, we may introduce the little we intend to say, by allowing Mr. Borrow to make some compensation for the injustices we have accused him of. As the following is about the only instance in his work, in which there is so much as a goodnatured or charitable thing said about the clergy of Spain, we must look upon it as the more valuable admission. He is describing a visit to the curate or parish priest of a small country village:—

"A woman directed us to a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to those contiguous. It had a small portico, which, if I remember well, was overgrown with a vine. We knocked loud and long at the door, but received no answer; the voice of man was silent, and not even a dog barked. The truth was, that the old curate was taking his siesta, and so were his whole family, which consisted of one ancient female and a cat. The good man was at last disturbed by our noise and vociferation, for we were hungry, and consequently impatient. Leaping from his couch, he came running to the door in great hurry and confusion, and perceiving us, he made many apologies for being asleep at a period when, he said, he ought to have been on the look-out for his invited guest. He embraced me very affectionately, and conducted me into his parlour, an apartment of tolerable

size, hung round with shelves, which were crowded with books. At one end there was a kind of table or desk covered with black leather, with a large easy chair, into which he pushed me, as I, with the true eagerness of a bibliomaniac, was about to inspect his shelves; saying, with considerable vehemence, that there was nothing there worthy of the attention of an Englishman, for that his whole stock consisted of breviaries and dry Catholic treatises of divinity."—Pp. 118, 119.

After giving an account of the good priest's ready hospitality, and regret at not being as well provided for his guests as he could have wished, the narrative continues as follows:—

"So, after everything was prepared and arranged to our satisfaction, we sat down to dine on the bacon and eggs, in a small room, not the one to which he had ushered us at first, but on the other side of the doorway. The good curate, though he ate nothing, having taken his meal long before, sat at the head of the table, and the repast was enlivened by his chat. . . . . I had till then considered him a plain uninformed old man, almost simple, and as incapable of much emotion as a tortoise within its shell; but he had become at once inspired: his eyes were replete with a bright fire, and every muscle of his face was quivering. The little skull-cap which he wore, according to the custom of the Catholic clergy, moved up and down with his agitation; and I soon saw that I was in the presence of one of those remarkable men, who so frequently spring up in the bosom of the Romish Church, and who to a childlike simplicity, unite immense energy and power of mind—equally adapted to guide a scanty flock of ignorant rustics in some obscure village in Italy or Spain, as to convert millions of heathens on the shores of Japan, China, or Paraguay.

"He was a thin spare man of about sixty-five, and was dressed in a black cloak of very coarse materials; nor were his other garments of superior quality. This plainness, however, in appearance of his outward man, was by no means the result of poverty; quite the contrary. The benefice was a very plentiful one, and placed at his disposal annually a sum of at least 800 dollars, of which the eighth part was more than sufficient to defray the expenses of his house and himself; the rest was devoted entirely to the purest acts of charity. He fed the hungry wanderer, and despatched him singing on his way, with meat in his wallet, and a peseta in his purse; and his parishioners when in need of money, had only to repair to his study, and were sure of an immediate supply. He was, indeed, the banker of the village,

and what he lent he neither expected nor wished to be returned. Though under the necessity of making frequent journeys to Salamanca, he kept no mule, but contented himself with an ass, borrowed from the neighbouring miller. 'I once kept a mule,' said he, 'but some years since, it was removed without my permission by a traveller whom I had housed for the night; for in that alcove I keep two clean beds for the use of the wayfaring, and I shall be very much pleased, if yourself and friend will occupy them, and tarry with me till the morning.'"—Pp. 119, 120.

There is another author to whom we refer with pleasure on this subject, one with whose motives for visiting Spain we have nothing to do, for we have no political feelings to express, but whom we have read with pleasure, because he everywhere does justice to the Spanish character and people, and looks more at their great and noble qualities than at their faults—too many of them the fatal growth of modern events and present circumstances. Of Espartero, he is an admirer, and evidently a friend; and on this score even we are not disposed to quarrel. For we have nothing to say about the Duke of Victory as a general, or a good companion at arms; but as an oppressor of God's Church, and the promoter of anti-religious schemes, as the author of the wicked attempt to drive Spain into schism, we consider him an enemy to his country, as well as to a higher kingdom. But with the author of the work in question—*Scenes and Adventures in Spain, from* 1835 *to* 1840, we wish to be on good terms, because, as we have said, he looks with kindness on a people, whose frank and cordial hospitality, whose unvarying courtesy from high to low, whose bold and generous daring, and whose essentially religious character, it is impossible not to admire and love, where narrow national prejudices or religious bigotry have not warped the feelings. In this author we everywhere find the clergy of every class, parti-

cularly the parochial clergy, the *curas* (though we think he sometimes extends the application of the term), kindly and respectfully spoken of, sometimes as learned men, at others as liberal, always as kind-hearted, hospitable, charitable.[m] And there is a tone of kindliness in all this that sits well on the soldier, though we do not see what business he had there.

We might dilate further on this subject, had we space, by citing works written by the clergy, which would amply show that there is no want of theological learning among them. Indeed, much of the matter which we have had occasion to treat of, in speaking on the episcopacy, will apply to this part of our subject. But since the want of biblical knowledge is what such writers, as have hitherto guided the public mind in England, mostly impute to the Spanish clergy, we will only say, and every traveller will bear us out in it, that the sermons delivered by them to the people contain as many texts of Scripture, and allusions to its history, and applications of it, as any which will be heard in the pulpits of the Church of England. And we have noted another thing, that those preachers are most

[m] See vol. i. pp. 51, 64, 129, 328; vol. ii. 82. In the first of these passages, we have an interesting view of the conduct of the clergy, during the hottest of the civil war. "I was lodged at the house of a *cura* or clergyman. There were ten *curas* in this small place, five of whom were Carlists, and five of Constitutional principles. My worthy host happened to be of the latter persuasion. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the old gentleman: he came and sat by me, as did his nephew, a very superior young man. . . . . 'How do you get on [our author asked] with the Carlist *curas?*' 'Oh! we never meddle with their politics, nor they with ours. As the numbers are equally divided, each party forms its own little council of state, and we leave our politics at the church door.' 'I wish such were more generally the case in my country,' said I." In p. 82 of the second volume, will be found an example of equal kindness and hospitality from a Carlist *cura*, on whom the author was billeted at Onate.

popular there, and have the most crowded audiences, who are most distinguished by strong sense, and who deliver solid doctrine. We have seen a cathedral full to listen to a sermon, and we have afterwards heard every one, man and woman, speak of it in terms of highest commendation; yet we noticed not in it one flowery phrase, one flight of rhetoric, nay, not even one appeal to the passions; but it was one of the most precise, clear, and striking expositions of a great point of moral doctrine (the danger of relapse after forgiveness) which we have ever heard. And from beginning to end it was thoroughly Scriptural. We have before us a confutation, by a parish priest, of Mr. Hartwell Horne's "Romanism the enemy to the Bible," and some Rev. Mr. Nevins's "Thoughts on Popery,"[n] which is entirely based upon Scripture authorities.

III. We must now proceed to another class partly forming a portion of the clergy, partly depending upon its fate—the communities, suppressed and existing, of religious orders. The government of 1835, a *moderado* government too, in one fell swoop extinguished the whole conventual body, dispersed the monks and friars, forbade the nuns to receive novices (with the exception of the sisters of St. Vincent of Paul), seized all the revenues of both, under the name of national property, and assigned a pension to each member, which, as we shall see, has been hardly ever paid at all. The proceedings here were not, as with us under Henry VIII., the result of a pretended process, whereby religious houses were condemned to be suppressed because fallen into a state of relaxation and wickedness. Modern governments go not round about in that

[n] Demostracion en que se manifesta que la Fe y Religion de los Protestantes no es la de la Biblia Por D. F. P. Dominguez. Cadiz, 1841.

fashion—they seek not to cloak religious spoliation—they first declare ecclesiastical, to be national, property, that is, their own, and then take it.

We will gladly introduce an account of the suppression of the religious orders, by an eye-witness, whose very remarks will show that he is not prejudiced in favour of this order of men. It is the author of the *Scenes and Reminiscences*.

"Eighteen months after these melancholy and disgraceful events [the massacre by the mob of eighteen Jesuits and sixty friars], the monasteries were abolished, the buildings and spaces of ground they occupied became national property, and Madrid has undoubtedly been greatly improved and embellished, by the opening of new and commodious streets and thoroughfares, where heretofore ungainly masses of building and blank walls encumbered the most frequented quarters of the capital. Certain convents still continued to be tenanted by such nuns of the several religious orders, as preferred to adhere to a life of seclusion.

"While admitting that the above changes have, in most respects, been beneficial, one cannot look with indifference upon the melting away of ancient institutions, nor withhold our respect for certain associations connected with them. Learning, arts, and sciences, could never have arrived at their present approximation to maturity, had they not been cradled in the monasteries. It is well that intelligence should have become invigorated and sharpened by the open air of the great world: the close cells of the monasteries were no doubt deleterious as society developed itself; let us only bear in mind, that in its infancy, science was nurtured in the monastic institutions, whose venerable cloisters have been paced by many a learned, wise, and virtuous recluse, the result of whose meditations and labours has paved the way to those discoveries of which the present generation is justly proud.

"As to the amount of real practical virtue, the greater prevalence of Christian graces, the true spirit of Christian charity, it is after all doubtful, perhaps, whether if an authentic comparative statement could be obtained, the balance would be in our favour. Religious differences and the animosities growing out of them, are but too rife in this our own country, and are producing deplorable scenes, which, if they shall be permitted to continue, will, it is to be feared, strike to the very root of society.

"With regard to morals, it is only necessary to read the public journals and the official reports to convince us that we have a frightful sum on the wrong side of the account; to say nothing of the heaps of crime daily accumulating, which are never exposed to the light of day.

"When visiting or describing countries where monastic institutions exist, we are all too apt to exclaim, 'What a number of mendicants! How deplorable to see the convent gates beset by lazy beings, who prefer to drag on a squalid existence, sustained by the soup and alms doled out to them by the monks, to earning an honest livelihood by the labour of their own hands! It were a good work to suppress the monasteries, if only to put an end to this evil.'

"This is all very well, as far as it goes; it is indeed good for man to work for his support. But are *we* exempt from the ills attendant upon idleness? Is not society here more seriously impaired by thousands who contrive to fasten themselves upon it, by means quite at variance with active honesty, than it ever was by Lazars on convent steps?

"Let us then endeavour to amend ourselves, and to be just and charitable in speaking of our neighbours."—Pp. 249—252.

The consequence of these violent proceedings against religious men, was, that thousands of individuals, totally unfit for the change, were thrown upon the world, men too in many instances worthy of a very different fate. We will once more appeal to our authorities. The author of the *Revelations of Spain* writes as follows:—

"The exclaustrado member of one of the closed religious houses, is the most melancholy character in modern Spain. Thrown upon a world with whose ways he has no familiarity, extruded from his cloister, as the name implies, he has no consolation unless he be enthusiastically devotional, and passionately wedded to the religious observances which formed at once the business and pastime of his previous existence. He is entirely unfitted for the ordinary pursuits of life; and the pension allotted him by the government as compensation for the subsistence which he before enjoyed, is both inadequately small, and paid with an irregularity, which reduces it to the level of casual alms. Many of these unfortunate men are at times compelled to go out at dusk and beg in the streets; while a few who are fortunate enough to possess some literary aptitude, find

occupation in schools as assistants, and fewer still as domines or masters.

"The robbery practised upon these poor outcasts is the worst part of the financial bankruptcy of Spain. In no portion of the Peninsula is a single religious house for men left standing—an event of itself, in which there is nothing to deplore; but when the foundations were stripped of their splendid possessions, surely a sufficient subsistence for this generation should have been provided. The convents of nuns have, in many instances, been left standing, but their inmates reduced, for the most part, to compulsory poverty; and on the national holidays, rations are doled out to them and to the jails."—Revelations of Spain, vol. i. pp. 343, 344.

Again, take the following descriptions of individuals of this class:—

"One of the most interesting old men I have ever met was an exclaustrado, who charmed us all at Seville, and whose convent had been one of the wealthiest in Spain. He was a learned Dominican, polished in his manners, an Hidalgo of 'blue blood,' as the people express it when they mean to describe a very noble family: and the effect of one of the most benevolent faces in the world, was wonderfully heightened by hair of a snowy whiteness. His stated allowance from the government was about £20 a year, and he received less than £10. I shall not easily forget Fray Fernando de la Sacra Familia."—Revelations of Spain, p. 345.

"In an old arm-chair, near the kitchen fire at my quarters, sat a stout placid-looking man dressed in rusty black; he was brother to the *patron*, and was an *exclaustrado*, that is, an uncloistered friar, who, upon the abolition of the monasteries, had repaired to the fraternal roof. His age was about fifty-five; the pension of five reals—about a shilling—a day, awarded by the government to each friar, had not been paid him; yet he made no complaint. He adhered to the rules of his order, as far as a non-residence in a monastery would permit, and he assured me that, if he had his life to pass over again, and could choose for himself, he would become a Franciscan friar; he appeared to be a simple-minded, contemplative man, and I regarded him with great respect, on account of his voluntary adherence to his vows."—Scenes and Adventures, p. 314.

And who, will we boldly ask, would refuse to honour such a man? Yes, that holy Franciscan of Seville, who is ridiculed by the thoughtless youth, because

under the winter's rain, or summer's scorching sun, he carries the hat, forced upon him by his change of dress, in his hand, and goes bareheaded in obedience to his rule, is to us an object of sincere veneration, a proof that the religious houses were not peopled by men without vocation, or the spirit of those holy institutes. But in every part of Spain we meet with the survivors of that destructive deluge, though thrown upon a new, and to them almost unknown coast, seeking to cultivate the barren soil, which, thanks to private charity, has not in every instance proved ungrateful. They will be found preaching with zeal and energy, hearing confessions, serving as valuable assistants to the parochial clergy, and when all fails, received as chaplains into private families. For here, too, the charity of the faithful has shown itself noble; and in many families will be found the exile from his cloistered home, treated with all the consideration of a member of the household. In Portugal, where the storm has been even more furious and more unsparing than in Spain, we were told of one noble lady, who though in other respects of *liberal* politics, kept, clothed, and supported no fewer than fourteen uncloistered religious. Among the most learned of the clergy, are the professors and superiors of the suppressed orders, men to whose abilities and acquirements all bear testimony. And it has gone to our hearts when conversing with one of these respectable, but broken-hearted men, to see the tears gush into his eyes, and hear him turn off the conversation, because, as he said in broken accents, he could not bear to think of his dear monastery, and of the happy years he had spent in it. A gentleman living near the market-place of a large town, informed us, that he had often seen, early in the morning before people

were about, some poor old ex-religious creep out in a tattered cloak, and buy a couple of small fish, hardly a farthing's worth, for his daily sustenance. For, as has been before observed, the miserable pension allotted to them, is hardly ever paid; and more than once we have been asked for alms in the street by them.

But the fate of the nuns has been still more cruel; their virtue has been more severely tried; and the charity of the faithful has been more conspicuously manifested in their behalf. We have said that they were forbidden to receive novices, and that their possessions were seized; but, moreover, it was ordered, that so soon as the number of a community was reduced to twelve, these should be incorporated with some other house. And often this has been done without waiting for such a diminution. Hence, it is not uncommon to find in one house, two, or even three, different orders, following in every respect different rules and plans of life, and having each its respective superior. Poor things! people in the world, if they care about such a matter, will not comprehend its hardship. They will not understand what it is to have chosen, in the warmth of youthful love, the standard under which they were to live and die—to have admired with ardour the holy founder of the order to which they have been drawn by grace—to have knitted a sacred family bond, with a mother in the spiritual life, with sisters of a holy kindred—to have passed years of tranquil joy on the same spot; till every wall reflected some happy recollection back to thought, every altar and image in the cloister was associated in the mind with some grace received, some blessed inspiration—to have become as a part of that choir in which they have sung the praises of God, till they thought nothing on earth so heavenly as their

own sanctuary; nay, even to have clung to the very grave in which sisters in faith and love have been laid to sleep, and looked forward with peace to its repose; and then to be rudely torn from all that had thus become dear to their affections, and be carried away, and thrust in where *they* must feel as intruders, among another community of different rule and habit, where there is not one recollection, one association with their past life; where the little appliances of daily and hourly devotion are not at hand, and the feelings have to begin anew to form and adapt themselves, in that age when they have but little pliancy, and in a land not their own;—no, perhaps few, who have not witnessed it, will enter into the severity of this trial. But, thank God, there was virtue, in the holy religious women of Spain, enough to endure it with silent resignation. Again and again have we seen such communities living together in cordial unity, calling one another by the name of sisters, the old community doing their utmost to accommodate the new-comers, and render their banishment light. Where there are two choirs and two dormitories, a winter and a summer one, the division was easy, though inconvenient, at every change of season; for one community must occupy the quarters uncongenial to the period of the year. In other cases, the suffering must have been much greater.

But let us consider the mode in which this cruel measure was carried into execution. Their property, as we have observed, was all seized. Now, there is a marked difference between the property of male communities and that belonging to convents; and it is, that every one entering any of the latter, brings with her a portion or dowry, and invests it in the house for her maintenance. Suppose a father with two

daughters, whom he portions equally; the one marries, and takes her dowry into her husband's family—the other enters a convent, and pays in her portion, on condition of being supported in it for life. The law of the land recognises the existence of these communities, and considers the investment as sacred as any other. Surely, no plea of justice can be raised for an *ex-post-facto* law, which declares *this* investment not only unlawful in future, but retrospectively null; and seizes upon the property so placed. It would be quite as unjust to declare all joint-stock investments, and all annuities already paid for, national property, carry off the capital, and in it the premiums sunk, and leave the poor annuitants in beggary. This is precisely what has been done. If the state did not choose to admit the validity of religious vows, even already made, but considered nuns only as female members of the population, then it ought to have granted them at once as full possession as others, of all right to what the law must still call their own property. But this it would not permit. One or two instances will show the iniquity thus practised.

In the convent of the Holy Ghost, at Cadiz, we saw a person—we cannot call her a nun, though clothed in the habit, and observing the religious rule—who was just on the point of being professed, when the decree of suppression was issued. Preparatory to it, her dowry was paid in; as good Father Lasso assured us, he himself had counted it down, "ounce upon ounce," in good gold pieces. This was seized, as convent property; and, at the same time, the community was forbidden to receive her profession. They will not let her be a nun, but they have plundered her of her only means of living in the world, to which, however, she has never felt a wish to return. And so for ten long

years has she borne the heavy, though sweet, yoke, of the religious life, without the consolation of being incorporated in her community. This, it will be admitted, is a hard case; but the following is harder: A lady, a rich heiress at Madrid, entered a religious house. After two years she became blind, and otherwise afflicted with bad health. While she was in that state, the convent property was all sold, and with it her estates, which, had she chosen to remain in the world, she might have lavished on any vanity, and no one would have interfered; and thus was she left to misery and starvation—literally, to starvation, so far as the government could inflict it. It is true that they settled a pension upon each nun—and what a pension, and how insidiously contrived! For the allowance is of four reals (8*d.*) per day, if they remain in their convents; but of *five* (10*d.*) if they should quit it! Thus was an enticement held out to these poor souls, to leave their religious life, and return to the world; thus did a Catholic government, as it called itself, offer a premium for the violation of solemn vows! Nor were there stronger efforts wanted, in some places at least, to draw away from their holy engagements and secluded life, these consecrated virgins of God. In Cadiz, for instance, the political chief went in person, surrounded by his officers, to the convent, and having made the doors be opened, harangued the nuns, telling them that the day of freedom was come, and that he was there to lead them from their confinement, and that they need not fear their friends or any one else, as he and the government would protect them. He thought, no doubt, like many of his kind, that these good nuns were all captives there against their wills, and longed to be again enjoying the world. But the event showed how mistaken he was: they listened with amazement

and disgust at his raving, as it appeared to them; but none followed him. Still the irreligious views of government were sufficiently manifested by these proceedings, which proved that they cared not for engagements, which the Catholic Church holds most sacred.

But if the solid virtue of the Spanish religious women was able to stand the first rude trial, or rather, if there was not much in the impious proposals and spoliation of their civil rulers, to entice them away from their austere calling, they were soon made to endure another and a far heavier burthen, which could not but put them severely to the test; and it was the penury and misery to which we have alluded. The pension to the nuns has hardly ever been paid; it has always been left in arrears, until some miserable instalment is made, enough, perhaps, to cool public charity, but not to relieve the deep distress of the patient sufferers. For instance, in this last winter, 1844-45, the religious received one quarter's payment on account of 1837! such being the arrears. In one large convent, we were informed, that, in the whole of last year, the payments made had amounted to *nine* dollars, not £2. The consequence has been, that, by degrees, many convents have been reduced to absolute penury. We were shown refectories and cloisters, bare of every ornament, picture after picture having been sold for a trifle to the rapacious broker, to purchase bread. Yes! dry bread often, and nothing more. Yet the local authorities were offended, when the Dean Cepero, at Seville, had an alms-box placed outside a convent wall, with the inscription: *Pan para estas religiosas*—"Bread for these nuns." It seemed to them, forsooth, a reproach on *them*, for not paying these poor creatures their miserable stipend, and letting them starve! But we must add another griev-

ance. While these poor creatures are thus, after being plundered, left in misery, they are (in many instances, at least) compelled to pay all taxes and local imposts. Such, for example, is the case with the Beaterio of the B. Trinity, in Seville, where formerly 200 poor children used to be educated, but where now there are not more than seventy-five. The property of this house consisted chiefly of money lent by it to commissioners, to build or repair churches, who were authorized to give, as security for interest, tithes received by them. But, by the abolition of all tithes (without any compensation whatever to persons having a beneficial interest in them), this was all lost, or rather made over to the holders of titheable property. Yet, as we have said, the whole of the public and local taxes are demanded from them. And we must say, that here, as in all similar establishments in Spain, which we have visited, the appearance of everything indicated, in spite of poverty, the utmost order, neatness, and cheerfulness. The children seemed all well employed and happy; they are taught every species of useful and ornamental work, as well as the usual branches of female education, music included, in a most satisfactory manner. And this puts us in mind of one of the most splendid establishments for female education, perhaps, in the world,—"the College," as it is called, for female children at Cordova. As a building, it is far the most spacious, airy, and solid edifice for the purpose, which we have ever seen; the very attics being superior to the principal floor of many colleges. But, alas! though not under the direction of religious, its funds have come under the capacious definition of "national property," and have been confiscated; and instead of a hundred pupils, which it would well contain, a dozen or so are all that occupy

its magnificent halls: but these few, we must add, seem as happy as children can be, and receive a good and efficient education.

But to return. This hard and unceasing trial, this daily struggle against poverty, and in so many cases the painful removal from their own house, and the hourly inconvenience of being in a strange one, the increasing infirmities of old age and sickness, aggravated by want and grief, without the cheerful support and nursing care of a younger family of novices or newly-professed sisters, the sorrowful prospect too of seeing no succession, no hope of perpetuity for the house and order which has been the object of tenderest affection, and the feeling, on the contrary, that in them expires and drops piecemeal into the tomb, the community which perhaps a saint founded many hundred years ago, and with it the holy traditions, and the devotions of ages, these and many other afflictions heaped upon the heads of thousands of unoffending women, who had shrunk early from the world to escape its anxieties, might have been enough to wear down their spirit, and drive many of them from their house of sorrow, to homes where they would have been welcome. But while, in us who contemplate this treatment, it cannot fail to excite a feeling of execration against revolutions, or maxims, which can suggest it; while we, who are but calm spectators, are tempted to wonder (in the terms of mild reproach addressed of old by a martyred virgin to her judge), whether they were born of woman who could thus treat her, in her holiest form; far different has the effect been upon those, who had long extinguished resentment and anger within their breast. We have visited upwards of twenty communities in various places, and have frequently conversed with them: and

we have seen them in different moods: we have found some sinking more than others, under the depression of their condition, more sickly in body, more discouraged in spirits; we have seen others, more buoyant and hopeful, possessing all that habitual brightness and joyful glee, which every one acquainted with religious communities knows to be their peculiar feature, as cheerful as if they were not in deep distress, in which we knew them to be. But in no case has a murmur escaped, or a harsh word, from any lip. The chalice has been drunk, though bitter, with mild resignation: "It is the adorable will of God," "May the will of God be done," such were the expressions which we invariably heard. The tear, indeed, could not be repressed, but it was soon wiped away with some such words as these; and confidence in God, and hope in the intercession of His blessed Mother, came ever as a sunbeam to restore serenity and joy. For Spain was the earnest thought and fervent prayer—for "poor afflicted Spain," as they would call it, for its speedy restoration to the full communion of the Apostolic See, towards which their attachment was unbounded, and for wisdom to its rulers, to re-establish religion on its proper footing. They could not believe that God would abandon a country which had sent so many glorious intercessors into His presence. Nor must we omit the interest felt, and expressed, for our own country, their anxious inquiries about the truth of a great religious movement in England, and the joy manifested at hearing about our own convents, and at learning that here, at least, they were not persecuted and distressed.

With such principles and feelings, we cannot wonder that the offer of emancipation was like a dead letter, and that all the suffering inflicted has not been able to break up the religious communities of Spain, but

on the contrary has been as a fiery crucible, to show their sterling virtue, and increase its purity and brightness. Instances of nuns who have left the religious life to return to the world we could not find; not a scandal have the enemies of religion been able to discover, or retail, in justification of their sacrilegious acts. We heard of three or four, who, driven from their own homes, and finding their communities broken up, had retired to their families, or into *Beaterios*, where they have continued to lead secluded and edifying lives. But it would be difficult to allege more: and this surely is but little, especially considering the great numbers subjected to the trial.

It will be seen by what we have written, that we think it speaks well of the religion of Spain, and augurs better for its future hopes, to possess within it so well-tried a body of religious women, whose virtue and prayers cannot fail to bring down many blessings on the country which has given them to the Church, and who, though hidden, are a leaven that will not fail to act on all society. The day will come, when the native historian will dwell with pride on the heroic fortitude, the untiring patience, the unrelaxing piety and saintly bearing of the religious women of Spain; when the petty glories of revolutionary statesmen will have faded away; when the Esparteros and Olózagas will be looked upon as experimentalists on a nation's welfare, and the destroyers or disturbers of its holiest institutions; the victims of their revolutionary policy, those whose most sacred feelings were considered not worth regarding, and whose gradual extinction by affliction or starvation was an element in their system not worth calculating, will form an additional ray in the national glory, and be justly held up to reverence, as a boast and honour of their country.

Nor will there be less praise due to the people, who have generously sympathized with them, and stood between them and the cruel dealings of those in power. For as in former subjects of which we have treated, so in this, we must not omit the hopeful evidences of religiousness, furnished by the people, in the feelings which they have exhibited towards this oppressed class. Had it not been for that charity, which in Spain seems inexhaustible, death would long ago have reduced the estimate in the yearly budget for the nuns' support to zero. But no sooner was the lamentable destitution of these holy women known, who by their patience and piety had won the esteem and compassion of all, than in every city societies of ladies were formed, to collect alms for their maintenance. Nobles of the first class were to be seen at the church-doors soliciting the charity of the faithful on their behalf; private and secret benefactions were added, as well as fixed monthly subscriptions; and thus only has a miserable pittance been secured for the religious, and their daily bread at least supplied. A faithful account of the administration of these funds has been always published.

For example, the accounts of the society at Madrid, where the queen-mother takes the lead in this, as in every other work of charity, give the following results:—

On hand at the end of March last (about) .	£338
Collected in the month of April	305
	643
Expenditure	275
Balance	£368

The details are of course given in the accounts; but our object is to show how considerable a sum is collected for this object alone; as, taking the subscription of April to represent an average collection, we have £3,600 per annum contributed in Madrid alone.[o] In Barcelona, the city which of all others is considered in England as most advanced in liberal and revolutionary principles, and perhaps on that account as less religious (though most unjustly), the report of last year's subscription is no less creditable. The duchess of Gor, president of the association there, presented it last March; and she observes, that the plan of the society at Barcelona has given such satisfaction, that applications from Valencia, Santander, Granada, Zaragoza, and other cities, have been made for copies of its rules. She speaks in high terms of the zealous efforts made by the provisional government, that took up the reins which fell from Espartero's hand, as well as by the present one, to make good the just demands of the poor religious; but observes that the exhaustion of the public treasury has rendered, as yet, all their attempts abortive. In the mean time the society had collected, and applied to the relief of the nuns of Barcelona, in the past year, the sum of £2,600.[p] In Seville there are twenty convents, containing 486 nuns, all dependent upon the charity of the faithful, communicated in great measure through this society.[q] The same, in fact, may be said of every city and town. In Malaga, this branch of charity has been most zealously

[o] El Catolico, 26 May, this year. This is an excellent daily paper.

[p] Pensamiento, tom. i. p. 90.

[q] Among the contributors last year to the funds for the nuns in this city, we observe the name of the Count Mellerio of Milan, whose noble charities at home are by no means sufficient to satisfy his piety.

cultivated; but in the month of January it was announced, that, the government having begun to pay the nuns' pensions, the society would discontinue its contributions, except in favour of the sick and disabled, who might require additional assistance. And this, we believe, was by the wish of the religious themselves. But we must not omit honourable mention of the conduct of the political chief there, Sr. Ordoñes, a young man indeed, but one of whom every rank and class, rich and poor, clergy and laity, speak not only with respect, but with affection. On behalf of the nuns he has been indefatigable; and often did we hear them gratefully speak his praise. His plan was an excellent one for securing them a supply of food. It was this: all fines imposed by the police tribunals he had paid in bread, and sometimes in other food; the person fined was directed to what convent he should take the quantity exacted from him, and was obliged to produce a receipt from it, as well as a certificate of its good quality; otherwise it was paid over again. He informed us that by these means, 10,000 loaves had been given to the nuns last year; and that on one day the Capuchin nuns had seventy pounds of bread. In Granada also the authorities have behaved most kindly to the religious, since the change of government. There are yet no fewer than nineteen communities of them: several had been expelled from their houses; but they have all been restored, and even in one case, where the house had been destroyed, another has been provided for them.

All that we have said reflects credit on the people of Spain, as well as upon its religious; for it proves that the former knows how to appreciate the sterling virtues of the latter. But could we hope that our words would ever be heard by that people itself, or by its rulers, we would

not be content to stop here, with barren commendations of the spirit of faith and charity, which has been called forth by the cruel oppression practised in that people's name. For, disguise it as we may, it is by the *will* of the Spanish people, wrongfully represented by those in power, that cruelty and oppression have been practised. There is, consequently, a further obligation, —that of reparation. It is not enough to let those holy communities sink with greater comfort into the grave; but it is a duty to snatch them thence, and replace them on their proper footing, to restore to them what has been unjustly (as all but a mere fraction of fanatics will agree) torn from them, to give them again vitality and perpetuity, to let them once more open their gates to those who seek refuge and security from the world's perils; that so there may be, in a country fearfully distracted by political violence, some sheltered abodes of peace, where holier thoughts and purer breathings may atone for the rankness of earth's villanies, and where the voice of innocent prayer may, in time of need, avert calamities, and stay uplifted vengeance.

We will not disguise our sentiments; for every reflection and every observation, which we have made or can make, has brought us to a further conclusion; that never was there a more ill-timed measure than the suppression of the religious orders of men, as well as of women, and that it is of absolute necessity to the honour and welfare of the country, that they be restored. We do not say how far limitations might be introduced, or checks imposed upon rash professions;[r]

[r] We were informed by persons most favourably inclined to the religious orders, that they were injured by the too easy admission of new novices, after the Duke d'Angoulême's occupation, when they were restored after having been suppressed. Anxiety to fill up the wanting numbers, might easily induce over great facility in this respect.

this is matter in which, as in so many other things, the wisdom of the Holy See would show itself. But we unhesitatingly say, it will one day be a melancholy thought for Spain, that in one hour, she overthrew the work of ages, annihilated the creations of some of her best and greatest children, and renounced the glory of having given them birth. For whatever else the present generation may choose to pride itself, on whatever ground they may please to base the national honour (and no country can exhibit more); whether on the conquests of her two Ferdinands, or on the discovery and possession of a new world, or on the splendour of her arts; we will venture to say that none of these are more justly matter of boast, than to have given birth to so many men, who by the combination of extraordinary genius with extraordinary virtue, have influenced the destinies of all the world, in its highest interests, and yet turn the eyes of Christianity, with admiration and gratitude, towards their country. At a time when the rest of Europe was convulsed with religious throes, that gave birth to the hydra-creeds of modern times, while Britain and Germany were producing, and fostering, such living calamities as Knox and Cranmer, Luther and Munster, Spain was richer in great and holy characters than almost any part of the world had ever been before, or has been since. She produced, in little more than one generation, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. John of God, St. John of the Cross, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. Joseph Calasanctius, St. Francis Borgia, St. Thomas of Villanueva, and St. Teresa; not to speak of such persons as Cardinal Ximenes, John d'Avila, Marina d'Escobar, and a host of others eminent for piety, learning, and genius. Suffice it to say, that in the hall of the bishop of Valencia's palace, which yet re-

mains, there were once assembled together in the time of its bishop, St. Thomas of Villanueva, no fewer than seven persons, who were afterwards canonized by the Church.

If a parallel were instituted between Columbus and St. Francis Xavier, it would be hard, even for an admirer of mere natural qualities, to give preference to the former; and they who consider spiritual and eternal advantages as far superior to the carnal and temporal, would not hesitate in their conclusion. The energy, the perseverance, the tact, the self-devotion, the courage, the merging of every selfish feeling in enthusiasm for one grand object; these great moral qualities are fully as great in the saint as in the discoverer, while we have still in reserve a multitude of higher and nobler gifts, which will bear comparison with nothing else. And surely there was no man of that age, and hardly of any other, who displayed so wonderful a power of influencing and directing others, and combining the elements of many varied characters for one grand object, than he who communicated to St. Francis the energy of will and action necessary for his purpose,—the chivalrous soldier of Christ, the *Hidalgo* of the cross. St. Ignatius, surely, is a character of whom any nation might be proud, whether he be considered personally, or in his influence on the world, as a noble specimen of rare and sublime qualities long concealed, but on a sudden developed, and brought instantaneously to full maturity, under the influence of grace, like "the winged flower" issuing from its chrysalis. We see the valiant soldier and ambitious knight, sicken in prison, only to come forth the greatest master of the spiritual life, the general of a religious army, whose lines soon extend from Peru to Japan, the founder of a most wonderful school of

every sacred science,[s] and the educator of hundreds of martyrs to glorify the Church. Again, as a specimen of the most noble active charity, who can fail to revere the memory of St. John of God? The traveller, that visits Granada, thinks at once of nothing but the Alhambra, and rushes, with eagerness, to scale its steep ascent, and spend hours and days, in admiring its fragrant gardens and groves, its noble halls, and its delicate adornments. And they deserve certainly the most enthusiastic admiration; and no one, we are sure, can have felt this more than ourselves; as none have had better opportunity, from the peculiar courtesy shown us, of seeing all to every advantage. But in that noble and most beautiful city, our interest was claimed by other objects, beyond the remnants of Moorish skill and power; by that series of recollections, preserved by monuments, of the charitable zeal of him, to whom all Europe owes the existence of hospitals such as they now exist. There we could, and did, visit the cell, now a chapel, in which John of God was confined as a madman, in what was then, and yet is, the public asylum; so strange and new did his conduct on behalf of the poor appear to his fellow-townsmen! and the heavy log of wood, which, according to the usage of the times, was attached to him, hangs over the altar of the church. There is the magnificent hospital, now part of the same house, built by the "Catholic kings," from the windows of which he threw the beds of the sick (whom he had borne unscathed one by one in his arms) in the midst of a raging fire: there the splendid new hospital which

[s] Spain must share the praise of the wonderful theological learning, soon displayed in St. Ignatius's order. Such divines as Suarez, Sanchez, Vasques, Maldonatus, Villalpandus, and a host of other writers, are not to be surpassed in any other country.

he himself served till near his dying day, and within its church the truly gorgeous chapel in which he lies enshrined.[t] But the place of his death is still more interesting. When so ill that he could scarcely stand, he continued to creep from bed to bed, attending and nursing his sick; and when invited by the Count de las Pisas to retire to his house for a few days, to remain quiet and regain his strength, it required the command of the bishop to induce him to accept it. There he was visited by that holy prelate, who found only one uneasiness on his mind,—the debts, trifling in amount, which he had contracted, not for himself, but for the poor. The good bishop took all these upon himself, and John received the rites of the Church with rapturous devotion. He was left alone, and when next visited, was found dead, kneeling in the middle of the room, with his crucifix clasped fast in his hands, erect as if still in prayer; to the admiration of the crowds, who for three hours were admitted to see so consoling a spectacle. And there is the room in that hospitable house, yet preserved for the devotion of the faithful, with the spot hallowed by so saintly a death carefully railed off; and near the house is the little church, the bell of which, spontaneously tolling, announced that death. Had the city of Granada erected in its square a monument to him, instead of the vile, heathenish desecration called by that name (made up we were told of the fragments of marble altars), which commemorates the victims of their own wicked passions in late revolutions, it would have shown itself better able to appreciate what gives moral grandeur to a nation. But we

[t] The shrine itself is of silver, and was redeemed by the zealous chapter from General Sebastiani. The silver columns and dome which canopied it, were, however, carried off by the French, and are now replaced by others of wood.

must not impute to the whole population what was the work of the turbulent few.

Yet continuing, but for one moment longer, our remarks on the same subject, we cannot pass over in silence that class of contemplatives, whose greatest names are in the list which we have given, whose writings form the very keys and guiding-lines for the deep and intricate recesses of ascetical and mystical theology. No nation on earth can show anything superior or more wonderful; and Spain may defy the world to produce a woman equal in intellect, in energy, in elevation of thought and solidity of judgment, to the incomparable St. Teresa: that union of a powerfully masculine mind with the tenderest female heart.

We have, in the names above enumerated, the founders of no less than four great religious orders, as well as the reformer of another, equivalent to a new one.[u] And it is further striking, that none in

[u] St. Peter of Alcantara, whose order, as has been observed in the text, was still in the fervour of its penitential spirit when suppressed. In Portugal this was strikingly the case. Every traveller in that country is sure to visit the celebrated "Cork Convent," so called from its cells (being mostly cut out of the rock) being lined with cork, to keep out the damp. The convent is situated in a wild district, between Cintra and Collares, and is almost buried in the side of a wooded rock. It can hardly have been surpassed in poverty and rudeness by anything in the deserts of Egypt. Some of the cells are 4 feet by 3½, others a little longer; but none exceed six feet in length. The doors are little more than three feet high. The refectory is about nine feet in length, having in the centre a long rough stone, two feet high, for its table, with stone seats round. Every other part is on the same scale of dimensions and poverty. When the convents were all suppressed in Portugal, this house was filled with fervent religious, who had not any property to tempt, or excuse, the cupidity of the government: yet they were turned adrift on the world without mercy. They surely might have been left to end their days in peace, in their quiet nook. The same is to be said of Arabida, on

the Church have preserved the spirit in which they were founded more permanently and fully, than every one of these.[x] Now, on the other hand, what has the government of Spain done, and what has its people permitted, but the annulling of the work, the wonderful work, of these greatest among its national heroes, declaring that its results, after enduring three hundred years, ought to be treated as a national blemish, of which they are ashamed and glad to be at length rid; that those religious orders, which civilized for them the vast continent of America, and made Paraguay a terrestrial paradise, built, endowed, and served in every city magnificent hospitals, erected everywhere colleges and schools for gratuitous education of the poor, and everywhere imprinted on the country its strongest religious features, have been but nuisances, which an enlightened age must sweep away! Surely when Spain is once more fully awakened from the dream, in which the cup of revolutionary intoxication as yet partly keeps her, she will feel both pain and shame at the work of destruction which she has wrecklessly committed, and seek to repair its damage. She will once more boast of the great names which she has given to the Church's calendar, cherish the memory of her holy children, and not allow the monuments of their glory to perish. She will recall to mind too, that the most glorious monarchs in her annals, have been the most

the other side of the Tagus, where St. Peter of Alcantara himself lived, and in which a no less penitential spirit prevailed, when the religious orders were suppressed.

[x] The Teresians, or discalced Carmelites, have ever been, and yet are, among the most edifying orders in the Church. The author of the *Revelations of Spain* gives it as a proverbial phrase: "I would not believe it, even if it were told me by discalced or barefooted friars."—Vol. ii. p. 348. We were much struck by several convents of nuns of this order in Spain.

zealous likewise in founding religious houses, and erecting temples to the living God; such as James the Conqueror, Alonzo the Wise, St. Ferdinand of Castile, and his namesake, with Isabella: while only under such monarchs as Peter the Cruel, the foe of God and man, do we find recorded such deeds as have been acted of late, in the plundering and suppression of holy institutions.

And to have acted as she has done, at the very moment when, in the rest of Europe, the delusion of ages was passing away, like the morning mist before the sun! To be suppressing her religious orders, wrecking their houses, and oppressing their members, just when England was beginning to wish that *she* could undo the work of that destruction, which took place 300 years ago! What a contrast! Henry VIII. and his impious ministers were destroying the monastic institutes, and ruining our matchless abbeys, nearly at the time when Spain was erecting new conventual edifices, and purifying and promoting that very state. And now that we have had the miserable experience of three centuries to enlighten us, we curse the deed, and the day when it was done; and visit and kiss the stones of our ruined sanctuaries, and mourn over the loss of those who tenanted them, and make weak, but sincere efforts, to restore them. And that not only *we*, who have therein lost a noble inheritance, but those who would rival us, and who have, beyond our sorrow, the remorse that their fathers, in their blindness, perpetrated the work of destruction. Yes, Protestant England is sighing, through its most virtuous children, for the restoration of monastic life; and Catholic Spain, at the very time, thinks she is making progress, and showing herself enlightened, in destroying it—waits to do it, till they who have done it before,

are grieved and ashamed! But other examples, too, ought to have deterred them. Every other state, which has walked in the footsteps of England, in this unhappy work of destruction, has shown marks of repentance. Austria, which, under Joseph II., abolished the religious orders, has begun to restore them. The Jesuits have been re-established in Gallicia and Lombardy; the order of St. John of God is most flourishing in the latter province, as is that of St. Joseph Calasanctius; and the same is to be said of Tuscany, where the Capuchins and other orders are again established. The king of Bavaria has readmitted the Jesuits, and has founded Benedictine houses. France itself countenances Christian Brothers, Sulpicians, Lazarists, and the Benedictines of Solesmes; not to speak of religious women, communities of which have been freely permitted: so that no country in Europe has given so many new orders of them to the Church, in our times, as democratic France.

And whence arises this reaction, wherever the spirit, which has just passed over Spain, has agitated the nations? Without wishing to question the religious motives that have no doubt prompted it in part, we may safely say, that it has been produced by a feeling of absolute necessity. The wants and claims of a Catholic population are so urgent, and so incessant, that it requires many to satisfy them. The service of the confessional is itself work for many; every sick and dying person must be assisted at home; hospitals, prisons, the galleys, the workhouses, must be constantly attended; then there is all the work of education, and moreover the extraordinary labour of spiritual retreats, missions, and the many demands of private devotion, such as suffrages for the dead, and more particular acts of prayer and piety. All

these are more or less necessary for the edification, and spiritual wants, of a Catholic people; they are its daily food, and if it be denied, it must languish and perish. The attempt to make the people moral, by making them philosophers, is a dream long ago vanished; and it must be by the strong morality of religion, by virtue, in other words, that they must be kept in the right path. Now to meet all these demands a mere parochial clergy is not sufficient: it requires an army to be engaged in the good work, persons who can prepare in retirement for great public efforts, who have not *all* to think of, but can divide labour, and who can act powerfully because not always engaged: whose very seclusion, moreover, from the world, whose mortified lives and very habit, invest them with a character of peculiar holiness, and give additional weight to their words. This want will soon be felt in Spain, or rather is beginning to be felt. The suppression of the *Escolapios*, the order of St. Joseph Calasanctius for education, was soon deplored; and remonstrances poured in to the government for its restoration, from all sides and all classes, without regard to party-spirit; the result of which has been a law proposed by the government to the Cortes, at the beginning of this year,[y] in its favour. This has been passed; so that the government has already taken its first retrograde step in this matter. In like manner, it would have been fatal to have suppressed the religious orders in the Philippine Islands; and accordingly an exception has been made in their favour there; for the entire population of natives is under the direction of religious orders, chiefly Dominicans. But how is the supply of missionaries to be kept up, if the parent country, which alone can furnish them, is for-

[y] Pensamiento, vol. ii. p. 136.

bidden to train them? We believe, too, that in Biscay, some religious orders, at least, still exist, their protection being secured, as one of the *fueros*, by the Convention of Bergara.[z] And if it is probable that, before long, the necessity which has impelled other governments to the restoration of these religious corporations will be felt in Spain, and if there are symptoms already manifesting themselves of its arriving, is it not wiser to pause and reconsider the matter soon, before those who have early learnt, and well understand, the rules and principles of that state, pass away, and leave none behind to connect and attach a new generation to the traditions of the past? before too the very edifices which it has cost so much to erect, and which are so well suited to their purpose, have become utter ruins?

And here, too, we must ask (and oh! that we had weight or influence enough to make our question find an echo in Spain), can anything be more lamentable than the accumulation of ruins which encumber the fairest cities of that country, in consequence of the sale, and either destruction or dilapidation, of conventual buildings? It gives to streets and public squares the appearance of a place tumbling down in decay, or just delivered from a siege. Buildings, which have cost vast sums, are either thrown down in part for the sake of their materials, or are allowed to crumble away. We have seen, in this condition, magnificent edifices, and beautiful specimens of art. The houses of the Carthusians (*Cartujas*), near large towns, and those of the Hieronymites, are grand national monuments, falling gradually to pieces. The *Cartuja*, near Xeres, is, both in plan and in detail, a splendid edifice; its cloisters, its carved choir, its

[z] Independencia, &c. by the bishop of Canary, p. 353.

church, are glorious; but it is abandoned to neglect, and must soon perish. But, even in the heart of towns, one may see part of a convent that has been thrown down, perhaps by the municipality, with the intention of opening a square, yet nothing further has been done than making a heap of ruins; or the gable of a church has been half pulled down, and the gilded roof is opened to day, as if enemies, and not friends, dwelt round about. The destruction of real national property, in works of antiquity and the arts, has been great and irreparable; and there is no means of saving what remains, except restoring it to its right purposes and to its rightful owners. Nothing but a religious community dwelling in them, can preserve such buildings from ruin.

It is true that many have been converted to other uses—barracks, police offices, drawing academies, &c.; and some good may be supposed to have been got out of them. But we remember having occasion to visit a public officer in such a building at Lisbon, and being struck with his remark:—"This building was a convent; the consequence is, that it is totally unfit for its present purposes. More money has been expended in patching up and changing it into a most uncomfortable public office, than would have built a new and most commodious range of buildings for that purpose. *We are beginning to find out that a convent is only good for a convent.*" And so it is, and every day will increase the regret at what has been done. "Some years ago," writes a Spanish author, "the traveller, on approaching Granada, saw opening before him, in the midst of gardens and high-roofed houses, the domes of churches, and the crosses planted on the summits of the belfries. These pious monuments showed, from a distance, the character of the old state of society; they were raised by men living in a period when the

religious sentiment prevailed. A time has come, in which ancient institutions have suffered shipwreck; and in which, as in a whirlwind, sumptuous works have been razed to the ground; and the slow labour of ages has been undervalued, and the marvellous embodyings of art have disappeared. It is afflicting to view, reduced to ruins, by command or consent of the authorities, most solid edifices and beautiful churches; and on seeing the perseverance with which their demolition is being completed, one is tempted to ask: Is this an age of enlightenment and education, or have the hosts of Genseric risen again from the dust?[a]

But it is not only by the destruction which has taken place that the arts will suffer, nor yet only, in addition, by the quantity of plunder that has been easily carried off, in consequence; but there will be felt, no doubt, that lack of encouragement, which only stable corporations can give, that have no private interests to consult. It has been thought, perhaps, that an advantage will be gained, by collecting together, in one place, works of art, which before were scattered; by making museums out of the spoils of churches. But, on this point, all that we have seen makes us of Dr. Southey's opinion, when he writes:—

"The pictures of the old masters suffer much when removed from the places for which they (and in which many of them) were painted. It may happen that one which has been conveyed from a Spanish palace or monastery to the collection of Marshal Soult, or any other plunder-master-general in Napoleon's armies, and have passed from thence—honestly as regards the purchaser—to the hands of an English owner, may be hung at the same elevation as in its proper place,

[a] El libro dal Viajero en Granada, por D. M. Lafuente Alcántara. Granada, 1843, p. 245. The author, no doubt, alludes to the destruction of the Carmelite convent of the martyrs, placed in one of the most magnificent situations conceivable.

and in the same light. Still, it loses much. The accompaniments are all of a different character; the air and odour of the place are different. There is not here the locality that consecrated it—no longer the *religio loci*. Wealth cannot purchase these; power may violate and destroy, but it cannot transplant them. The picture, in its new situation, is seen with a different feeling, by those who have any true feeling for such things."[b]

No one who visits the collections thus made but must feel the change, and that violence has been done to the artist and his work. The guide or showman tells you eagerly whence each picture came, and under what circumstances it was painted. He and you both feel that there is an advantage and a charm in knowing these things; but the spell and illusion are gone. In the new Seville gallery, a convent with its church, most ill-adapted for the purpose, is a room containing eighteen paintings by Murillo, most of them, if not all, brought from the Capuchin convent. The Capuchins were poor begging friars, they had nothing to give for fine pictures, and yet they had a collection fit for an emperor. Such has been the power of these religious bodies over the arts, and how? One of these pictures may tell us; it is the gem of the collection. Murillo was fond of the good Capuchins, and loved to go and spend a few days in spiritual retirement with them. On these occasions he was lodged in the infirmary, probably the only comfortable room in the house. Once as he was leaving, after taking his frugal meal, the good old lay-brother who waited on him, begged him to paint a Madonna for his infirmary, as he had none. "With great pleasure," answered Murillo, "but I have nothing to paint it on." "Would this do?" asked the old friar, showing him his napkin, which he was just taking from the table.

[b] The Doctor, vol. iii. p. 38.

"Why not?" good naturedly answered the painter. The square napkin was stretched out, and Murillo soon produced on it his charming *Nuestra Senora de la Servilleta*,—the Madonna of the napkin, so called from this incident. He would not have done this for a nobleman, who had feasted him sumptuously; but he would do it for the humble lay-brother. And now, who would not have gone to any distance to see this beautiful picture, where its legend accompanied it, in the room in which he sat, and talked the matter over with his friend—where we could see the noble artist smiling over his work of art, and the simple-hearted old man, with his fine long white beard, watching eagerly each beautiful feature, as brought out by one master touch, and alternately expressing his amazement and delight; then his triumph at seeing his coarse napkin transformed into a painting worth half the convent, and so sweet and lovely withal, and to be hung there in his room for ever! Alas! for ever—no! till some rude hand, guided by a cold heart, should pluck it down from its native spot, and hang it on the wall of a museum, where it had no tale to tell, no associations to give it grace; but where it figures among trophies of the same power which a Vandal could exhibit. For who among those plunderers could have exercised that poor lay-brother's power over the thought and pencil of genius?

We fear we may have wearied our readers by leading them over so desultory a track, but we must beg their indulgence still further. We have endeavoured to show the evils which will be felt from the wholesale measure of suppression and destruction, which has been carried out. But we shall be met by an objection, applied to all orders of the clergy. We are told by all that take the late government's views on Church pro-

perty, that the great distress of the nation rendered the seizure of all such property a measure of absolute state necessity. Hence no sooner was the royal decree of the 8th of August of last year issued, which suspended the sale of church property, and ordered the income of what was unsold, to be applied to the support of the clergy and the nuns, than remonstrances were made on all sides, chiefly by foreigners, and were loudly echoed in our papers; as though an act of injustice was thereby committed, against that only claimant who must not be overlooked, the public creditor.[c] No matter who had been robbed and left to starve at home, the millionaire stock-jobber of London or Paris must not be touched. We have no objection to this; but we believe there never was a more thorough delusion, than the idea that the ecclesiastical property has been, or is, the slightest security to any one.

The sales have been ruinous to the state. The author of the *Scenes and Adventures*, and other travellers, intimate, that there has been no difficulty in finding purchasers for the property, when put up to sale. But he is speaking of Madrid, where, of course, land and buildings must be valuable, and where there will be abundance of capitalists ready to buy. In the provinces this has not been the case. The quiet religious population of the country, and of smaller towns, have shrunk from annexing to their possessions the fruit of sacrilegious robbery; and property has had to be advertised again and again, before it could be sold.

[c] A strong remonstrance on this subject was addressed by several foreign capitalists to Sr. Mon, minister of finance, dated Paris, Sept. 2, 1844, in which they proposed to take into their hands all the unsold property, as security for a new advance of 225 millions of reals. This would have finished the work of spoliation most completely.

The very conditions on which it has been disposed of show that purchasers were often scarce. Every facility for payment is given; and the price obtained is purely nominal. In the first place, the purchaser has eight years to pay in, by instalments fixed at very easy rates. Secondly, he does not pay in money, but in government paper. Now, this is so completely depreciated, as to be worth in the market only eighteen per cent. Such was its value, when we were informed by persons engaged in business, and accustomed to buy it up. If, therefore, a person has a fancy to purchase a convent, or a piece of land belonging to one, and bids for it, and has it knocked down to him for £1,000, he need not be dismayed at the large sum he must raise. He goes into the stock exchange, and there, for £180, he buys a thousand pounds' worth of government paper; and as he has eight years to pay it in, he will only have to disburse £22. 10*s.* per annum, for that period; not two and a half per cent. interest on the nominal purchase-money for eight years! It will be easy to get this annual payment out of the property itself in the time, without raising, or disbursing it. We were informed by a magistrate of a large provincial town, one of its Alcaldes, that there was a portion of convent land so completely intersecting his own, that he rented it from the nuns. When the property was to be sold, he would have been the natural purchaser; but he shrank from such a contamination, and preferred continuing in the character of a tenant to the new purchaser. As the price paid at the auction was publicly known, and his own rent was a fixed sum, he could easily make his calculation, which was, that the rent paid by him had liquidated the purchase-money in the eight years; leaving the purchaser, moreover, 6,000 reals, or £60

in pocket. A friend of ours purchased an old building, formerly a college, but long since in ruins, at a nominal value of £12,000; but, in reality, in government paper, for £2,000, with eight years to pay in.

Such have been the sales effected; and yet, as we have observed, they have not been brisk.[d] Foreigners, chiefly South Americans, and persons not of great repute for principles, have been the chief purchasers. We must, however, make honourable exceptions. We are acquainted with an excellent family, at Xeres, for instance, who were in the same position, in regard to a small piece of convent land, as the Alcalde alluded to above. Some not very friendly person bid for this, in hopes of afterwards forcing them to buy it from him to his advantage, to escape annoyance. But they outbid him, and bought it, but only with the intention of restoring it again to its rightful owners, when security returns; and, in the mean time, they continue to pay their rent as before. They also assured us, that the purchase-money was repaid in a few years. The country residence of a bishop was bought by a worthy nobleman; but we were assured by one of his family, with the design of giving it back to the bishop in better times. We shall not be surprised to hear of many such restitutions, whether from calculation and forethought, or from repentance.

[d] "If there had been any general eagerness to buy church property, would one estate, one field have remained unsold within twenty-four hours of the publication of the decree? Would so many years have passed over and only a few have been sold, of estates, the produce of which, in a few months, would have enabled the immoral speculator to pay the price without a farthing capital? Would so many decrees, circulars, and instructions have been necessary, to encourage men, greedy of others' goods, to purchase?"—Impugnacion critica. By R. P. Fr. Magin Ferrer. Barcelona, 1844, vol. i. p. 19.

The ruinous character of these sales will further appear from considering their result. After seizing the church property, both regular and secular, and abolishing all tithes,[e] by which many respectable families, who had their property secured and invested in these, were utterly ruined, for no provision was made for them, government were driven to the necessity of providing funds for the maintenance of the clergy. To effect this, a tax for the *Culto y Clero* was granted, which a nobleman, of highly religious character, and large possessions, assured us was equal to ten per cent. on all property; and yet the clergy and religious are hardly ever paid — partly because the tax is not properly levied, and partly because its funds go to other purposes. Now the following calculations will show what a bad speculation the governments of Spain have made, in the sale of church property.

The estimates of the Minister of Finance, in his budget for this year, put the annual sum necessary for the endowment of the clergy, at about £1,653,329, to meet which he is obliged to have recourse to most precarious means. Now let us see the value of property sold, and of that yet available.

There have been sold, since 1835, properties belonging to the regular clergy.....	76,734	estimated at	£28,772,938
Ditto, since 1840, belonging to the secular clergy	69,539	„ „	£8,072,740
Total sold.....	146,273	„ „	£36,845,678

This property, at five per cent., would give an annual

[e] The property of the regulars was confiscated in 1835, that of the secular clergy in 1840. Tithes were abolished, under Mendizabal, in 1837. He tried to restore them in the following year, as did Count Ofalia; but it was too late.

income of £1,842,283, more by £189,956 than the government requires: and at three per cent., would yield £1,105,370, which would leave a deficit of only £547,959.

But then there remain yet unsold many estates of the secular clergy, which the law has restored to them; the annual income of which the Minister of Finance rates at £489,583. This, added to the lower sum set down as income, would have given the government nearly enough to pay all the clergy regularly, and support religion decently at least.[f] The most inexplicable part of this proceeding is, that between the entrance into power of the present government and the decree of suspension of sales, a period of fourteen months, 44,452 properties belonging to the secular clergy, and 12,216 belonging to regulars, in all 56,668, were sold or adjudged! that is, 19,365 more belonging to the seculars, than had been sold in eight previous years.

But ruinous as these sales have been, they have been of not even the small use anticipated—the only way in which they could give security to the public creditor. It was understood that the paper bought up for them and paid into the treasury would have been destroyed, and thus so much public debt have been extinguished. This, however, has not been the case; the same quantity of paper has been kept in circulation, and consequently the same amount of debt has continued to exist.

We must, before we conclude this subject, say a word about the feelings of the people respecting it. No sooner had more moderate counsels begun to pre-

[f] These data are extracted from the speeches of Sr. Egaña in the Cortes, Jan. 11th and 25th of this year.—Pensam. vol. ii. pp. 52, 88, &c.

vail, than remonstrances poured in to the queen, on the propriety and justice of restoring to the clergy such property as still remained unalienated. On the 12th of April, 1844, a most beautiful memorial was presented to this effect, by the principal, and most respectable, inhabitants of Vich, in Catalonia.[g] On the 2nd of May, the flourishing port of Alicante sent in a powerful address in favour of their parish priests; who, they observe, have now to beg from their parishioners that charity which formerly they used so freely to dispense; and they indignantly denounce the paltry stipend allotted them by the government,—£34 per annum. "The wages of a porter in a second-rate public office, are the allowance to a curate, a minister of Jesus Christ, employed day and night to feed His flock." Such is their language on behalf of what they call "a meritorious, laborious, respectable, and so unjustly neglected class of men."[h] On the 14th, the constitutional municipality of Barcelona sent up a most energetic remonstrance against the further sale of ecclesiastical property, chiefly in consequence of notices of sale of several precious monuments of history and the arts; and this was backed by a scientific memorial from the academy of the city.[i] But the same city had previously, on the 30th of April, addressed the throne directly, against the further sale, and in favour of the restitution, of remaining church property. Had we room, we would gladly give extracts from this powerful memorial, from a city so much misrepresented as to religion; it would show how the *people* of Spain speak of their clergy. And gladly also would we quote the addresses on the same subject, of Mataró in the same month, and of the authori-

[g] Pensam. vol. i. p. 248.

[h] Page 264.

[i] Page 285.

ties and people of Santiago in June following.[k] All and many others would give us abundant evidence of the feelings of the great cities towards the Church.

IV. It is time that we say a few words respecting the last but greatest class, on which the prospects of religion must mainly depend—the population of Spain. The first thing that every traveller, at least with few exceptions, is sure to inculcate, is that the country is in state of backwardness bordering on barbarity. Roads, inns, modes of traffic, robbers, banditti, assassinations, and such matters, are abundant sources of illustration. Certainly some of them are strange enough to an English traveller, though they would not have been to our fathers a very small number of generations back, when it was a week's journey from York to London, and Hounslow, on the outskirts of London, was as dangerous a pass as any in Spain. And really we may doubt whether, had our country been, ever since we were born, the scene of successive wars, first of invasion, then domestic, we should have improved as we have done, in material comforts. But in judging others, we may be easily mistaken in another way.

We constantly make for ourselves false standards of civilization, drawn from our own wants and customs; and fancy that whatever comes not up to them is rude and barbarous. We hardly ever take into calculation, that almost all our comforts and luxuries, which have to us become indispensable, have reference to climate, and would be the reverse of what we call them, if this were changed. If we look round one of our rooms, we shall see that from this source springs the perfection of all it contains—the fireplace

[k] P. 374. See also p. 500, the memorial from the provincial deputation of Oviedo.

with its necessaries and accessories of polished marble and polished metal, and smaller ornaments, the curtained window, the canopied bed, the carpeted floor, the well-closing door, the warm-coloured walls, and then the easy-chair for long cold evenings, and the many appurtenances of a snug and sheltered retirement, from the keen cutting air. Our luxury is in warmth: suppose it to lie in cold—and how would the absence of most of these things become not only a luxury but a necessity. The marble floor, the cool white wall, the open courtyard, the breezy portico, the sparkling fountain become comforts; and the ground-floor of a Seville house becomes a more enviable residence, than the most splendid apartment of a northern palace. Nowhere will this appear more striking than in the royal residence of Cintra, where immense halls, with tiled floors, and almost void of furniture, built by the Moors, appear to an English eye as over plain and bare; and still are most perfectly suited to the wants of royalty in such a climate. And as to the poor, when on the 7th of January, we saw the children at eight or nine in the morning, with little more clothing than what they had left their beds in, playing and basking in the sun of Andalucia, reflected from the snow-white walls of their cottages, and every door (one being invariably opposite the other) and window thrown open to admit the genial glow, we could not help thinking that *there* was a luxury which no money could purchase, but which yet was the poor man's as much as the rich one's. And when, looking into the humble dwellings of a country village at that season, we saw the ceilings hung with clustering bunches of grapes, a winter provision saved from the vintage, we could not but feel that men may be more happy, even in worldly enjoy-

ments, than those whose implements and furniture are of better manufacture, and of greater expense. But even in these respects we may easily come to wrong conclusions. Traveller after traveller stands amazed at, and describes most alarmingly, the first appearance of a Spanish cart. And certainly a primitive machine it is, and "most sadly musical." But travellers go on, upon the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, to deduce by force of said cart, that the Spaniards are in an uncivilized degraded state, and so they will reason upon their plough or their carriage. Now in truth, all these things are no more rude there than they have been in countries where, however, we draw no such conclusions; the plough of Rome, the wain of Greece, or the chariot of Etruria, were as clumsy and as imperfect as those of Spain. And how do we know this? Why of the first we judge from a description in verse, such as all our machine improvements in the textorial art does not enable us to weave; the second, perhaps, from marble chiselled with a skill and delicacy, which our upholstery artists cannot presume to rival; the third from paintings in the tombs of a country town, the glowing colours of which, after being shut up more than two thousand years, all our chemical science cannot imitate. These rudenesses then were compatible with much refinement, taste, and skill. And even in Spain it would be unjust to pronounce, as many do most rashly, upon the state of the people from such observation. That country, while such objects have been in that condition, has produced artists like Murillo, Velasques, Ribera, Alonzo Cano, and a thousand others, and sculptors like Montanez, and very many more, not to speak of the men who have directed, built, and adorned, with taste, as well as sumptuousness, the countless cathedrals,

minsters, and churches that cover the land. Surely a people is not uncultivated that can produce such works.

But there are other qualities beyond these, far more valuable to a people situated as Spain is, just emerging from a succession of political convulsions, in which religion has been awfully shaken. We have seen how all external and material props have been withdrawn from it, while the late government did all in its power, short of the last step, to put the country into a state of schism. The effects must have been dreadful, even with all the advantages of a zealous clergy, on any but a people in whom faith was solidly implanted. Now, this we will boldly assert, that the Spanish people, in the mass, are truly and heartily a Catholic, a believing, a religious people. And first, let us quote, according to our practice, an unsuspected witness: even at the risk of alluding, thereby, to facts already noticed:—

"But religion is so deeply rooted in the national character, that the most furious political storms, which prostrate everything else, blow over this, and leave it unscathed. It is only among the educated male population, that any lack of fervour is witnessed. When these become absorbed in the maze of politics, all other considerations, but intrigue and faction, are lost sight of, and forgotten; but their mothers, sisters, and daughters, young boys, and old men, have abated little of the fervour of other times, or, at least, are as determined church-goers as their ancestors.

"During the siege of Seville, last summer, mass was celebrated to the sound of the bombs in all the churches daily; and in front of the mattresses, where tender and trembling votaries reposed on the cathedral floor, during the night, in the belief that the sacredness of the renowned Giralda was a sufficient pledge of safety, the host was regularly consecrated. While the cannon was booming in the immediate vicinity, every one of the eighty priests, who are set apart to the service of this mighty house, said mass, or otherwise ministered to a congregation of thousands; and in Barcelona, where the Patulea, after seizing all the property in the city, rifled the churches of their

silver and other valuable images, the moment the siege was over, the altars of a hundred churches blazed as if their worship had never been suspended."—Revelations of Spain, pp. 340, 341.

We will deal with facts as we have done throughout.—But, first, we will make an acknowledgment. There can be no doubt that religion must have suffered, and has suffered severely, by late events. Where churches have been left for years without bishops, and parishes but ill provided with priests; where the more extraordinary efforts made from time to time, to rouse the sluggish and alarm the sinner, have been interrupted, by the loss of the religious orders; where, consequently, abuses must have crept in, and there has been none to correct them, where even wolves have been sent to rule flocks, and only those have been favoured who corrupted the faith; it would have been indeed beyond belief, that great detriment should not have accrued, to both faith and morals in the people. But, beyond this, we must consider that the government has done all in its power, to shake the foundations of both. The people of Spain, till lately accustomed to see their clergy treated with so much consideration, have been taught to behold them suspended, banished, imprisoned, and even massacred with impunity; they have heard the pope, whose very name inspired reverence, spoken of in public decrees as an usurper, whose very concessions and indulgences the nation repudiated; they have seen the laws of the Church abrogated by the state, their churches turned into workshops, or military stores. Is it wonderful that all these unusual violations of religious feelings, rendered now familiar to the people, should have weakened their principles on other and more important points? The chief magistrate of a large and flourishing provincial town, observed to us, that

the abolition of tithes, because they were only enjoined by the commandments of the Church, had naturally affected the observance of the Sunday and of holidays, because these were enforced (as to their specific obligations) by the same ecclesiastical authority. And, in fact, one is pained by seeing in cities the increased neglect of those holy observances, though not by any means to the extent in which it offends one in France; and it must be added, that the civil authorities are interfering to put down the profanation.[1]

But, notwithstanding all that we may have to deplore, we are confident when we say, that, however the tree may have been lopped, and its glories broken down, the root is there safe and sound; faith exists, and will soon be awakened again. Much that we have already written will prove this. The respect shown to the episcopacy, in the interest taken in religious communities, and in the question of ecclesiastical property, and many other topics, to which we have had occasion to allude, give evidence of lively faith in the people. Indeed, persons of all classes, who have had the best opportunity of knowing the country population, have assured us that the faith has suffered little or nothing in it. If the Spanish peasantry have been justly charged with such gross ignorance, as every traveller speaks of, then may we say, that this has been in part their safeguard. We put the case hypothetically, because we are rather at a loss to reconcile the accusation with what we sometimes read in these writers.

[1] The author of the *Revelations* complains, we believe not unjustly, of great irreverence shown in processions in Lent and Holy Week. This was owing to young men who joined in them, with anything but good feelings. This year we know, that in some places at least, as in Seville, they were intended to be discontinued, on this very account. (Revel. vol. i. p. 377.) This does not at all apply to the procession of Corpus Christi.

Thus Mr. Borrow finds peasants everywhere ready, not only to accept, but to pay for his Testaments, whether Spanish or Gipsy. Take, for instance, his account of his principal business-like excursion of Bible-hawking into the Sagra, a rural district. His man, Lopez, goes forth with a donkey-load of books, and soon returns with empty panniers. "Eight poor harvest-men buy them;" we are told it frequently occurred that the poor labourers in the neighbourhood "offered goods for Testaments," and so forth.[m] All this does not seem to accord with the usual charge of such gross ignorance. But, at any rate, if the ignorance exist, it has been one effectual bar to the mischief attempted, by the dissemination of infidel works among the people.

For this we have the authority of Balmes, than whom none is better acquainted with religious Spain. "The cities of second order," he writes, "with very rare exceptions, the towns, villages, and hamlets, have felt little of the infection; for this simple reason, that it is spread chiefly by books, and there, there are no readers. Add to this the many and powerful influences opposed to these ideas of innovation, calculated to neutralize the effect of the conversation of persons gone astray, and we may infer, that an immense majority have been preserved from the evil." He then proceeds to show that no talent, no wit, no good writing has been displayed in Spain against religion, to taint much even larger cities, and that in fact, "infidelity has no scientific existence in Spain."[n]

Where the Word of God is preached, its power is yet unbounded; and no sooner shall the bishops, restored to authority, send forth missionaries to revive the faith of slumberers, than all Spain will rise to Catholic fervour, like a host at the sound of the morning

[m] Page 253.

[n] Pensamiento, tom. i. p. 67.

trumpet. The administrator of Seville has been, during the last winter, employing apostolic men in this work, and assured us that the accounts were most satisfactory and consoling; so that he had forwarded the letters to the Cardinal Archbishop. Indeed we afterwards met the principal missionary engaged in the work, Father Sanlucar, an ex-Capuchin; and he informed us that nothing could exceed the fervour of the people, who flocked in crowds from villages, for miles around, and showed the greatest devotion. In one place three thousand *general* confessions were made; and if we remember right, twenty priests were engaged all day in the sacred tribunal.

We shall not easily forget an interview with a poor peasant of the name of Diego Patricio Lopez (not certainly Mr. Borrow's man), who was introduced to us by a priest, at a country town in the south of Spain. He was, like most of the Spanish peasantry, a fine stout fellow, with a manly independent bearing, which betrays neither awkward restraint nor insolent forwardness, before persons of what society reckons a higher class. He was accompanied by another person of his own rank; both were clad in the substantial, but plain, costume of the Spanish countryman; for, barefooted or ragged indigence we hardly recollect to have ever seen there. We found him quite a biblical scholar in his way; and his delight and great employment was, instructing and interesting poor labourers, like himself, in the history and sentiments of Holy Scriptures. He had once procured a copy of Father Scio's version, and read it with delight; but it had belonged to some religious house before the first suppression, and on its being restored, he felt it his duty to make restitution of the book, though he had bought it. He had since been supplied with a copy from a nobleman's

library. Not only does he recite to the people histories of the Bible as they occur; but he combines together into a sort of legend all that relates to any given subject. Urgent business prevented us from listening to one of these—his favourite one. And how his eyes brightened, and how eloquent his tongue seemed, when he told us the subject. Beginning with Genesis and going through the whole of Scripture, he had woven together every type, and prophecy, and promise of the Blessed Virgin. No: the Bible had not Protestantized him, nor acted on him otherwise than subordinately to faith; it had warmed and kindled to enthusiasm the feelings of his early religious impressions. More than this; he had composed prayers and novenas for his own class, for whom more learned and elaborate compositions were not suited; and upon looking through one of these, we found it from beginning to end made up of scriptural passages, illustrations and allusions, adapted, with happy instinct, to the condition and wants of those for whom he wrote, and to whom he read them; or rather we must say, for whom he dictated them. For he amusingly told us, how, having been urged to put down in writing what he had only delivered orally, he sat down, pen in hand, and tried to give expression to the thoughts which filled his mind. But he could not get on at all, and gave up in despair. Then he was advised to dictate, and did so. As soon as he was warmed a little by his subject, he would walk about the room, and pour forth in ready language, his fervent thoughts, as quick as the pen of the writer could set them down. But the honest peasant had a document addressed to him by the bishop of the diocese, which he produced. Some readers will surmise that it was probably a summons to answer for his presumption in studying and reading

the Word of God, or a threat of inquisitorial proceedings if he persevered. However, it was neither. It was only a grant of forty days' Indulgence to him every time he recited his Scripture histories and prayers to the poor, and the same to all who devoutly, and with due dispositions, listened to them!

The author of the *Scenes and Adventures* gives the following interesting description of a mass celebrated in the open air, during the war. It may serve to illustrate the religious feelings of the people:—

"On a space of ground, bordered by olive-groves and luxuriant vineyards, the bold mountain outline—on which, here and there, perhaps, might be seen the enemy's videttes and *guerillas*, forming a magnificent framework to the picture:—on such a spot would be seen the troops assembling; each battalion marching out of the town or village, with its full military band playing, and forming on the appointed ground. In the centre, a table, covered with the best adornment that could be procured, served for an altar, on which a military chaplain had arranged the sacred vessels and missals. Then were seen the peasant women arriving in haste to attend mass, or seating themselves quietly on the ground, waiting for the commencement of the service, to which they, as well as their male relatives and companions, would pay the most devout attention.

"It was a solemn and a touching spectacle, when the priest, clothed in his vestments, elevated the host in the air, amid the clangour of the military music; the soldiers presenting arms, groups of officers bending the knee; the peasants, men and women, devoutly kneeling, and crossing themselves; and the sun shedding a gorgeous lustre over the whole."—Vol. ii. p. 146.

But it is just that we say a few words of the inhabitants of towns; for it is against them that charges of irreligion are most likely to be made. And no doubt the evil consequences of the late calamitous times, are more deplorably experienced among them than in the country. Yet even on their behalf we have much to say, chiefly from observation. One thing which cannot but strike an inquirer into the state of religious matters in Spain is, seeing the churches kept

up as they are, after every means of support has been taken away. The houses of the regulars have been seized, their inmates driven out, and either their funds or the alms collected by them, if mendicant friars, totally withdrawn. What is to become of a church, left without either priest or income? Anywhere else the obvious end would have been ruin; and the same might have been anticipated respecting the churches of nuns, all whose property has been confiscated. But in Spain it has not been so. In a few instances the churches have been sold, as is the case with the beautiful church of St. Philip Neri at Granada, now a carpenter's shop. Generally, however, this has not been the case; the church has been left standing, but in the destitute condition above described. And yet *not one* could we hear of that had been closed. In Xeres, for instance, there were about thirty churches of regulars and nuns, thus thrown all at once upon the generosity or charity of the faithful; and yet every one of them remains open to public worship. This is equally the case at Cadiz, Seville, Ecija, Malaga, and other places, of which we can speak. And not only so, but every function, which used to be carried on in these churches, has been continued with equal or superior splendour. Nay, we were assured that there were more *novenas*, and other functions given and defrayed by private devotion, than there used to be. Noble and respectable families have taken altars under their protection and care, and the ladies of the house may be seen providing abundantly, and themselves applying, whatever is necessary, for not merely decent, but splendid, appearance. Never were the chapels and altars so well kept as at present. Again, when the churches were plundered, not a little of their treasures was saved, by being either claimed and taken possession

of, by the families of their founders, or by being carried off and concealed in the houses of the rich. Much has been brought out again; but much is yet hidden. We were told so by noblemen and gentlemen who yet retain such precious objects in safe custody. We were somewhat amused one day, while looking at a beautiful image of Our Lady, such as can be seen only in Spain, where carving has been carried to a perfection unattained elsewhere; when being told by one of our clerical conductors, to observe that all the ornaments about it are of base metal, whereas once they were all silver; another at our side whispered, "But they are all safe; they are concealed, and will be brought out again." Nor are the faithful slow in restoring what has been lost. In that same church we were shown a splendid gold chalice just left by will to it; and in other places we saw similar proofs of liberality.

Another strong evidence of piety and faith will be found in the fact, that never has the perpetual exposition and adoration of the B. Eucharist, in the forty hours' prayer, been interrupted. It is kept up, not only in every large town, but also in those of second-rate importance, such as contain not more than 20,000 inhabitants. Yet it is only by the charity of the people that the expenses of this worship can be defrayed. And we bear willing testimony to the devout behaviour of the many, who, at all hours, visit the church in which it takes place. And these not only the aged, or "of the devout female sex," but young men, who will make it a part of their daily duties to call there. We were assured by a magistrate of the highest respectability, that "he could give evidence of a great improvement in public morals, that many now went regularly to church, and to their religious duties, who

formerly never attended them; that education was improved; and that, strange to say, the reaction in favour of religion, which was manifest, was due to the generation brought up in 1820-25, when Volney was put into the hands of youth." And this we had amply confirmed to us by others present, who have had excellent opportunities of knowing. As a trifling, but significant proof of religious generosity in the people, we will mention what was told us by a friend, a resident of Xeres. In the public square, where the poor people assemble, there is a small oratory, corresponding to the altar end of a church. It merely contains a picture of the *Ecce Homo*, within a gate of open work; before which the poor people kneel, and will often cast in an alms, towards the support of the chapel. A sum exceeding an *ochavo*, or a couple of *quartos* (a farthing), is rarely thrown in at a time; yet, at the end of the year, the sum collected has reached 1,500 dollars!

We have had occasion more than once, to express our dissent from the prevalent opinion respecting the religious condition of Barcelona. Our own more favourable view of it is formed on what we have heard, and on what we have read. Persons, foreigners who have been there lately, have assured us, that nowhere have they witnessed more decorum and piety, at processions and public functions, than there. And we have before us an account of the festivals and functions celebrated in thanksgiving for the delivery of the city, in March, 1843, which prove the charitable zeal of the people, when in great distress; for these functions were most numerous and most splendid, so as to make the expression quoted above, that "the altars blazed," most literal.[o] Malaga is another city

[o] Sociedad, tom. i. p. 137. The number of wax-lights used on the altars of the churches, amounted in a few days to 7,653.

similarly ill-spoken of: but we are sure no less unjustly; for we have had strong testimony in its favour from those who must know it well.

Such facts, as we have here thrown together, are strongly illustrative of the existence of real faith among the people. But they are also indirect proof of that charity, which we consider a not less healthy, and a more strongly marked, characteristic of the nation. We were much struck with the observation of a French merchant, who evidently knew Spain well, made in our hearing, at a *table d'hôte*, that the Spaniards have no idea of luxury, but are all most temperate and simple in their habits; so that, even in Madrid, with the exception of such few as had travelled into other countries, and learned their usages, not even the nobles indulged in anything approaching to luxury. "A rich tradesman," he added, "would laugh at you, if you talked to him of keeping his carriage; but ask him for an alms, and he will think nothing of giving you 100, 500, or 1,000 dollars."

The natural consequence of this ready charity is, that the condition of the poor is very different from that of the same class in our country. Let it be remembered, that it is to a country impoverished by wars and revolutions, for many years past, that the following passage refers:—

"Let this astonish you, sagacious statesmen—let this fact confound the more polished world's wisdom: there is no poor-law here, no compulsory relief; the rural society is very barbarous; agriculture is no more advanced than it was a century after the Flood; industry there is little, occupation trifling, energy, none; the soil is but scratched, manures little used, irrigation, which is, in truth, indispensable, but slightly resorted to—and yet distress there is almost none. Throughout the length and breadth of the Peninsula, the beggars have as pleasant faces as the best-clad members of the community. I challenge contradiction as to the fact, that there is no genuine distress. Twice, within this century, has foreign invasion

violated the Spanish soil; and cruelly, of late years, has it been torn by the burning ploughshare of civil war. Every road and pass is haunted by robbers; and society is little advanced from its elementary state. How comes it that there are not poor here, rotting in the ditches, as there were in England, when it was thinly peopled, before the Elizabethan law; and as there are to-day in Ireland? The duty of charity is deeply felt here; but is it not deeply felt in England? Will the Spanish peasant divide his crust, and the English peasant refuse to share it? Surely, this cannot be. Or is the difference entirely owing to the thinness of the Spanish population? Whatever the cause, it may make men sceptical as to the benefit of excessively refined societies and complicated political systems.

"You may sojourn long enough in a Spanish town before you will meet with any of those evidences of downright misery, which so soon strike the eye at home; and which abound even in London, in the vicinity of its most splendid squares. There may be rags and filth enough, but there is not the squalor of suffering, or the gaunt aspect of famine. No one starves in this country; few are in positive distress. Those who seek alms are, for the most part, of the class of jolly beggars: and how thriving is the trade, may be inferred from the independence of its practitioners, from the impudence of their imploring demands, and the obstinate sturdiness of their persistance. The beggar, having no property of his own, is king and lord of all the properties in the country. His rounds are as regular as those of the land-agent or tax-collector. In no part of the country have I seen uncomfortable poverty; or heard of an individual going without a passable meal. The contrast between this half-barbarous state, and that of refined societies, is most striking. We are excessively advanced, but we are likewise excessively peopled. Hence, in spite of all our exertions, and our unexampled energies, we have our thousands starving by the side of luxurious wealth; and glide from the prosperity of one year to the relapse and ruin of another."—Revelations of Spain, pp. 231, 232, vol. ii.

The charitable establishments of Spain show, in every way, how different is the spirit which regulates them from that witnessed amongst us. The striking difference consists in the light in which the poor are viewed in the two countries. It is clear that in England the workhouse is not considered by them as a friendly asylum, but as something little better than a

gaol; and it is as clear that the overseers, or administrators of *Unions*, are not much disposed to look on their inmates as their children or friends. But in Spain, the feeling of kindness to the poor and sick, is the genuine fruit of charity. A few examples will illustrate this: and we will be partly guided in our choice by the author last quoted, who tells us that, "in the towns there are charitable institutions, where all that are really indigent are provided; local and conventual benevolence leave little to be desired in this respect: and the Hospicio at Cadiz, and the Caridad at Seville, are perfect models of similar institutions." (P. 234.) To this assertion we heartily subscribe; and both institutions mentioned will be of use to explain our meaning.

"The humble brotherhood of the Charity of our Lord Jesus Christ" has, at the gates of Seville, an hospital for the poor, known by the name of the Caridad, or Charity. The brotherhood was established above a century ago, by a pious nobleman, for the purpose of supporting and serving an hospital, for the relief exclusively of bed-ridden persons and aged priests. In the spacious halls below are upwards of a hundred beds, and always a hundred patients: when one is so far cured as to leave his bed, he is sent home, or delivered to the care of other institutions. Sisters of Charity attend the sick, with that tender assiduity which is their characteristic: but at whatever hour you go there, you are pretty sure to find the president, Count Cantillana, looking personally to the wants of the sick. The beds and halls are beautifully clean; there is an altar in each ward, where mass is regularly said; and we may observe in general, that this is the rule in every hospital that we have visited. Upstairs are now (the funds being greatly impoverished) twelve

venerables, or aged and infirm priests, who are always so called in the institution, who have comfortable apartments, and everything to console and soothe their declining years. Moreover, there is an outer hall opening on the street, with door unbarred all night, to which any poor wayfarer, or beggar, has access, as to his own home, and finds there "bed, light, and supper" prepared by the gentle hands of the Sisters. It is most creditable to all parties to state (both from what we heard on the spot, and from what is given in the last annual report), that while there is no limit to the power of demand, or to the charity granted, the number of applicants for it is limited to twenty-five or thirty per night. This in a population of 80,000, and in a great thoroughfare! To some of these poor people it is a regular home. In the course of last year, the confraternity forwarded and assisted, on their journeys, 165 poor people, gave ecclesiastical burial to seventy (the number of deaths in the house having been forty-three), carried in sedan chairs or on biers, 162 poor to the hospitals, and distributed clothes and alms to others. The quantity and quality of provisions consumed shows that there is no stinting of the poor, as besides 17,398 large loaves of beautiful bread, there was abundance of meat, every fruit and vegetable, chocolate, cakes, wine, &c. And with all these nobler cares of charity, the fine arts are admirably mixed. The chapel of the hospital, and even its sacristy, forms a museum of painting, not easily to be rivalled. On either side of the former, is a large picture by Murillo, each containing many figures, of nearly natural size; on one side is Moses striking the rock, on the other our Lord multiplying the loaves—the hungry fed, and the thirsty refreshed. These are perhaps nearly the master-pieces of this splendid artist, whom no one can

know without visiting Seville. They were seized by "Plunder-master-general" Soult, and sent off to Paris; but the English army intercepted, and returned, them. There is another beautiful painting by the same master representing St. John of God, tottering under the burthen of a sick man whom he is carrying, and supported by an angel. So true it is, that the noblest productions of art are due to the Christian virtues, and that Catholic piety is essentially allied to good taste. But what we wish chiefly to notice, in this institution, as indicative of its spirit, is, that of all these things, pictures, hospital, income, the poor are the owners, the confraternity styling itself only their servants and administrators. Hence, in their report they say: "We have rendered funeral honours to our brothers, and to our masters and lords the poor" (*nuestros amos y señores los pobres*); and by this title they are always called there.

The other establishment mentioned, the *Hospicio* at Cadiz, is on a more extensive scale, and owes its present magnificence, and excellent administration, to the late Count O'Reilly, whose name speaks at once his country. In December last, there were maintained in it the following persons:—

Aged, { Men, 106 / Women, 161 } 267.——Children, { Boys, 249 / Girls, 122 } 371.

Insane, { Men, 35 / Women, 14 } 49.——Married couples, 12—24.

Confined, 1.—Total, 712.

All these are lodged, clothed, and fed. The accommodations are excellent, the food of the best, and the clothing substantial, and all made in the house. The boys have a large school, and work at various trades; the girls upstairs are all engaged in weaving, spinning, and needlework; the married couples (old people) live

in separate apartments round a court planted with trees, and have one or two of the younger children under their care; and as for the old people above, they really seem as happy as kindness can make the last stage of this wearisome pilgrimage. Their dormitories are most spacious, with kitchens attached, so that they need not go down stairs; and we found poor old women, in many parts, sitting on the matted floor in groups, saying their prayers together. The one to which we stopped to listen consisted of the repetition of the trisagion, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth." Never did we see poverty and age more invested with honour, cheerfulness, and comfort. Besides this house there is another of a poorer and more compulsory nature, at the Capuchin convent, containing 200 inmates, chiefly orphans and loose characters taken up from the streets. But even here, there reigned cleanliness, good order, and the greatest kindness. These, and other establishments of the sort, are administered by a committee of gentlemen (and the same is to be said of other towns), who give their time and personal attention to the interests of the poor. In Cadiz there are moreover two large hospitals — one for men,[p] formerly under the brothers of St. John of God, (alas! why were *they* suppressed?) and one for women, which is truly splendid and admirably kept. The attendants are not nuns, neither are they paid nurses. They are "voluntary infirmarians, who in the house wear a particular head-dress, but take no vows, and can leave whenever they please; but it is certainly observed by all, that their charity has no bounds, and that they die in the service of the sick. This is the result of doing it not for interest,

[p] We found five or six English sailors among the sick, and they bore testimony to the kindness and attention which they received.

nor merely by office; and the same used to be the case with the religious of St. John of God."[q]

The ladies turn their attention to the beautiful hospitals known by the name of *Cuna* or *Espositos*, into which infants are sent by parents unable or unwilling to support them, with the right of claiming them again. These houses, corresponding to *genuine* foundling hospitals, are (so far as we have seen them) under the care of Sisters of Charity. Many of the children are given out to nurse, but are obliged to be brought to head-quarters every month to be carefully inspected. No mother could show more tender and affectionate care of her child, than these excellent religious do of these little forlorn ones, who pay them back in equal feelings. Everything too is as clean, as elegant, about the infants, as it could be in the most respectable or wealthy family. In the *Cuna* at Cadiz there are 600 children, in that of Seville about 900.[r]

We might say much more on the subject of charity in Spain, but shall content ourselves with observing, that the exercise of this virtue seems never to have been interrupted, and hardly checked during the late troubles and distress. It has rather increased than diminished; and we found in small towns even new institutions springing up, dependent entirely upon charity; such as orphanages, gratuitous schools, and houses for the aged.

Religion cannot be lost, nor anything like it, in a country where charity, allied to faith, is still so living and so active; where the worship of God is generously supported, where the poor of Christ are bountifully fed, and His little ones tenderly cared for. Had we

[q] Paseo Historico-artistico por Cadiz. Ib. 1843, p. 77.

[r] The sum applied to this one charity in Seville, amounted last year, according to its report before us, to upwards of £3,000.

space enough, we would gladly enter into some other peculiarities of the national character, scarcely less fraught with hopefulness for religion, than those which we have specified. The temperance, for instance, of the people, their kind-heartedness and hospitality, and many other traits are worthy of notice. But we may at once refer our readers to every work on Spain, even by the most discontented travellers. There is not one who does not express his fondness for the people, and his regret at leaving them.[8] And we should be indeed most ungrateful, were we not to add our warmest testimony to anything and everything, that has been said in their praise. Yes; one thing we will add, that whereas it has been the fashion of such travellers to draw a broad line of distinction between the people and the higher classes, as to the amiable points of character, our own observation and experience lead us to cancel it. From high and low, rich and poor, we have never met anything but kindness, cordiality, and that peculiar frankness which puts you at once at home in a Spaniard's house, and makes you feel authorized, after an hour's acquaintance, be it noble hidalgo or high-born dame, to know and address all in it by their Christian names; a familiarity not easily reached in our cold climate.

And this puts us in mind of many amiable points in the Spanish character; but of none more than the ease with which the people may be managed by kind and generous treatment. Offer the peasant money, and he turns away, often in indignation; treat him

[8] While nearly at the close of our article we have perused a new work on "Spain, visited in 1840 and 1841." It is anonymous like several others. We have found many of the usual misunderstandings, and some clear (though doubtless unintentional) misstatements, regarding ecclesiastical matters. But its tone is kindly as to the people. This will make us forgive much.

like a gentleman, by offering him a cigar, and he will do anything for you. The political chief of Malaga, of whom we have before spoken with praise, gave us a strong instance of the sensibility of the people to such conduct. "It is a great advantage," said he, "to know and address every one by his Christian name," as he does. Not long ago, he knew that, at night, there was a gathering of six or eight and twenty desperate characters, armed with pistols and knives—and murderous weapons they were, for we saw them and can vouch it—at a low gambling-house, in the outskirts of the city. He accordingly proceeded there, alone and unarmed, wrapped in his cloak; and gained admittance. There he was, a slender, defenceless youth, in the midst of the gang of desperadoes, in a retired spot, at midnight. He went up to the table, round which they were drinking. They were abashed by his presence; and in a tone of firm, but gentle command, he said: "Bring out all your arms, and place them on the table." He was obeyed. "Now," he said, addressing one of them by his Christian name, "you take them all up to my office, and then join the rest. All of you walk quietly to prison, where I will meet you. You know I am acting the part of your friend." They understood him. The punishment might have been six years' presidio; and he might have surrounded the house, and seized them. They saw that he had forborne to act so, and wished to spare them. Not one was wanting at the prison door. He confined them for three days, imposed a heavy fine of bread for the nuns; and freed them, on their promise never to go to that house again. "Not one," he added, in giving us this account, "not one has broken his word." And justly popular is he among his fellow-citizens, because of his firm, but kindly, rule. His

father was the same before him. When General Sebastiani had possession of Malaga, he boldly requested him to see that his troops committed no outrage. "You," he added, "have, it is true, 20,000 bayonets under your command; but I have only to speak a word, and 100,000 men will start up at my bidding." The name of this family is Ordoñez.

We trust that the present government is striving, by measures of peace, to cultivate the fine and generous qualities of the Spanish people. Certain it is, that in every part, commerce and trade, those sure barometers of public security, are quietly arising; and that a new spirit of enterprise is manifesting itself in every sort of industry. Merchants of high mark assured us that there had not been for years such a feeling of confidence and assurance as now; so that capital, long locked up, was beginning to flow out again, and give impulse to business. Every book before us, treating of Spain in 1840 and 1841, or of preceding years, has many pages taken up with accounts of robbers, the insecurity of the roads, and the terrors and perils of the writers. We have now traversed those very roads, considered the most dangerous, not only without risk, but without even a feeling of apprehension. At every stage we met small patrols of active road-police, on horse and foot, lately established by the government, who have cleared the roads, and keep them perfectly free. The robbery of a diligence is now never heard of. A similar police has been established in the towns, and it was by this means, that, just as we were entering Spain, Navarro (the *Abd-el Kader* of Spain, as he has been called),[t] the worst of the race of robbers, was captured by them, and met with his merited fate.[u]

[t] Revelations of Spain, vol. i. p. 389.

[u] Navarro ventured with some of his followers into the town of

In every part of the country improvements of magnitude are going forward—bridges, roads, canals, and many other public works. The political chiefs, or principal civil magistrates of provinces, seem to have been carefully selected for their good sense, knowledge of business, and moral principles and conduct.

The government has moreover begun the great work of reconciling Spain with the Holy See. God grant that it may have done so on no narrow basis; but that it may have resolved to treat on great, and generous, and Catholic, principles. It was our intention to have laid before our readers the great question now agitating Spain, regarding the extent of restoration of Church property. And it was further our desire to justify what we have said of the schismatical tendencies of the late government. But we forbear, partly because we have already transgressed the bounds of all discretion, in the length of this article, and more still because the questions involved in both matters have become delicately perplexed by the state of the negotiations between Rome and Spain. We feel that in the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff the great interests of religion are safe, that not a tittle will be surrendered of what justice or prudence demands, while no harshness or unnecessary severity will be exercised. In the good intentions of government we are wishful to confide. The names of several who form it inspire hope. The destitution to which the clergy is abandoned pains our feelings, in common with every

Lucena; going through the square late at night, he was challenged by the municipal patrol; and being elated with drink, he answered his real name. He was pursued, when turning round he fired, and killed one of the police. The others returned the fire, and broke one of his legs. He was thus taken, and next day executed on the scene of one of his atrocities.

other Catholic's; but we will trust that its removal, by the energy of ministers, will soon give evidence to the world of the sincerity of their motives. We may then return to these topics with lighter hearts and grateful feelings. But, till then, we will invite all, who love the peace of Israel, earnestly to pray for the shortening of the heavy visitation, which has fallen on one of the fairest portions of God's inheritance. For ourselves, we have been glad thus to record our hopes; hopes that rest ultimately on those mercies which fail not. There is too much good preserved, too much evil well endured, for us not to hope; there is too much faith and too much charity in the people, too much zeal and confessor-like patience in her clergy, too much holiness in her cloistered virgins, too much apostolic firmness in her episcopacy, for us to fear, that the Spirit of God has passed away from poor Spain, or that she hath been chastened with other than with the rod of children, the forerunner ever of a more paternal care.

[It must be nearly useless to inform the readers of these pages, that almost every augury expressed in the foregoing article has been verified, almost every desire fulfilled. The bishopries have been filled up with men of the highest order of merit. The Concordat between the Holy See and the queen has provided for the re-establishment of religious orders, for the continuation of convents, by the permission to receive novices, and for the maintenance of the clergy. This document was considered of sufficient consequence to be printed by order of one of our houses of Parliament, last year; and no doubt took many people by surprise—all those who believed that thirty years of what is called "progress," must have weakened the influence of the papacy, and the Catholic faith, in Spain. Even while

these lines are being written, the restoration of the house of Loyola to its lawful owners, the spiritual children of him who draws his name from the town, gives a new pledge of the religious earnestness of Spain's rulers: while almost every week sees new permissions issued to convents, to reopen their novitiates. In fact, this essay on the Spain of 1844 has become an anachronism, and might have been suppressed, were it not for its embodying facts which may be forgotten, yet are worth preserving; and were it not useful for churches, when restored to peace and prosperity, to look back on the trials, the virtues, and the constancy of those, who, by these perhaps, won them their later blessings.

The following letter from a friend, who was in Spain last year, will require no apology for its insertion.

"M. U. read me one evening a letter he had just received from a priest, a friend of his, who accompanied the new bishop to the Havannas. You know perhaps that this bishop was a country curate in the mountains of Catalonia, and that he conceived the idea of establishing at Barcelona a society for printing and circulating cheap religious publications, which society has done a vast deal of good. The letter in question said that in the six weeks the bishop had been in the island, he had brought about a change which was almost miraculous. At the time he wrote there was a mission in the cathedral, where between seventy and eighty confessors were occupied, without intermission, from daybreak until late at night; and that the day before the bishop had been administering the Communion from 4 o'clock in the morning until 2 P.M., with his own hands, and without retiring for a moment.

"It is a pity you did not visit Valencia when you were in Spain; you would have seen things that would have delighted you. It would be too long to detail some of them; but what would you say, for example, to the Presidio, where 1,800 convicts, highwaymen, assassins, &c., are kept, without one single soldier or turnkey to look after them, but who are in such a state of discipline, by kindness, that the director has in many instances, by way of showing it to foreigners, sent highway robbers by themselves, to take a sum of money to a place fifty or

sixty miles off in their convict dress, and they have punctually returned at the moment at which they were ordered to come back.

"There is an establishment called *El Colegio del Patriarca*, which is very interesting, and in which the *funciones de eglesia* are performed with such solemnity *every day*, that it is said, even in Rome there is nothing to be compared to it. The patriarca (de Antioquia) who founded it, and who was also the captain-general who expelled the Moriscos, and whose fame is diminished by his having acted cruelly towards them (a circumstance, it seems, which has prevented his canonization on several occasions), was such a knowing one, that the deeds of endowment are so cleverly drawn up, that when the Church property was seized by Mendizabal, they could not get possession of that of the college. As if he had foreseen what has happened, he named sixty families his heirs, in case the country should become Protestant, or an attempt should ever be made to wrest the property from its destination. When M. attempted to seize it, there were scores of individuals who put in their claims; and though a commission of a dozen lawyers was appointed to examine the deeds, they could not find the least flaw in them, and so the government thought it was better to let the Colegio del Patriarca alone, as they found (as old R. used to say), they would 'ket nothink by it.'"]

POPE BONIFACE VIII.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for Nov.* 1841.

POPE BONIFACE VIII.

Art. VIII.—*A History of the Italian Republics.* By J. C. L. De Sismondi. London: 1832.

In the unceasing revolution of time, it is not surprising that persons and events that have been rudely crushed beneath its wheel, should after a while return to light and honour. And it may afford some consolation to observe, that those names which have been subject to this depression and obscuration, when once restored to their proper place, do not incur much danger of losing it again. In no matter or part of history is this more true, than in the history of the Roman pontiffs. The sense of justice which characterizes the present age will be proved to later times by its decisions regarding them, better than by any other historical judgments which it has pronounced and recorded. It is not many years since the condemnation of the entire line of apostolical succession in the Roman See, was a matter of course in every Protestant work, theological, historical, philosophical, or moral, which, directly or indirectly, could bring it within its scope. There were no exceptions. The whole series was condensed into a single individuality, which under the name of "the papacy," was stigmatized with everything that was infamous, and anathematized with everything that was execrable. Like to the tyrant's wish, that the Roman people had only one neck, that so he might enjoy the concentrated zest of cruelty, in

smiting it, was the purpose of Protestant assailants; who truly gave unity to the idea of the headship of the Church, that so they might strike it with a single blow. At length the dark mass of error and calumny, accumulated through ages, broke, and admitted the light. First, partial exceptions began to be made, certain popes were culled out from the number involved in wholesale condemnation: one was praised as an encourager of learning; another as an advocate of ecclesiastical liberty; and so by degrees, till a long succession of pontiffs received the tardy justice of an historical vindication. The progress from Roscoe's *Life of Leo the Tenth*, through Voight, Hurter, and Hock, to Ranke, is a literary fact too recent, and too often described in these pages, to need more than a passing allusion.

Were we desired to assign a cause for this change in the feelings and direction of historians, we should be inclined to attribute much to the noble character of several recent pontiffs, whose lives broke down much prejudice against their order; not because they were better or wiser than their predecessors, but because the guidance of divine Providence brought forward their characters more prominently before the face of Europe, than theirs who had preceded them. Benedict XIV. was a man of higher attainments, and of no less virtue, than the sixth or seventh Pius. There is no doubt that had he, or any other pope of the last century, been placed in *their* trying circumstances, he would have exhibited equal firmness, resignation, and Christian heroism. Opportunity was not allowed to him, as it was to them, and he therefore remains known by his works rather than by his deeds; the delight of the theologian, the oracle of the bishop, the admiration of the learned; but compara-

tively without a place or name in history. The noble-hearted Braschi and the meek Chiaramonti were cast into ruder times; the fate of older pontiffs was allotted them. The former had to renew the ancient contest between the supremacy and the empire; not, as formerly, with the open and avowed hostility of feudal rivalship, but in the field, more slippery and less glorious, of diplomatic contention. That legislative tyrant Joseph II. knew how to injure the Church and its liberties better than Henry II. But it only afforded an opportunity for the display of a new class of virtues, in that see which had ever been fruitful in their production. The same pope found himself involved in a contest with a republic, unlike indeed the republics of ancient Italy, in which a rooted attachment to the Catholic religion was never destroyed by temporary hostility, but with one which assailed him in rampant infidelity; which aimed at the desecration of what was holy, through hatred of holiness. Every new aggression of this destructive power, justly deemed the public enemy, was matter of interest to Europe; and the wanton treatment of a venerable pontiff, whose unsullied life, amiable manners, and grey hairs claimed universal esteem and reverence, could not fail to conciliate sympathy towards the sufferer, mingled with execration of his oppressors. Pius VI. died, like Gregory VII., in exile. His successor had to continue the struggle, under a more violent, but not less crafty, form; he was at times almost circumvented by the wiles of his imperial enemy, at times almost beaten down by hardships and insult; but the spirit of his race triumphed equally over both; the meek courage of the pontiff was a full match for the power of the modern Attila: his upright humility baffled the policy of his oppressors. It was the captive dove, keeping

at bay and foiling, at once, the falcon and the serpent.

We think that we may truly repeat, that down to this time, a majority of Protestants had never attached any idea of individuality to the name of pope. Their notion seemed to be that of an entity perpetuated under a variety of indefinite names, through generation after generation (Clements, Innocents, and Benedicts succeeding each other, no one knew how),[a] living in almost inaccessible grandeur in a terrible place called the Vatican, round which perpetual thunders growled to keep off all intruders; approached only with genuflexions, prostrations, and almost worship; ever enthroned, and with a triple crown upon its head, occupied all day in mysterious conclave, with scarlet, wide-hatted cardinals, upon bulls, indulgences, and excommunications. We will not add the grosser fictions of popular bigotry,—but we believe, that many well-informed persons did a few years ago entertain, and that perhaps some very respectable ones do as yet entertain, an idea as definite, as sensible, and as liberal of the pope,—be he who he may—as we have described. But when Pius VII., stripped of all outward ornaments, torn from his own dominions, an exile and a prisoner, became known to Europe, his personal character, so pure, so holy, yet so noble and magnanimous; so unbending yet so forgiving; so lofty yet so mild;[b] softened the hearts of many, if it did not turn them, and made them begin to distinguish in

[a] It was a common and often-repeated question of his late majesty William IV. to such Catholics as approached him, "Pray what is the name of the *present* pope?"

[b] When Pius VII. was in prison, a nobleman was once sent by the emperor to ask him if there was anything he wanted: "Nothing," replied the pontiff, "except a needle to darn my cassock with."

their minds, the man from the dignity which he adorned, and to know that popes have characters and virtues, and Christian perfection, even beyond most other men.

We do not think that we are wrong in this speculation, that by the events to which we have cursorily alluded, an interest was excited in the public mind, a power of individualizing generated, regarding the papal authority and its possessors, of a different character from what before was common. We believe that many were led to compare the certain virtues of these later pontiffs with the conduct of their predecessors under similar circumstances; and that the selection made of Gregory VII., Sylvester II., and Innocent III., as subjects of special biography and high commendation by Protestant historians, may be attributed, at least in part, to the renewal in later times of the contest between imperial and papal power, the *regale* and *pontificale*, and to the attention thus directed towards similar struggles in a former period. Catholics have been grateful, obsequiously grateful, for this slow-footed, lagging justice, towards their ancient ecclesiastical heroes. Nay, it has been but a lame justice after all, and yet has it been humbly acknowledged. The loftiest, truest view of the character and conduct of the popes has often been overlooked; the divine instinct which animated them, the immortal destiny allotted to them, the heavenly cause confided to them, the superhuman aid which strengthened them, could not be appreciated but by a Catholic mind, and are too generally excluded from Protestant histories, or are transformed into corresponding human capacities, or policies, or energies, or virtues. Then, there are few of the vindicators of these ancient popes who do not contrive to give a savour to their writings, of the

olden leaven,—some acrid or bitter relish, in the form of strong protestations, or harsh declarations against popery, which set one's teeth on edge, when feasting upon the treat afforded us by our new friends. The fault we know is ours; the vindication of our fathers in the spirit should have come from us; it should not have been left to the condescension of adversaries. As it is, we will accept it, not without humiliation; but we will not bow our back to any blows they may think proper to inflict.

We have already enumerated the ancient pontiffs, who in late years have found vindicators among Protestants. There is one upon whom none has yet taken compassion, whom none has attempted to rescue from the mass of general reprobation. Boniface VIII., to whom we allude, has scarcely ever found a good word, even among modern Catholic writers; he is generally reckoned among the *wicked* popes; he is represented as ambitious, haughty, tyrannical, unforgiving, and unrelenting, and at the same time as cunning, deceitful, treacherous, and base. There is not an action of his pontificate, from his accession to his death, that has not been censured as the result of a crime, or as inspired by some unworthy motive. Now, when we consider how he was one of those pontiffs who particularly stood up for the prerogatives of his see, against the rival power of princes, that almost all the charges against him arise from political contests, and that at his death he left his enemies triumphant, and with all the power to injure his memory in their hands, we may naturally be inclined to believe, that the obloquy which yet remains upon his memory is of the same character as that which has been successfully wiped off from the names of other pontiffs, by the industry of modern writers.

In fact, the injurious attacks upon this pontiff commenced during his life, and have been repeated in every age till the present. We will not speak of the infamous libels drawn up in France by William of Nogaret, his capital enemy, and by others who had felt the weight of his pontifical severity. But unfortunately others, whom political feelings arrayed in habitual hostility to the ecclesiastical power, whenever it came in conflict with the secular, helped to invent, or to propagate, false or exaggerated views of his proceedings, and of his character. In one respect, Boniface was indeed unfortunate, in having the poets among his enemies. Fra Jacopone da Todi, whose virtues, on the other hand, attracted the veneration of his contemporaries, has poured out all the bitterness of his nervous satire upon him. But still more, the author of the *Divina Commedia* has contributed to render the memory of this pontiff most unjustly hateful. The Ghibelline poet could not think of sparing so decided a Guelph. Hence he scruples not to call him "the prince of modern Pharisees,"[c] and "the high-priest, whom evil take."[d] St. Peter is made to call him an usurper, and to charge him with bloodshed and crime;[e] and a place is represented as prepared for him, among those condemned to hell for simony.[f] We need hardly mention Protestant Church historians, such as the Centuriators or Mosheim, or many civil historians, like Gibbon, Hallam, and Sismondi, who vie with each other in repeating the same tales concerning this great pontiff, copying one another, without

[c] "Lo principe dei nuovi farisei."—Inf. xxvii. 85.

[d] "Il gran prete a cui mal prenda."—Ib. 68.

[e] "Quegli che usurpa in terra il luogo mio,
Il luogo mio, il luogo mio che vaca."—Parad. xxvii. 22.

[f] Inf. xix. 52.

taking the trouble to verify the statements, or to weigh the judgments, of those who have preceded them. Of these neglects we shall see some specimens in the course of our present inquiry.

Accustomed, as we have been, to read and hear so much to the disadvantage of this pope, we naturally required some cause, however slight, to turn our attention towards a more particular examination of such grievous charges. The pencil of Giotto must claim the merit, such as it is. The portrait of Boniface by him, in the Lateran Basilica, so different in character from the representations of modern history, awakened in our minds a peculiar interest regarding him, and led us to the examination of several popular assertions, affecting his moral and ecclesiastical conduct. He soon appeared to us in a new light; as a pontiff who began his reign with most glorious promise, and closed it amidst sad calamities; who devoted, through it all, the energies of a great mind, cultivated by profound learning, and matured by long experience in the most delicate ecclesiastical affairs, to the attainment of a truly noble end; and who, throughout his career, displayed many great virtues, and could plead in extenuation of his faults, the convulsed state of public affairs, the rudeness of his times, and the faithless, violent character of many among those with whom he had to deal. These circumstances, working upon a mind naturally upright and inflexible, led to a sternness of manner and a severity of conduct, which, when viewed through the feelings of modern times, may appear extreme, and almost unjustifiable. But after studying the conduct of this great pope, after searching through the pages of his most hostile historians, we are satisfied that this is the only point on which even a plausible charge can be brought against

him; a charge which has been much exaggerated, and which the considerations just enumerated must sufficiently repel, or in great part extenuate.

To give an idea of the summary manner in which Boniface is dealt with, we will quote the account of him given in the little manual at the head of our article.

"After Nicholas IV., a poor hermit, humble, timid, and ignorant, was raised, in 1294, to the chair of St. Peter, under the name of Celestine V. His election was the effect of a sudden burst of religious enthusiasm, which seized the College of Cardinals; although this holy senate had never before shown themselves more ready to consult religion than policy. Celestine V. maintained himself only a few months on the throne; all his sanctity could not serve as an excuse for his incapacity; and the Cardinal Benedict Cajetan, who persuaded him to abdicate, was elected pope in his place, under the name of Boniface VIII. Boniface, able, expert, intriguing, and unscrupulous, would have restored the authority of the Holy See, which, during the latter pontificates, had been continually sinking, if the violence of his character, his ungovernable pride, and his transports of passion, had not continually thwarted his policy. He endeavoured at first to augment the power of the Guelphs by the aid of France; he afterwards engaged in a violent quarrel with the family of Colonna, whom he would willingly have exterminated; and finally, taking offence against Philip le Bel, he treated him with as much haughtiness, as if he had been the lowest of his vassals. Insulted, and even arrested, by the French prince, in his palace of Anagni, on the 7th of September, 1303, Boniface died a few weeks afterwards of rage and humiliation."—P. 106.

This is only an abridgment of what Sismondi has written in his larger *History of the Italian Republics;* and consequently to this work will we look for the manner in which this severe judgment is supposed to be supported. Considering the immense number of authors, contemporary or nearly so, who have related the actions of this pope, considering still more the valuable authentic documents belonging to his reign, which have been published in different works, it cannot be for

want of materials that an erroneous estimate is obtained. It is undoubtedly true, that among the former class of evidence, there is directly conflicting testimony to be found. But then the lowest degree of candour which we have a right to exact from an historian, is information to that effect. We expect to be told that there *is* a very different narrative of events from the one selected, and that it comes from authorities whose value has been scrupulously weighed. We desire to be directed to the place where these may be found and examined, that so we may form our own judgment on the matter. The historian who should give us Herodotus's account of Cyrus, and never allude to Xenophon's, would certainly be reproached for want of fairness towards his readers. It is moreover true, that some accounts come from the pen of decided friends and partisans of Boniface; but the others come from as decided enemies and hearty haters; and can it be just to take all that these assert, without once qualifying their narrative by reference to the other side? And is not this still more grievous, when the adversaries profess to speak from hearsay or common rumour; and the friends were eye-witnesses, and honest men? But what if there be impartial writers, who are as ready to speak against, as for, the conduct of the pope; ought not they at least to have been sometimes referred to?

Then, as to the second class of evidence—documents of the times, official papers, decrees, or processes—the omission of their use must surely be unpardonable in an historian, especially when they serve to clear up doubts, as to whether a favourable or an unfavourable view should be preferred, of characters or events. Yet we shall have occasion to see how sadly all these means of ascertaining the truth have been neglected or

despised by our modern historians, and a one-sided view taken, upon evidence worse than doubtful, nay, certainly less than true.

I. The attacks upon Boniface's character commence with his very accession to the papacy. In order to understand how this is, it may be useful to premise a brief historical sketch.

Pope Nicholas IV. died on Good-Friday, in the year 1292. There was considerable difference among the cardinals in conclave, which led to a vacancy of the Apostolic See, of two years and three months. At the end of this period, all singularly agreed in the nomination and election of a saintly hermit living in the wilds of the Abruzzi, of the name of Peter, whose surname is variously given by contemporary writers, as *Murro*, *De Murrone*, *De Morone*, or *Morono*. His election took place at Perugia, on the 7th of June, 1294. His reign was of short duration. Instead of at once going to Rome, he wrote to the cardinals, that, on account of the summer heat, he was unequal to a long journey; and, having made his solemn entry into Aquila, he proceeded to Naples. There, after a few months, he resigned the papacy, on the feast of St. Lucy, December 13, and was on Christmas eve succeeded by Cardinal Benedict, of the Gaetani or Cajetani family, who took the name of Boniface VIII. This is the subject of our present inquiry.

His enemies do not wait to see him quietly seated in the chair of St. Peter, before they begin their assaults upon his character. The resignation of Celestine is attributed to his arts; and the means supposed to have been taken by him to secure his own elevation, are represented as most base. Mosheim takes the first point quite for granted. "Hence it was," he writes, "that several of the cardinals, and particularly Bene-

dict Cajetan, advised him to abdicate the papacy which he had accepted with such reluctance; and they had the pleasure of seeing their advice followed with the utmost docility."[g] But Sismondi enters more fully into details, and gives implicit credit to all that Boniface's bitterest enemies ever asserted upon the subject. The following is his account of the conduct of the cardinal, during the brief pontificate of Celestine:— "Il y en avait un parmi eux [the cardinals], Bénoit Caietan d'Anagni, qui avait soin d'exciter leurs murmures, et d'accroître à leurs yeux le danger que courait la Chrétienté. Cet homme n'avait point d'égaux en adresse et en dissimulation: il avait su, en même temps, flatter les cardinaux, qui le regardaient comme le soutien des prérogatives de leur collège, et dominer l'esprit de Célestin, qui n'agissait que d'après ses instructions, et qui peut-être n'avait commis tant de fautes que parceque son perfide directeur voulait le rendre odieux et ridicule." After stating that the cardinal offered his services to Charles II. of Naples, if he would procure him the papacy, our author thus continues: "Ensuite il ne s'occupe plus que du soin de persuader à Célestin d'abdiquer une dignité pour laquelle il n'était pas fait. Quelques-uns assurent qu'avec un portevoix, il lui en fit descendre l'ordre comme du ciel. Indépendamment de cette ruse, il avait mille moyens encore de déterminer cet homme simple et timide, dont il alarma la conscience."[h]

For all this detailed account the historian quotes no authority; but simply refers for the story of the speaking-trumpet to Ferrettus Vicentinus, the most violent assailer, on every occasion, of the pope's cha-

[g] Ecclesiast. Hist. vol. ii. (1826) p. 367.

[h] Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age, tom. iv. cap. xxiv. p. 81.

racter. The expression, "*some assert*," with which this fable is introduced by Sismondi, and the reference in the note to Ferrettus, would lead one naturally to suppose that he, among other historians, vouches for the fact. The present tense indicates existing historians. Yet it is not so: that writer himself only gives it as a report;—"*ferunt etiam*." Any historian ought to have been ashamed to put such a charge, in such a manner, upon such evidence. But this is not the worst. Not only do all the sound evidences of contemporary history contradict this paltry story, but the entire history of Celestine's abdication in Ferretti is so grossly at variance with every other document, and so plainly untenable, that with the exception of it, and the abusive insinuations against Boniface's character, Sismondi has not ventured to follow him here, as elsewhere we shall see he has done. Ferretti tells us, for instance, that Celestine suddenly and unexpectedly made his abjuration before the cardinals, and then ran away the same day to Apulia: whereas he was quietly at Naples, and did homage when Boniface was elected, ten days later. He then relates how Cardinal Benedict cajoled the cardinals and the king of Naples, and had himself appointed nominator of the new pope; and so elected himself. Sismondi without a word quietly rejects all this, and contents himself with saying, that he was chosen by the unanimous suffrages of all the cardinals. So much for the authority of Ferretti —*at present*—so much for the fairness of M. Sismondi, in referring to authorities. Of this, too, more anon.

The first question which may reasonably be asked, is, "Did Cardinal Cajetan use any unfair arts to induce Pope Celestine to resign?" The second is; "If he used legitimate means, was he not fully justified in doing so?" We premise, that what Sismondi says

regarding the pope's being purposely misled by Cardinal Benedict, is a pure conjecture or invention of his own. We proceed therefore to answer our queries.

1. We say, then, that the most accredited writers of the times do not warrant us in attributing the resignation to this cardinal, or at least, to him more than others, or otherwise than as the organ of the general opinion. Ptolomæus Lucensis, the confessor of St. Thomas Aquinas, who exhibits no partiality for Boniface, gives the history as an eye-witness. He tells us, in general terms, that in consequence of the pope's conduct, the Sacred College suggested to him to resign, that grievous mischief might be avoided. "Hoc igitur percipientes *quidam de collegio* jam incipiunt querelari, et Ecclesiæ fluctuationem attendere, ac etiam eidem pontifici insinuare sub prætextu suæ sanctitatis, quantum sibi periculum imminebat . . . . . Vadens igitur illuc to [Naples] *multum stimulatur ab aliquibus cardinalibus* quod papatui cedat, quia Ecclesia Romana sub ipso periclitabatur, et sub eo confundebatur: quibus stimulis concitatur Sanctus Pater."[i] Again: "Hoc autem non obstante, *adhuc aliqui cardinales* mordaciter infestant, quod in periculum animæ suæ papatum detinebat, propter inconvenientia et mala, quæ sequebantur ex suo regimine."[k]

Another contemporary historian, and even eye-wit-

[i] Ptol. Luc. Hist. Eccles. ap. Murat. Rerum Italicarum Scriptores, tom. xi. lib. xxiv. c. 22, p. 1200.

[k] Ibid. cap. 23. Raynaldus, in his continuation of Baronius, quotes a passage from this chapter, which does not occur in the published work. Muratori was its first editor. In this passage Cardinal Cajetan is mentioned by name. It is as follows:—"Dominus Benedictus *cum aliquibus cardinalibus* Cælestino persuadet ut officio cedat, quia propter suam simplicitatem, licet sanctus vir et vitæ magni foret exempli, sæpius diversis confundebatur Ecclesiæ, in gratiis faciendis et in regimine orbis."

ness of the transactions of the papal court, James Cardinal of St. George in Velabro, known also by the name of Stephanesius, has left us a long poem, with a prose introduction, on the resignation of Celestine, and another on the coronation of Boniface. He tells us, in his Introduction, that what he wrote he knew, had seen, and touched with his own hands; for he thus speaks of himself: "Scito, qui noscere desideras, hunc quidem [esse] qui ex veridica re, veluti præsens, videns, ministrans, palpans, et audiens, notusque pontifici [Cælestino] quin pontificibus carus, impactam compegit metrisque refudit historiam."[l] Moreover, the cardinal shows himself particularly attached to Celestine while living, and devout to him after death, as he composed the prayers and responsories for his office.[m] His prose account of Celestine's resignation is very brief. It is as follows: "Against the will and dissuasions of some, and particularly of the brethren of his institute [the Celestine monks founded by him,] and in spite of their opposition, so soon as he learnt that he might, he showed that he was willing to resign. For in the month of December, on the feast of St. Lucy, virgin, when the report of his abdication had died away, he resigned the honours and burthens of the papacy into the hands of the Sacred College. This resignation, the senate of cardinals, astonished at so wonderful an event, received with great veneration, and shedding many tears."[n] But in his poem he goes much more into particulars. He tells us, therefore, that Celestine, conscious of his own incapacity, and finding himself unable to retire, as he desired, into an artificial solitude in his palace, began seriously and with tears, to consider, whether he might

[l] R. I. S. tom. iii. p. 614.

[m] P. 615. See the office, p. 668.

[n] Ib. p. 616.

not put an end to his anxieties, by retiring from the dignity which caused them. This, he tells us, he learnt from Celestine himself, after his resignation.[o] While meditating upon this scheme, he took up a little book, in which he used to find some instruction during his eremitical life, being, by the description, a collection of principles of canon law, adapted for religious men.[p] In this he found that a person holding office was at liberty, for just reasons, to resign it; and arguing upon these premises, concluded that he ought to enjoy the same right. One objection alone presented itself: every one else could resign into his superior's hands, but the pope had no superior. To solve this difficulty, he called in the advice of a friend.[q] Perhaps this friend was Cardinal Cajetan; in fact this seems to us most probable. Now he, upon being interrogated, first objected to the pope's proposal, and attempted to dissuade him, against his own conviction of the expediency of abdication.[r] He then added, that if there

[o] Vitæ S. Cælestini V. lib. iii. cap. iii. p. 638.

"Cesserat angustum regalis culminis aulæ
In latus, et meditans sibimet lacrymabilis inquit,
(*Ut nos viva Patris docuit vox*)."

The author's own gloss adds: "Scilicet auctorem operis: *nam oretenus sibi dixit quæ sequuntur*, post cessionem tamen."

[p] "—— Juris nonnulla docens, excepta labore
Arteve prudentum."—P. 638.

[q] "Sed jubet acciri coram, cui fatur, amicum." The gloss: "Amicus ille quem Cælestinus consulebat."—Ibid.

[r] "Ille tamen cautus mentem simulare coëgit:
Cur, Pater, his opus est? Quænam cunctatio curam
Ingerit? Optatis obsiste gravare quietem."—Ibid.

A critical humour has come over us, and, though perhaps the passage may not be thought sufficiently classical to deserve the trouble, we will e'en indulge in it. The verse immediately following these words is thus given by Muratori:—

"Hæc præter fundata, Pater, curanda per orbem."

was sufficient cause, he no doubt *could* resign his dignity. "That is enough," the holy pontiff replied; "of the sufficiency of the cause *I* am the proper judge." He then called another counsellor,[s] and received the same assurance. His mind was thus made up. Now, taking it for granted that the friend called in by Celestine was Cardinal Cajetan, how different is this narrative, by an eye-witness, from the statements of M. Sismondi and others! We learn that the pope was the first to think of resignation; and this fact our poet assures us he had from the pope's own mouth; and he relates the circumstance of the book, not mentioned by other historians,—one most natural, and unlike a mere invention. Then Cardinal Benedict is called in, and, instead of urging him forward, concealing his own thoughts (which we willingly grant were in favour of resignation), en-

The meaning of this is anything but clear. However, it happens that the third word is a conjectural emendation for *funda*, which, besides making no more sense than the substituted word, left the verse short of a syllable. But Rubeus (John Ross), in his "Bonifacius VIII.," Rome, 1651, quotes the passage from another manuscript no doubt correctly: "Hæc *præterfienda* Pater." Though the word is certainly not classical, it makes both sense and metre; and any one acquainted with the cursive character of that day, will easily understand how *fienda* could be turned into *funda*, and so suggest the necessity of Papebroke's emendation. But what are we to make of the rest of the line? Nothing, we fear, unless we take a liberty such as the editor has had to take with more than twenty places in the chapter. For the text of this poem is most corrupt. We propose, therefore, to read—

"Hæc præterfienda, Pater venerande per orbem."

The word which we amend would be written *vēerande*, and in the close character of the age would easily be altered into the present reading.

[s] "—— Vocat inde alium quo firmius esset
Consilium. Firmabat idem. Gaudebat anhelus
Presbyter altipotens, statuens in corde relatum."—P. 639.

deavours to dissuade him, but gives such information as confirms the mind of the pontiff; who, however, seeks further advice. Whatever, therefore, may have been the sentiments of Cardinal Cajetan, as to the propriety of the pope's resignation (which, we have no hesitation in saying, *ought* to have been in its favour), there is no appearance here of the base arts by which he is asserted to have raised the idea in Celestine's mind. And surely the statements of one who relates what he saw himself, or, where he speaks of another's motives and acts, what he heard from his mouth, deserved some notice at least—even if only to warn readers that there was such a narrative.

Another contemporary writer confirms one part of Cardinal James's account, that Benedict endeavoured to dissuade Celestine from resigning. Blessed Egidius Colonna, the disciple of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the particular friend of Pope Celestine and of Philip of France, in his work *De Renuntiatione Papæ*, writes: "Comprobari posse ex pluribus nunc viventibus, Dominum Bonifacium Papam VIII., tunc in Minoribus agentem, et cardinalem tunc existentem persuasisse Domino Cælestino, quod non renuntiaret; quia sufficiebat collegio, quod nomen suæ sanctitatis invocaretur super eos, et pluribus audientibus hoc factum fuit.[t]"

If it be said, that so far we have only the testimony of friends, we may ask, in reply, Is not the testimony of friends on the spot, at least as good as that of enemies at a distance? But we will remove this difficulty, by giving that of one who cannot be suspected of partiality for Boniface, and who yet had the most satisfactory means of information. We allude to the anonymous author of St. Celestine's life, preserved in MS. in the secret archives of the Vatican, to which a

[t] Cap. xxiii.

slight reference is made by Rubeus,[u] but which we have diligently transcribed, with reference to this matter. The title of the work runs thus:—*Incipit de continua conversatione ejus* [*Cælestini*] *quæ quidam suus scripsit devotus.* Throughout his work the author shows himself intimately acquainted with the movements and thoughts of Celestine, to such an extent, that we must suppose him to have been one of his intimate companions. He thus relates the circumstances of his resignation. "Adveniente vero quadragesima S. Martini papa ille sanctus decrevit solus manere et orationi vacare, feceratque sibi cellam ligneam intra cameram fieri, et cepit in eadem solus manere, sicut ante facere consueverat." This construction of a cell in the palace is mentioned by Cardinal Stephanesius,[x] Vegius,[y] and other writers; the first of whom complains of Celestine's hiding himself in it from the duties of his station. His disciple thus proceeds:—"Et sic eodem ibi permanente, *cepit cogitare de onere quod portabat, et quo modo posset illud abjicere absque periculo et discrimine suæ animæ. Ad hos suos cogitatus advocavit unum sagacissimum atque probatissimum cardinalem tunc temporis Dominum Benedictum,* qui ut hoc audivit gavisus est nimium, et respondit ei dicens quod posset libere, et dedit eidem exemplum aliquorum pontificum, qualiter olim renuntiaverunt. *Hoc illo audito quod posset papatui libere renuntiare, ita in hoc firmavit cor suum, quod nullus illum ab illo potuit removere.*" So far the individual friend and disciple of Celestine confirms all that we have learnt from other contemporary writers: first, that his resignation was not suggested even by Cardinal Benedict, still less procured by un-

[u] Bonif. VIII. p. 13. [x] Ubi sup. p. 638.
[y] Apud Rub. p. 11.

worthy arts, but was the result of his own reflections; secondly, that Cardinal Benedict was called in by him as his counsellor, and *only* answered him with regard to his *right* to resign. The allusion, in the passage just quoted, to previous cases of resignation is explained by the constitution which he published on the subject,[z] and which his successor included in the sixth book of Decretals,[a] as well as by St. Antoninus, to refer to the supposed resignation of Pope Clement I. in favour of St. Linus. Our biographer then proceeds to give the account of a procession which took place, upon a rumour of this intention of the pope's getting abroad. Of this likewise we have an account from Cardinal Stephanesius, and another still more detailed from Ptolemæus Lucensis, who tells us that he was in it.[b] Many bishops, and all the clergy, at the king's desire, he tells us, were there. Arrived at the Castel Nuovo, where the pope resided, "we called out," he continues, "in the usual form, for his blessing." The pope, out of respect for the procession, came to the

[z] We will give the account of this Constitution in the quaint phrase of Paolino di Piero, in his "Cronica," published by Muratori, R. I. S., tom. ii. p. 48.

"In quello anno quello Celestino Papa andò a Napoli: e daddovero egli era uomo molto santo e religioso e di buona vita, e lo Re Carlo li fere grande onore, e ricevettelo graziosamente. Questo feze una nuova Decretale di nuovo, che mai infino a lui non era essuta, che fece che ogne Papa d' allora innanzi potesse rinunziare il Papato per utilità dell' anima sua; e quando egli ebbe questo decreto fatto e fermo, ed approvato per li suoi compagni . . . . . in presenza dei cardinali si depuose il manto, e rinunziò la Signoria e 'l Papato, e fecene fare carta," &c.

[a] Cap. Quoniam de Renunciat. Sanct. Antonin. ap. Raynald. ad an. 1295, tom. iv. p. 155, ed. Mansi.

[b] "Quod cum perpendisset rex et clerus, mandat fieri processionem a majori ecclesia usque ad Regis Castrum, cui processioni ego interfui."—H. E. ubi sup. p. 1201.

window with three bishops. After the papal benediction, one of the bishops of the procession came forward, and in a loud trumpet-voice (*voce altissimâ et tubali*), so that all in the square heard him, entreated him not to resign. He replied, through one of his attendant bishops, that he would not do so, unless further reasons urged his conscience. Whereupon the bishop intoned the *Te Deum*, "in the name of the king and kingdom."[c] After relating this event, Celestine's anonymous biographer thus continues:—"Audiens et videns idem papa tantam pietatem omnium qui aderant, distulit illam voluntatem: *sed a proposito concepto nunquam recessit, nec fletibus, nec clamoribus, nec etiam rogaminibus;* sed conticuit ad tempus fere octo diebus, ut non molestaretur, et sic per istam sufferentiam omnes credebant illum ab ipso penituisse proposito. Sed infra octo dies,[d] convocavit ad se istum quem prædiximus Cardinalem Dominum Benedictum, et fecit se doceri et scribi totam renuntiationem, qualiter et quo modo facere debebat."[e] Thus we have a perfect accordance between all persons on the spot, and persons who in two instances had the account from Celestine himself, completely at variance with that which Sismondi prefers.

But this true view of Celestine's resignation is further confirmed on every side. Even Villani does not suppose Boniface to have been the first to suggest it, but makes him come in, after Celestine has himself conceived the idea.[f] Nay, strange to say, Ferretti of

[c] Ibid.

[d] This again agrees with Ptolemy's account, that the procession took place about the feast of St. Nicholas, the 6th of December; the resignation took place on the 13th.

[e] Cod. Archiv. Vat. Arm. xii. cap. i. No. 1.

[f] "Questi (Messer Benedetto Guatani d'Alagna) si mise d'inanzi al santo padre *sentendo* ch' egli avea voglia di rinunciare il papato,

Vicenza, Sismondi's best ally, agrees in this same view.[g] Amalric Augerius, a bitter foe to Boniface, does not hint at his having a hand in the resignation, but attributes it entirely to Celestine's own feelings.[h] Other authorities will be given later, but there is one which we cannot forbear quoting. It is that of Petrarch, who may justly be placed as a set-off to the accusations of Dante. In his book, *De Vita Solitaria*, he censures the poet for attributing the resignation of St. Peter Celestine to baseness or cowardice; and proves at length the noble and sublime character of the act. He then proceeds: "I return to Celestine, whose joyful and spontaneous descent, showed how painful and unwilling his ascent had been. *I have heard persons who saw it, relate*, that he fled with such joy, bearing in his eyes and on his brow such marks of spiritual gladness, when he retired from the consistory—now restored to himself and free, that he seemed as though he had withdrawn, not merely his shoulder from a mild yoke, but his neck from the fatal axe; and that his countenance was radiant with an angelic brightness.[i]"

Such then is, we may say, the unanimous testimony of all who had immediate opportunities of knowing the facts. All concur in freeing Celestine's successor from any suspicion of having forced him, by any unworthy arts, into a resignation. There are, however, one or two minor points in Sismondi's narrative which deserve animadversion, as further evidences of his

dicendoli che facesse una nuova decretale," &c.—Istorie Fiorentine, lib. viii. c. 5, tom. iv., Milan, 1802, p. 11.

[g] Ubi sup. p. 966.

[h] "Item quod cum ipse Cælestinus postea attendisset ipsum non esse idoneum ad regendum hujusmodi papatum .... idcirco," &c.—Vitæ Roman. Pontif. R. I. S. tom. iii. part ii. p. 434.

[i] De Vita Solitaria, lib. ii. sec. iii. cap. 18.

unfairness. He tells us that Boniface first tried to gain the favour of the king of Naples, by making him the most unbounded offers of service, if he would procure him the papacy; and that, having deceived the king into a promise of his friends' votes, he began to employ his arts upon Celestine to induce him to resign. Now surely, independent of the untruth of the latter portion of this statement, the whole story at once strikes one as incredible. Cardinal Benedict and Charles were, according to Sismondi, declared enemies, owing to a severe reproof given by the former to the latter, on his interfering in matters of the conclave at Perugia.[k] At the same time Celestine was the king's subject and devoted friend, had granted him everything he had asked for, and had even, to please him, transferred the papal court to Naples. Charles, according to M. Sismondi, "had acquired the greatest influence over the mind of Celestine."[l] Now, we ask, is it credible that this Cardinal Cajetan, whom Sismondi represents as the haughtiest and most unbending, in his arrogance, of men, would have condescended to court the favour of his enemy? Or is it not still less credible that he, who was at the same time the most wary, or as his enemies would say, the most astute of statesmen, would think of applying to such an enemy, to assist him in removing from power, to make place for himself, one whose mind that enemy ruled, and of whose friendship he was sure? But this is not the worst. The only historian who records the interview between Cardinal Benedict and Charles, adopted by Sismondi, is Giovanni Villani, and to him the modern historian refers as his authority; but mark in what manner! The Florentine puts the conference *after*

[k] Ptolem. Lucens. ubi sup. cap. xxxi. p. 1200; Sismondi, p. 81.

[l] Page 79.

Celestine's resignation, when the king's influence over his mind could be of no further avail, and when he might be supposed ready to listen to overtures, from one so likely to be his successor. But Sismondi makes no difficulty in adopting the story, but arbitrarily changing its date, and placing it anterior to the resignation. This, of course, materially affects the character of Boniface. For, to have solicited suffrages for the vacant papacy would not have borne the same stamp of baseness, as to do so before removing its occupier. For this change Sismondi gives two reasons. First, "it is not likely the cardinal would urge the pope to resign, till he had secured his own succession." We have seen that the resignation was not the result of any such malicious plot as this supposes; we have seen how improbable such a course as this attempt to gain Charles was, in such a man as Boniface. "It is not likely," must be taken with the additional salvo of "in the fictitious character of this pope, wherewith it has pleased Sismondi to amuse his readers." Secondly, an interview after the resignation "was not possible, because the cardinals were then rigidly shut up in conclave."[m] Even this is not correct. The cardinals did not go into conclave till ten days after the resignation, and only remained in it one day; for at the first meeting they elected Boniface.[n] But if M. Sismondi will have it that Villani's account cannot be placed *after* the papal chair had been vacated, to which we willingly accede, though not for *his* two reasons, we have no hesitation in saying that it could not have taken place *before* that event. For, from the account,

[m] Page 82, note.

[n] "—— Excusso bis quino lumine Phœbi
Carcere clauduntur."
Stephanes, De Elect. Bonif. VIII., ubi sup. p. 642.

already quoted, of Ptolemy of Lucca, an eye-witness, we see that King Charles sent a procession of bishops and clergy on the 6th of December to entreat Celestine not to resign. And his faithful disciple and companion assures us, that between this time and the eve of his resignation, he perfectly concealed his intention. How can we reconcile this anxiety of the king, to prevent the vacancy of the see, with a plot to dispossess its occupier; or how can his understanding with Boniface be consistent with total ignorance, to the end, of any intention on Celestine's part to resign? But further than this, Cardinal Stephanesius, an eye-witness, informs us, that Charles showed himself bitterly disappointed at the election of Boniface, which was completely contrary to his expectations.[o] Such is M. Sismondi's way of using his authorities.

As we are on this subject, we may as well mention another instance of this practice of our historian. As a proof of Boniface's arrogance, he relates a well-known tale, of the archbishop of Genoa, Porchetto Spinola, presenting himself for ashes on Ash-Wednesday, and the pope's violently throwing the ashes into his eyes, exclaiming, "Memento quia Ghibellinus es, et cum Ghibellinis tuis in pulverem reverteris." For this story authorities are not wanting. For instance, George Stella, in his *Genoese Annals*, relates it.[p] But Sismondi prefers referring his readers to a better-known name; to wit, the learned Muratori, who could not be supposed to sanction the tale, so injurious

[o] "—— Caroli spes cepta precando
Defecit, miserante Deo. Sunt ista relatu
Digna, quod et patri nec non sibi præstita noscens
Munera ab Ecclesia, vultus avertit et ora."
De Elect. Bonif. ubi sup. p. 642.

[p] Georgii Stellæ Annales Genuenses, lib. ii. R. I. S. tom. xvii. p. 1019.

to the character of the pope, without being convinced of its truth.[q] Would the reader expect that Muratori, in the place referred to, rejects it as a fable? Yet so it is![r]

2. We come now to our second query: "If Cardinal Benedict used legitimate means to induce the pope to resign, was he not fully justified in doing so?"

We have shown that this cardinal used no unfair arts to bring about the resignation of Celestine; but we fully admit that when called in to give his advice, he followed, in the first instance, the natural impulse of any honourable mind, by endeavouring to calm the pope's uneasiness, and dissuade him; but afterwards showed him that it was in his power to lay down his burthen. Moreover, we have no difficulty in admitting, that his own views were (with those of the Sacred College) in favour of the resignation. For attributing a particular ambition to him beyond others, in his sentiments and motives, we have only the warrant of the fact, that he was Celestine's successor. Whoever gains by another's loss will be surely suspected, by his enemies, of having procured this. The inference is not correct; but, unfortunately, in a corrupt world, it is natural. We do not pretend to pry into Boniface's heart: we do not maintain him to have been exempt from those secret and lurking feelings, which subtlely seek for self, under the cover of public good. But two things strike us as worthy of remark. First, if Cardinal Cajetan was so deeply ambitious, and so clever withal, as to set his heart upon the papacy while in

[q] Page 136, note (1).

[r] "Verum hoc fabulam sapit." — Præfat. in Chron. Jacobi de Voragine, R. I. S. tom. ix. p. 3.

another's possession, and resolve upon the unheard-of expedient of forcing him to resign, and to be able in a few days to secure himself the prize, when it had to be won in spite of the king's personal hostility, and with a college of cardinals just "swamped," to use the modern phrase, by an irregular creation of Neapolitan and French cardinals, how comes it that he made no attempt to gain the object of his ambition *before* Celestine's election, when all were wearied with a two years' vacancy,—when there had been no quarrel with Charles,—and when the Roman party had complete preponderance in conclave? Secondly; how are we to account for the immediateness of his election, and the unanimity of the suffrages, but on the supposition that his talents, learning, and other qualities, made him recognised by all his brethren, as the fittest for the sublime post of supreme pontiff. And if so, why either, on the one hand, attribute to the worst motives what may have been the natural consequence of obvious causes, or why, on the other hand, treat a man as more than usually ambitious — nay, as basely so, if he did feel that passion, which few men are without, though far his inferiors in abilities, in position, and in prospects? In other words, why attribute to fraud and intrigue the rise of a man of first-rate talents above his inferiors, as though this was not a usual event,—the result of a constant social law; or why make that man a monster who feels his superiority, and tries to exercise it? Not that, supposing this to be Boniface's case, we wish to justify it:—for the humility which, with the sublimest talents, seeks the lowest place, is the true characteristic of a fit holder of the highest. But we are not seeking to make him out a saint—we are only striving

to vindicate him from foul imputation. Let us, therefore, even grant that he *was* ambitious; our only conclusion must be, that he was, like ourselves, a frail and peccable man.

But to return to our question; we will content ourselves with giving the account of St. Celestine's proceedings during his short pontificate, extracted chiefly from contemporary authors. Thus writes James, archbishop of Genoa, at that time. After telling us that Celestine created at once twelve cardinals "in the fulness of his power," and then one more, contrary to all forms and usages, "in the fulness of his simplicity," he proceeds: "Dabat enim dignitates, prælaturas, officia et beneficia, in quibus non sequebatur curiæ consuetudinem, sed potius quorumdam suggestionem, et suam rudem simplicitatem. Multa quoque alia faciebat, in quibus non sequebatur præcedentium patrum vestigia, nec eorum statuta. Et quamvis non ex malitia, sed ex quadam simplicitate hæc faceret, tamen in magnum ecclesiæ prejudicium redundabant. Quocirca ipse videns suam insufficientiam et inexperientiam, salubri ductus consilio, constitutionem fecit," &c.[s] The cardinal of St. George enumerates these and other evils. He compelled the monks of Monte Casino to put on the habit of his own order; he created in one day twelve cardinals; seven French, not one belonging to the papal state.[t] He tells us that the entire list was made out by Charles; that on the day preceding the nomination, no one knew of the in-

[s] Chronic. Jamense, R. I. S. tom. ix. p. 54. Franciscus Pipinus has nearly the same words, Chronic. ib. p. 735. He attributes the resignation, however, in part to Boniface, but only from report: "ut nonnulli referunt."

[t] To this, in no small part, may be attributed the translation of the Papal see immediately after to Avignon.

tended creation, which was quite unexpected. Again, he writes,—

> "O quam multiplices indocta potentia formas
> Edidit, indulgens, donans, faciensque recessu,
> Atque vacaturas concedens atque vacantes."[u]

Another grievance (in which we do not agree with the cardinal) was his reviving the severe constitution of Gregory X., respecting inclosure in conclave, which his successor Boniface confirmed. Ptolemæus Lucensis, who, as we before said, was no friend of Boniface's, thus describes Celestine's administration, after having passed a high eulogium on his virtue: "However, he was often deceived by his officers, with regard to favours granted, of which he could have no cognizance, as well through the powerlessness of old age (for he was in a state of decrepitude), as through his inexperience of government, with regard to frauds and the tricks of men, in which the curials are much versed. Hence the same favours were found to have been granted to two, or three, or more persons, even on blank but sealed parchments."[x]

The *Milanese Annals* thus speak of him: "Plura alia faciebat quæ in magnum scandalum Ecclesiæ redundabant. Qui videns suam insufficientiam decretum edidit . . . . . et post pauca papatui renunciavit."[y] It would be easy to multiply testimonies; but these will suffice, to prove the unfitness of Celestine for the sublime office and dignity to which he had been raised, entirely through the fame of his virtue, — fitter for a desert than for the Apostolic See,—by persons who had

[u] Ubi sup. p. 639.

[x] Ubi sup. p. 1200. The last clause, we suppose, means that his seal was procured by his officers for blank deeds, which they fraudulently filled up.

[y] Annales Mediolan. R. I. S. tom. xvi. p. 683.

never seen him, and, with the exception of the cardinal who proposed him, and who died before the pope's coronation, knew nothing of his qualifications beyond the austere holiness of his life.

There are two points which we must briefly touch upon, because they confute some erroneous views of modern historians. One is the grievous thraldom which he nearly brought upon the Church, by transferring the residence of the Roman court to Naples, at the instigation of Charles, and creating cardinals to any amount which the king chose, — showing himself in every way his subject. This was indeed a serious evil, and one to warrant his advisers in recommending him to resign a power, which he could so easily be induced to sacrifice, or rather to betray. But at the same time, what a confutation we have here of Sismondi's most unsupported and most unwarrantable insinuation, — that Celestine probably committed so many mistakes, only because his perfidious adviser purposely led him into them! Can we imagine a prudent and sagacious man, like Boniface, trying to dispossess another of power, by advising him to strengthen the arm and influence of his own enemies? Had Boniface, who was a decided *Roman* in every respect, guided Celestine in everything, from the beginning, as Sismondi would have us believe, surely he would have induced him to go to Rome, and not to Naples; he would have filled the Sacred College with his own friends, and not with the subjects and creatures of the party hostile to him. The second point is, that Celestine threatened great mischief to religion by the liberality with which he scattered spiritual favours, particularly indulgences. Hence, almost the very first act of Boniface was to recall one most ample concession of this character, in favour of the church

of our Lady de Collimadio, near Aquila,[z] and to suspend all other such grants, till further examined.[a] Now let us hear Mosheim tell us, that "the austerity of his manners, which was a tacit reproach upon the corruption of the Roman court, and more especially upon the luxury of the cardinals, rendered him extremely disagreeable to a degenerate and licentious clergy; and this dislike was so heightened by the whole course of his administration (which showed that he had more at heart the reformation and purity of the Church, than the increase of its opulence and the propagation of its authority), that he was almost universally considered unworthy of the pontificate."[b] This is really too bad! Not only is this description void of the slightest contemporary authority, nay in stark contradiction to every such authority, but it is in direct opposition with the principles of the writer. For surely, as a Lutheran, he could not consistently hold the lavish concession of *indulgences* to be the best way of advancing "the *reformation* and purity of the Church." Yet this liberality is particularly characteristic of Celestine's government.

In conclusion of this portion of our subject, we will quote Sismondi himself as sufficient authority for our position, that Cardinal Benedict had sufficient grounds for counselling Celestine to abdicate, if he used only legitimate means for the purpose. "Bientôt," he writes, "Célestin donna des preuves plus éclatantes encore de son absolue incapacité pour gouverner l'Eglise."[c] Surely absolute incapacity for an office, makes it matter of conscience to resign it. Hence the

[z] Raynaldus observes that the grant was made quite in an unusual form.—Annal. ad an. 1294, p. 145.

[a] Regest. Bonif. VIII., in Arch. Vat. Epp. 75 et 120.

[b] Ubi sup. p. 367.

[c] Ubi sup

best friends of Celestine considered his resignation to be the result of a divine inspiration, approved by miracles, and by prophecy, through his announcing to Benedict that he should succeed him. To avoid further prolixity, we will only quote his anonymous friend and biographer before referred to; who having related the miracles wrought in ratification of the abdication, thus continues: "Post hæc collegerunt se cardinales ad electionem alterius papæ, et ille qui esse debebat hic vir sanctus [Celestine] prædixit et intimavit Domino Thomæ quem ipse fecerat cardinalem, et Domino Benedicto qui fuit electus in papam. Electo igitur papa illo videlicet quem pater sanctus prædixerat, statim ad illum introivit, et ejus pedes osculatus est."[d]

Every little circumstance connected with Boniface's accession to the pontifical throne is made matter for carping censure. Thus, when he rode in procession at his coronation, a modern publication quotes it as a proof of his pride, that two kings (Charles of Naples, and his son, called the king of Hungary) walked by his stirrups.[e] Now it so happens that Celestine, whose humility Protestant historians extol beyond their wont, that so they may the better depress Boniface, though he would only, on a similar occasion, ride on an ass, was attended by the same princes;[f] who in fact came as feudatories of the Holy See, as well as to pay a willing homage to the successor of St. Peter.[g]

It is not necessary to enter into a detailed explanation of Boniface's conduct towards his predecessor.

[d] Fol. 41. [e] Rees's Encycl. "Bonif. VIII."

[f] "Intumidus vilem Murro conscendit asellum,
Regum frœna manu dextra lævaque regente."
Stephan. p. 634. See also Raynaldus.

[g] "Hi reges sociare patrem venere volentes;
Jure tamen; nam sceptra tenet vassallus ab ipso
In feudum Siculus."—De com. Bonif. ib. p. 650.

The account in Sismondi is indeed highly coloured, but it proves some important admissions. One is, that numbers of persons, especially in the Neapolitan territories, would not admit the lawfulness of Celestine's resignation, but would continue to consider and treat him as pope.[h] Another is, that he was an easy tool in the hands of any party, by means of which a schism might have been raised in the Church—an event not at all improbable in the actual disposition of some states; and in fact, attempted, as we shall see, by the Colonnas and France.[i] Further, we see that the holy, but weak-minded man, under the advice of his friends, repeatedly endeavoured to defeat the pope's plan of having him in Rome, and several times escaped from his conductors. The result was, that Boniface put him in a place of safety,—the castle of Fumone. Sismondi's account leads us to suppose that the good old man was treated with unnecessary rigour in his confinement. This is not correct. A feudal tower in Italy at that age was certainly at best but a comfortless tenement,

[h] Sismondi, p. 86.

[i] Dante evidently expresses this feeling as a Ghibelline, when he makes St. Peter call Boniface a usurper. George Stella, no friend of Boniface's, of whom he says, "Alti cordis, iracundus et rigidus erat idem Bonifacius" (inf. cit. p. 1020), thus gives the same reasons for Boniface's proceedings as the authors quoted in the text:—

"Is autem, dum iter ageret, sui Redemptoris exemplo, sedens asello pergebat. Tum illico summi pontificii pertæsum est: unde quia ad hæc se ut virum simplicem non sentiebat idoneum, ut quidam dicebant, vel quia cernebat amplius eremo posse mereri, constituit ut ipse, et qui simili casu forent, pontificalem possent sedem linquere. Eam liquit igitur .... et elegit in solitudinem redire suetam. Verum expertus et scientificus valde Benedictus de Anagria [Bonifacius] nuncupatus Octavus .... inhibuit ne discederet ipsum jubens custodire ad evitanda scandala, si a quibusdam idem Cælestinus iterum haberetur in papam."—Georgii Stellæ Annales Gen. R. I. S. tom. xvii. p. 1026.

and so far the confinement was rigorous. But we must judge by the feelings of that age, and not by our own. Ptolemy of Lucca thus writes:—"Sed Bonifacius post ipsum nuntios seu veredarios transmittit ad ipsum detinendum, et inventum ipsum reducunt, et in custodia ponitur et tenetur, pro cavendo scandalo Romanæ Ecclesiæ, quia apud aliquos dubitabatur an cedere potuisset, et sic poterat schisma in Ecclesia generari. *Tentus igitur in custodia non quidem libera, honesta tamen*, in castro ut dicunt Fumonis .... moritur."[k] Giovanni Villani gives a similar account, which we must needs give in his own rich and racy Italian, merely assuring the Cisalpine reader, that its sense coincides very accurately with our last quotation, respecting the motives which induced Boniface to secure the person of Celestine, and the character of his "courteous custody."—"Ma poi il suo successore messer Benedetto Guatani detto di sopra, il quale fu dopo lui chiamato Papa Bonifazio si dice e fu vero, che fece pigliare il detto Celestino alla montagna di santo Angelo . . . ove s' era ridotto a fare penitenza, e chi disse che ne volea andare in Schiavonia; e privatamente nella rocca di Fumone in Campagna *il fece tenere in cortese prigione*, acciò che lui vivendo non si potesse opporre alla sua elezione, però che molti Cristiani teneano Celestino per diritto e vero papa, non ostante la sua rinunzia, opponendo che sì fatta dignità come il papato, per niuno decreto si potea rinunziare, e perchè santo Clemente rifiutasse la prima volta il papato i fedeli il pur teneano per padre, e convenne pure che poi fosse papa dopo santo Cleto."[l]

The cardinal of St. George goes even further than this; and assures us that, on the one hand, Boniface received and addressed Celestine with kindness, and

[k] Ubi sup. p. 1202.

[l] Ubi sup. p. 12.

offered him every comfort in the place chosen for his custody; but that the holy hermit declined any such alleviation, and preferred leading a penitential and eremitical life in his prison. "Post aliquid spatii, eumdem quondam Cælestinum, ad Græciæ remotas tendentem plagas, ut littoribus Vestiæ civitatis maris Adriatici inventum forte comperit (quatenus orbis sui Ecclesiæque discrimina vitaret) solemnioribus a se Siciliæque Carolo II. rege transmissis nuntiis consentientem, Anagniam meare facit, *blande suscipit*, laudemque exhibuit acquiescenti Præsulis monitis castro Fumonis Campaniæ provinciæ morari. Ubi assuetam sicut prius vitam agens eremiticam, *nolens laxioribus quibus poterat uti*, ... mortem vitæ commutavit."[m] In his metrical account he is even more explicit, but repeats the same account of the kind reception given by Boniface, and the offers of every comfort declined by Celestine.[n]

Without once deigning to allude to these or other similar authorities, M. Sismondi, by way of justifying the account which he gives of the severity of Celestine's imprisonment, says in a note: "Ce récit est tiré d'une vie de Célestin V., par Pierre de Aliaco, cardinal, *son contemporain*." It is not perhaps easy accurately to define what degree of proximity in time constitutes historical contemporaneousness. But we think that our readers will hardly allow the term to be applied to persons, one of whom was born fifty years after the other's death. Now Celestine died in 1296, and Cardinal Peter D'Ailly, or De Alliaco, was born in 1350, and took his degree in 1380. His life of Celestine was therefore probably written nearly a hundred years after his death, and its author could not have either personal cognizance or direct testimony of eye-

[m] P. 616.

[n] P. 658.

witnesses, for a single fact in his narrative. Moreover, he lived always in France, and belonged to the party hostile to Boniface's memory — the Gallican party. But the authors whom we have quoted, but whom the French historian does not allude to, were truly contemporaries, living at the time, in the place, and having personal knowledge of facts. Why is the former preferred? Simply, we are bound to answer, *because* he is unfavourable to Boniface; because the unfavourable view is more *piquant*, more romantic, more highly flavoured for the palate of such readers as historians like M. Sismondi cater for. Even Mr. Hallam allows himself to be turned aside from true historical dignity and impartiality, by the temptation of such fare. For instance, he relates a story of Boniface's appearing at the Jubilee clad in imperial robes, and wearing a diadem on his head, adding the caution, "if we may credit some historians," and acknowledging in a note that he has "not observed any good authority referred to for the fact." Yet he says he is inclined to believe it, because "it is in the character of Boniface!"[o] Such, alas! is too often modern history. The very historian whose duty it is to hold the impartial balance between opinions, admitting no weight into either scale, save sound evidence, is tempted to embrace an opinion, because in harmony with a view of character which he has taken, or formed upon the very evidence of such spurious tales. The enemies of Boniface pronounced him proud, haughty, and disdainful, *because* he did such acts as this tale supposes. These are found untenable on historical evidence, but the false character which they have bestowed is no less kept up—and then the facts themselves are admitted upon it.

[o] Europe during the Middle Ages, 3rd ed. vol. ii. p. 322.

II. Hitherto we have been engaged with the commencement of Boniface's pontificate. Gladly would we transcribe for our readers the magnificent declaration of doctrine which he laid upon the high altar of St. Peter's basilica, on the day of his coronation. But we must pass it by, only referring such as wish to see it, to the learned continuator of Baronius.[p] To him likewise we send such as wish to be fully instructed in the great public transactions of Boniface's pontificate. In the documents so carefully given by him, they will find ample materials for correcting the erroneous views too commonly given of the pope's treatment of other nations. They will find, for instance, that the whole of his negotiations, and the exercise of his influence and power were directed, not to the sowing of dissensions, the excitement of feuds, or the kindling of war; but to the pacification of Europe, the succour of oppressed princes and prelates, and the adjustment of differences between contending states. He had not been many days upon the throne before he at once turned his attention to the wants of every part, from Sweden to Sicily and from Spain to Tartary. The vigour displayed by him in all his measures, his efforts to gain by mild persuasions, and, when these failed, by energetic steps, appear in every page of his *Register*, and may be traced in the documents extracted from them by the diligence of Raynaldus. We could hope to add but little to what he has collected; though we would willingly go into some of the principal occurrences of the pontificate, especially the transactions of Sicily. However, we have undertaken to treat principally of the personal character and conduct of Boniface; and we therefore hasten on to a part of his life which has been more especially mis-

[p] Raynaldus, tom. xiii. p. 164.

represented; we mean the contest between the pope and the noble family of Colonna, his supposed persecution of it, the destruction of their fortress and city of Palestrina, the ancient Prænestе, and his consequent sufferings and death.

We will introduce the subject by a concise but candid analysis of Sismondi's narrative of the contest, and then proceed to examine it by documentary evidence. He tells us, therefore, that the occasion on which Pope Boniface most betrayed the violence of his character, was in this affair; the events of which he enumerates as follows:

1. There were in the Sacred College two cardinals of the illustrious house of Colonna (Peter and James), who had been opposed to the election of Boniface, and only tricked into approving of it. He cites the authority of Ferretti and Pipino. They were sufficiently powerful to be able to manifest their discontent.

2. The enmity of Boniface probably drove them to espouse the part of the kings of Sicily (Arragon); at least this was the pretext seized by him for issuing a violent decree against them, in which he deposed them from their cardinalitial dignity.

3. The Colonnas answered this violent bull by a manifesto, in which they declared that they did not recognise Boniface for pope or head of the Church; that Celestine had no right or will to abdicate, and that the election of a successor during his lifetime was necessarily null and illegitimate.

4. This manifesto increased the pope's rage; and he confirmed his former sentence, and issued a declaration of war against the Colonnas, in form of a crusade. An army was sent, under the direction of two legates, and many cities belonging to the family were taken. Palestrina, however, defied their efforts.

5. Upon this, Boniface sent ("we are assured") for the celebrated general Guido of Montefeltro, now become a Franciscan friar, to come to the siege. "He ordered him, by virtue of his vow of obedience, to examine how the town might be reduced, promising him at the same time a plenary absolution for whatever he might do or advise contrary to his conscience. Guido yielded to the solicitations of Boniface; he examined the fortifications of Palestrina, and, discovering no way of gaining possession of them by force, returned to the pope, and begged of him to absolve him still more expressly of every crime he had committed, or that he might commit in giving his advice; and when he had secured that absolution, he said: 'I see only one course; it is, to promise much and to perform little.' After having thus advised perfidious conduct, he returned to his convent."

6. Boniface, in consequence, offered to the besieged most advantageous terms; promised favour to the Colonnas, if in three days they appeared before him. The city was delivered up, but the perfidious counsel was followed.

7. The Colonnas received secret warning, that, if they appeared before Boniface, their lives would be taken; and they fled to distant countries.[q]

We really doubt whether history could match this narrative in partial and unwarranted statements. We will examine it part by part.

First, then, the whole recital of the origin of the differences between Boniface and the *Colonnesi* (as they are usually called) is quite erroneous. The two cardinals did not oppose his election; neither were they tricked into giving him their votes. Our grounds for these assertions are the following:—1. The narra-

[q] P. 136, *seqq.*

tive of Ferrettus is a mere fable, the fiction of some enemy, unsupported, or rather denied by sound testimony; in fact, Sismondi has done no more than here allude to it in general terms. 2. On the other hand, in the instrument drawn up by the cardinals Colonna, and forwarded to every part of Europe, containing their reasons for disallowing Boniface's election and right to the pontificate, though they vaguely hint at unfair practices in procuring Celestine's abdication,[r] they never once allude to any irregularity in Boniface's election. Now had such a disgraceful trick been played upon the Colonnas, as Ferrettus's narrative supposes, it would have cast serious doubts, at least in an enemy's eye, upon the validity of the nomination. This silence is surely of great weight. 3. Boniface himself, on the other hand, in his reply to the Colonna libel, declares that those very cardinals gave him their votes in the usual form, by scrutiny:—"Nec possent supradicta [acts acknowledging him for the true pope] metu proponere se fecisse, qui nos in scrutinio, more memoratæ Ecclesiæ cardinalium elegerant, et nominaverant eligendum in papam, quando de nobis timendum non erat."[s] Would Boniface have ventured to assert this (which moreover they never contradicted, either then or afterwards, in his process) to their faces, if his election had been grossly irregular, and he had not been chosen by suffrage, but had named himself pope? 4. Cardinal Stephanesius informs us that Celestine was chosen pope by *scrutiny* and *accession*,

[r] The very way in which this document speaks of these reported practices, confirms what we have written above concerning the allegations on this subject. "Item, ex eo quod in renuntiatione ipsius multæ fraudes et doli . . . . intervenisse *multipliciter asseruntur*."—Ap. Raynald. p. 227. Could enemies, who were on the spot, get no better evidence, when wanted for such a purpose?

[s] Bonif. Bulla. ap. eumd. p. 231.

the usual modes — the cardinals being wonderfully unanimous in their election.[t] 5. St. Antoninus expressly tells us that the two cardinals Colonna were among the first to give Boniface their votes.[u]

2. Did the enmity of Boniface drive them to take part with the king of Arragon? We answer that Boniface showed no such enmity. Soon after his election, he became the guest of the family, trusting himself confidently into their castle of Zagarolo, and being treated, as he himself acknowledges, with marked kindness.[x] We find also in the *Regesta* of Boniface, in the Vatican Archives, favours granted to them, in the second year of his pontificate.[y] What then was the origin of the feud, and on whose side did the fault lie? We answer, that its origin was twofold, and the blame entirely with the cardinals. According to Sismondi, the contest was one between the pope and that noble family; whereas the commencement was a family quarrel, in which appeal was made to the pope. Cardinal James Colonna had three brothers, Matthew, Otho, and Landulf, who were co-heirs with him in the vast possessions of the family. By an instrument dated April 28, 1292, preserved in the Barberini Archives, and published in an interesting, and an important work, for this portion of history,[z] these three gave up the administration and possession of all the estates to the cardinal; with an understanding of

[t] "In summum pontificem scrutinio, accessioneque eligitur."—P. 617. Vid. lib. i. cap. i. De elect. Bonif. p. 642.

[u] Chronic. ad an. 1295, pa. iii. tit. 20.

[x] "Et post electionem .... in castro tunc ipsorum, quod Zagarolum dicitur, et quod per dictum Jacobum tunc temporis tenebatur .... hospitati fuerimus, confidenter," &c.—Bonif. ubi sup. p. 231.

[y] Regest. vol. ii. No. 442. "Dispensat. Jacobo nato nobilis viri Pet. de Columna, clerico Romano."

[z] Petrini, Memorie Prenestine. Rome, 1795, 4to.

course that he was to administer for their joint benefit, though without any obligation of rendering them an account of his administration. The cardinal kept entire possession, so as to leave his brothers in absolute indigence.[a] Thereupon they appealed to the pope, who justly enough took their part, and called in vain upon their brother to do them justice. This is mentioned in the bull of deposition against the cardinal; but Sismondi never alludes to it. To read him, one would imagine the Colonnas were every way innocent, and the most wronged men on earth; and Boniface exclusively the tyrant. So far was Boniface's quarrel from being against the entire Colonna family, that one of the brothers, Landulf, was named by him a captain in the expedition against Palestrina.[b] The second source of strife was the one mentioned, with some doubt, by Sismondi, — the decided partisanship shown by the Colonnas for the house of Arragon, then at war with the pope. Our historian would naturally lead us to suppose, that Boniface's bull against them was the first step taken in their case. Now, *audi alteram partem;* let us hear the pope's own statement. He tells us that Frederick of Arragon had sent emissaries into his dominions to stir up enmity to him, and that they had met countenance and favour from the family of Colonna, and had been aided and assisted by it; that he, according to the principles of the Holy See, ever more prone to kindness and forgiveness than to severity, now strove to gain them by addressing them with fatherly kindness, now to persuade them by

[a] "Considerantes fore indignum, ut quibus de una substantia competit *æqua successio*, alii abundanter affluant, *alii paupertatis incommodis ingemiscant*, quos tamen [the cardinals] rationibus, precibus sive minis nequivimus emollire." — Bonif. Bull. ap. Rayn. p. 1297.

[b] Ap. Petrini, p. 419.

words of charitable correction:[c] and, these failing, held out to them severe threats; showing them the shaft pointed, before it was released from the bow. But nothing availed, and the pope therefore proceeded to demand, as a pledge of their fidelity, the custody of their castles, a right constantly claimed by liege lords, when having reason to doubt their vassal's faith. This they refused, and the pope had recourse to further steps, but not at once.[d]

3. The document from which we extract these public declarations of Boniface's, is the one which Sismondi calls a violent bull, and which he tells us they answered by a manifesto denying the pope's title to the papacy. He is as accurate as usual: the Colonna manifesto was issued, within a few hours, at the same

[c] "Eos studuit (Apost. sedis benigna sinceritas) nunc paternæ lenitatis dulcedine alloqui, nunc verbis charitativæ correctionis inducere."—Bonif. Bull. ap. Rayn. p. 225.

[d] Boniface never alludes to an outrage said by many contemporaries to have been committed against him by Sciarra Colonna, in waylaying and plundering the papal treasury. This silence may seem a sufficient denial of the fact; but we think it right to quote some out of many authorities in favour of its correctness:—

"Nam et ipse dicebat quod Stephanus [Sciarra] de Columna suum thesaurum fuerat deprædatus: propter quod inter ipsum Bonifacium et dictos Columnenses summa discordia extitit suscitata."—Amalricus, R. I. S. tom. iii. pt. ii. p. 435.

"In Roma fu grandissima divisione e quistione e guerra tra Papa Bonifacio VIII., e quei della Colonna, perocchè i Colonnessi rubarono un grandissimo tesoro al detto papo."—Cronica di Bologna, ib. tom. xviii. p. 301.

"Eodem anno Columnenses Romani accesserunt et derobaverunt magnum thesaurum auri et argenti Dno Papæ Bonifacio."—Chronicon Estense, ib. tom. xv. p. 344, most hostile to Boniface.

"Nobiles etiam de Columna inimicos habebat, contra quos processit, quia Stephanus de Columna ipsius papæ fuerat prædatus thesaurum."—Georgii Stellæ Annales Genuenses, lib. ii., ib. tom. xviii. p. 1020.

time as the bull; it probably had the advantage of being the first out. But we must fill up one or two important omissions of M. Sismondi. One would naturally conclude from his narrative, that the denial of the pope's rights was imagined by the Colonnas in revenge or retort for the bull. Now let us look a little at the chronology of events. Let the reader bear in mind that this document abridged by Sismondi, bears date the TENTH OF MAY, 1297. So open were the declarations of the two cardinals, uncle and nephew, against the validity of Boniface's election, before this period, that on SATURDAY, THE FOURTH of that month, the pope had sent John of Palestrina, one of his clerks of the chamber, to Cardinal Peter Colonna, summoning him to appear that very evening before him; because it was his wish to put the question to him, in the presence of the other cardinals, whether or no he held him to be true pope. The prelate conveyed the message; but the two cardinals, instead of obeying, fled, with many of their family, that night, from Rome.[e] This message the Colonnas themselves admit to have been sent to them, in their libel or manifesto.[f] Where they concealed themselves at first is not known; but this is certain, that at daybreak on THE TENTH, they were at Lunghezza, a house belonging to the Conti family, in company with the apostolic writer Giovanni da Gallicano, two friars minor, Deodato Rocci of Monte Prenestino, and the singular, and afterwards most holy, Jacopone da Todi, and a notary of Palestrina, Domenico Leonardi, who, by their order,

[e] Pierre du Puis, Histoire particulière du grand Différend entre Bonif. VIII. et Philip le Bel.—Thuan. Append. tom. vii. p. ix. p. 33.

[f] "Dicendo vos velle scire utrum sitis papa, prout in mandato per vos facto, si mandatum dici debet, per mag. Joannem de Penestre clericum cameræ continebatur expresse."—Ap. Raynald. p. 228.

wrote the manifesto, denying Boniface to be pope, which Sismondi speaks of as an answer to a bull published at Rome, twelve miles off, the same day, and probably later in the day! This libel, as contemporaries justly call it, they sent in every direction,[g] and even had affixed to the doors, and placed on the high altar, of St. Peter's Church.[h] Is it a wonder that after this bold act of defiance against Boniface's power, both spiritual and temporal, he took up both swords, and proclaimed war against his contumacious clergy and rebellious vassals? His invitations to his friends were obeyed; the neighbouring states sent him troops,[i] or seized, like the people of Forli, the castles belonging to his enemies;[k] and soon Palestrina alone remained in their possession.

4. This city had been all along the stronghold of

[g] Bernardus Guido thus writes of it:—"Deinde Domini Jacobus et Petrus de Columpna, patruus et nepos cardinales videntes contra se motum papam, libellum famosum conficiunt contra ipsum, quem ad multas partes dirigunt, asserentes in eodem ipsum non esse papam, sed solummodo Cælestinum. Unde citati a Bonif. Papa non duxerunt comparendum, et facti sunt contumaces."—R. I. S. tom. iii. p. 670. This would seem to allude to some libel even prior to the summons through John of Palestrina. Amalricus Augerius thus describes it:—

"Jacobus patruus et Petrus ejus nepos de domo Columnensium tunc Ecclesiæ Romanæ cardinales contra ipsum Bonifacium quendam libellum famosum composuerunt, et ad plures et diversas partes ipsum transmiserunt, et publicari fecerunt; asserentes in ipso libello dictum Bonifacium non esse papam, sed Cælestinum Papam V., quem captum ipse detinebat."—Ibid. p. 435.

[h] Histoire, &c. ubi sup. p. 34.

[i] For instance, Florence: "Il commune di Firenze vi mandò in servigio del Papa seicento tra balestrieri e pavesari crociati con le sopransegne del commune di Firenze."—Giov. Villani, ubi sup. p. 37. Simon della Tosa Cron. sub anno 1297. Orvieto likewise, as Manenti informs us, and Matelica, did the same.—Ap. Petrini, p. 148.

[k] Annales Foroliv. R. I. S. tom. xii. p. 174.

the Colonnas, the nest in which all their treasons had been hatched, the refuge to which they could flee in security; Boniface, therefore, turned all his forces against it. On this point we have no comment to make.

5. But now comes the sad history of Guido of Montefeltro. First, let us ask, what historical authority there is for the tale of perfidy, which Sismondi with great "assurance" relates, of Guido's being at all present at the siege, or giving any such advice as he attributes to him? He quotes, indeed, three vouchers —Dante, Ferrettus, and Pipino;[1] virulent enemies of the pope. Between the narratives of the two latter there are glaring contradictions, one at least of which we shall have occasion to see; and Ferrettus, as Muratori well observes, had no better voucher or guide for this tale than the poet, whose very words he quotes. Moreover, through the whole of his narrative about Boniface, he evidently writes from hearsay and calumnious reports, using such expressions as "they say,—it is reported;" as the learned Italian critic observes. Nay it is, in truth, rather startling to find Sismondi referring for his authorities to the pages of Muratori, and never even hinting that their sagacious publisher in both places rejects, as mere fictions and calumnies, the very passages for which he refers. Thus he writes on Ferrettus:—"Quæ hic habet Ferrettus de Bonifacio VIII. et Guidone antea Montis Feretri Comite pervulgata jam sunt; eadem enim paucis ante Ferrettum annis literis consignarat Dantes Aligherius.... *Sed probrosi hujus facinoris narrationi fidem adjungere nemo probus velit*.... Ferrettus hæc a satyrico poeta ambabus manibus excepit, quippe et is ad maledicendum pronus. A quo autem fonte hauserit hic

[1] Page 140.

auctor universam ejusdem pontificis historiam, *contumeliis ubique ac pæne maledictis contextam* conjicere poteris, Lector [might he not be speaking in anticipation of a more modern work?], ab illis verbis quæ aliquando intermiscet, *dijudicant, ferunt;* ea siquidem procul dubio indicant *iniquos vulgi rumores corrupti a famosis, ut aiunt, libellis* Columnensium urbe depulsorum. Ceterum illustres ipsius virtutes, et præclare gesta enarrant coævi scriptores apud Rainaldum, quem vide."[m] Yet this author, so characterized by Muratori, is the one whom Sismondi implicitly follows, without even intimating to his readers that there exists any other account! But did Guido of Montefeltro come to the siege, or give the perfidious advice attributed to him by Dante? We see many very strong reasons for doubting,—indeed, for totally denying it. Guido of Montefeltro, whose posterity long ruled in Italy with honour, as dukes of Urbino, was renowned as a general during his life, and in the early part of his career was a powerful enemy of the Church. In 1286 he was reconciled to the Holy See,[n] and continued faithful to it; till at length, weary of the world and its vanities, he applied for permission to exchange his helmet for the cowl, and his belt for the cord of the humble St. Francis.

Father Wadding has given us the letter addressed by Boniface to the Franciscan provincial of La Marca, in which he gives his consent to the pious desire, which he considers manifestly coming from God.[o] The instrument is dated Anagni, July 23, 1296. In the month of November following, he took the habit at

[m] Note to Ferrettus, ubi sup. p. 969.

[n] Istoria Fiorentina di Giachetto Malespini, cap. ccxxviii. R. I. S. tom. viii. p. 1045.

[o] Annales Minorum, tom. v. ed. 2a, fol. 349.

Ancona. This remarkable change of life could not but powerfully strike those who witnessed it; and accordingly we find it entered into almost every contemporary chronicle. But suppose that, after a time, the friar had again been transformed into a soldier, had once more returned to the camp, and superintended the siege of Palestrina, is it not as probable, that so strange an event would have been equally noticed? And yet not one alludes to it. Wadding justly observes, that the simple statement, by grave and competent witnesses, that he persevered to his death in saintly humility and unceasing prayer, is surely to be preferred to the fictions of poets.[p] No one, we imagine, will be inclined to doubt the truth of this assertion, which refers to the statement of Marianus, and James of Perugia, a contemporary writer. We will content ourselves with giving a few extracts more from such authors, to strengthen his argument.

The Annals of Cesena thus speak of Guido: "Millmo. CCLXXXXVI die XVII Novembris, Guido Comes Montis Feretri, Dux bellorum, Fratrum Minorum est religionem ingressus. Currente MCCXCVIII die Dedicationis B. Michaelis in Civitate Anconæ est viam universæ carnis ingressus, et ibi sepultus."[q]

Ricobaldus of Ferrara simply writes, "Guido Comes de Monteferetro quondam bellorum dux strenuus abdicato sæculo Ordinem Minorum ingreditur, in quo moritur."[r] And in another work he writes of him as

[p] "At domestici testes, et serii scriptores, dicentes hominem in sancta religione et perpetua oratione reliquos vitæ dies transegisse, et quam laudabiliter obiisse, præferendi sunt poetarum commentationibus."—Ib. fol. 351.

[q] Annales Cæsenates, R. I. S. tom. xiv. p. 1114. This passage confirms the date assigned by F. Wadding, from Rubæus, to Guido's death.

[r] Compilatio Chronologica, ib. tom. ix. p. 253.

then living: "Hoc tempore Guido comes de Monteferetro, Dux bellorum strenuus, depositis honoribus sæculi, Minorum Ordinem ingressus est, ubi hodie militat in castris B. Francisci."[s]

The Bolognese Chronicles thus speak of him:—"1296. Il Conte Guido di Montefeltro, nobile e strenuo in fatti d' arme . . . . abbandonato il mondo, entrò nell' Ordine dei Frati Minori, dove finì sua vita."[t]

This silence of all chronicles on so extraordinary an event, is certainly a powerful argument against the assertions of sworn adversaries at a considerable distance from the scene. Several other considerations concur to make us still further disbelieve the latter. First, their disagreement about important circumstances. Ferrettus, for instance, makes him actually come to the siege of Palestrina, and examine the fortifications, and pronounce them impregnable; and then, as Sismondi follows him, ask, before giving his perfidious counsel, for absolution "perpetrandi criminis."[u] On the other hand, Pipino tells us that he positively refused to come, on account of his age and his religious vow, and therefore must have only sent to Boniface his base suggestion.[x] Now surely this discrepancy between the only two historians who relate the story, upon so palpable and important a fact, as whether Guido was or was not at the siege, and acted the part of a general, is fatal to the whole narrative. Secondly, the total absence of any document on the subject in Boniface's Regesta. By this name is understood the original transcript of all documents issued in a pope's

[s] Hist. Imperat. ib. p. 144.

[t] Cronica di Bologna, R. I. S. tom. xiv. p. 299.

[u] Ubi sup. p. 970.

[x] "Qui cum constantissime recusaret id se facturum, dicens se mundo renuntiasse, et jam esse grandævum, papa respondit," &c.—Ibid. p. 741.

reign, the collection of which compilations forms the bulk of the papal archives. Those of Boniface consist of immense volumes (one, we believe, to each year), in which are beautifully written on vellum every letter, rescript, or decree issued day by day, divided into two classes, the second of which is formed of what are called the Curial Letters. When we read the history of Boniface's active life, and find that, notwithstanding his constant changes of residence, every document is entered in a fair hand, without an erasure or sign of hurry, we are led to form an advantageous idea of the order and regularity of his civil and ecclesiastical administration. But then the total absence of any document relating to a supposed transaction of his reign, must be equivalent to a contradiction of its having taken place.

To come to our present case; we have found in the second volume of his Regesta, Ep. 63, a letter by which Conrad of Montefeltro *citatur ad Curiam*,—is summoned to Rome on business; and another in the Curial Epistles (No. 2), in which Guido himself is summoned to come to Rome by a certain day, that the pope might consult with him on important affairs relative to the pacification of Italy. Again we have seen that the document exists (and it is in the Regesta), naming Landulf Colonna captain in the expedition, and a similar one is there relative to Matthew Colonna, who took a like part against his family.[y] Now is it credible that not a trace should exist, in this collection, or in any other part of the papal archives, of any second summons to Guido, either directly or through his religious superiors, to come to the camp, nor any appointment of him to hold command or act as counsellor in the war? Yet it is

[y] Lib. iii. Ep. 598.

even so. Not content with our own opportunities of research, we ventured to apply to the obliging and experienced prefect of the papal archives, to have a more minute examination made. The result the learned prelate has not only kindly communicated to us in person, but given to the world in an essay just published. We extract the following, sufficient for our purpose: "What shall I say of the advice supposed to have been given by Guido of Montefeltro to the same Boniface, on the siege of Palestrina, which he refused to undertake, because, to succeed, it was necessary to commit a sin, from which, however, Boniface showed himself most ready to absolve him? This account is Dante's, a notorious Ghibelline. Requested several times by the same person to search in the Vatican archives, if any document could be there found, bearing upon the circumstance: I can pledge my honour that I have not found any such;—a certain proof that none exists. The letter, at least, by which Boniface summoned Guido to come, ought to have come under my eye; but not even of this is there any trace in the Vatican Regesta."[z] This absence of any document in such a place is, we think, conclusive evidence against the supposed occurrence. Lastly, we consider the whole a fable, because we are satisfied that no such perfidious course as the narrative supposes, was pursued.

6. For, to come to the last part of Sismondi's account of the Colonna contest, we deny that Boniface offered such terms as are described, or that the city was delivered to him under conditions which he violated, or that the Colonnas, warned that their lives were in danger, refused to come to him, but fled. Before we proceed to the confutation of this account,

[z] Diplomatica Pontificia. Rome, 1841, p. 23.

we must go a little back. After the publication of the Colonna manifesto, the heads of the family remained intrenched in Palestrina; and, on the fourth of September, it was understood that hostilities would commence. Upon this, the municipal authorities of Rome held a solemn parliament in the Capitol, and sent a deputation to Palestrina to induce the Colonnesi to humble themselves before the pope, and make full submission. They promised everything that was required, and the deputies then proceeded to Boniface at Orvieto, and interceded for them. He yielded, and promised to admit them to mercy, on condition of their delivering up their castles and persons.[a] Instead of this, they openly received into their walls, Francesco Crescenzi and Nicola Pazzi, his avowed enemies, and, in addition, some emissaries of the king of Aragon, with whom he was at war. Then, and not till then, first on the 18th of November, and again on the 14th of December, he passed his final measures for war.[b] This treaty or covenant cannot, of course, be the one of which Sismondi speaks: but we have thought it right to relate its history, to show the

[a] After recounting the course pursued by the deputies, first in regard to the Colonnas, then to himself, he thus proceeds:—"Nos igitur illius vices gerentes, qui mortem non fecit, nec delectatur in perditionem virorum, et filios . . . . . humiliter revertentes suaque recognoscentes peccata ad pœnitentiam libenter admittit, præfatis schismaticis, hostibus atque rebellibus . . . . . [here follow the conditions] gremium non claudemus quin eos taliter redeuntes, sic misericorditer et benigne tractemus, quod sit gratum Deo, honorabile nobis et ipsi Ecclesiæ, et ex nostris, et ipsius Ecclesiæ actibus exemplum laudabile posteris relinquamus."—Apud Petrini, ex Archiv. S. Angeli, p. 420. What a different idea of Boniface's character do these words give us from modern historians' delineation of him! Who, on reading these words, does not believe that he would have acted mercifully?

[b] See Petrini, 147.

character of those with whom Boniface had to deal, and the nature of the contest.

The city of Palestrina was vigorously besieged, and as vigorously defended; the question is, was it at length delivered up, under promises which were not kept? We answer, certainly not: and here our proofs are, to our minds, conclusive. In 1311, Clement V., at Avignon, consented to a process being instituted against the memory of Boniface, by Philip of France, Nogaret, the Colonnas, and all his other enemies. The preliminaries indicated anything but a wish to favour his predecessor. In the bull upon the subject, Clement is full of commendation of the king, and fully acquits him of any improper motives; while he orders all the letters and decrees against France to be expunged from the Regesta. This was done, as appears from their volumes; though fortunately the friends of Boniface had copies of many preserved. Full liberty was likewise granted to any one to bring forward accusations against him. The Colonnas charged him with the very crime imputed to him by Sismondi, of having received surrender of their city and castles, under express compact,—"*per bullas et solemnes personas*" (Roman ambassadors or deputies), that he should only plant his banner upon the walls, leaving their custody in the hands of the family. We have two answers to this charge: one a compendious one, which we would gladly give at length;[c] the other more detailed, put in by Cardinal Francesco Gaetani, existing in a parchment in the Vatican archives. We will give the substance of the replies, corroborating them with collateral evidence.

First, then, it is clear that no such compact was made with the Colonnas, because they cast themselves

[c] Ap. Petrini, p. 431.

at the pope's feet and sued for mercy. Sismondi tells us that, admonished of danger to their lives if they came before the pope, after they had agreed to surrender the town, they fled, and did not venture near him. Cardinal Cajetan states, that the Colonnas, coming from Palestrina to Rieti, went dressed in black and with cords round their necks, from the gates to the pope's presence, and prostrated themselves at his feet, one of them exclaiming: "Peccavi pater in cœlum et coram te, jam non sum dignus vocari filius tuus;" and the other adding: "Afflixisti nos propter scelera nostra." Now for this account, which is in flat contradiction to the one preferred by our historian, the cardinal appeals to the cardinals and prelates there present, and to the prince of Taranto, who was on the spot and willing to bear witness.[d] This narrative is confirmed by abundant testimony. Pipino gives it in his own way. He tells us that they came to him as above described, and that the pope, "spretis lacrymosis eorum confessionibus atque precibus, velut aspis surda, non est misertus eorum."[e] But the latter statement is contradicted by others, as well as Cardinal Francis. A chronicle of Orvieto says, that they were received "a Romana curia cum letitia multa."[f] Villani, who asserts the town to have been treacherously taken possession of and destroyed, tells us, that "the Colonnesi, clerks and lay, came to Rieti, and threw themselves at the pope's feet *for mercy, who pardoned them, and absolved them from their excommunication.*"[g] Paolino de Piero, no friend of Boniface's, says, that they came *for mercy*, "whom the pope graciously, and in a kind manner (*grosamente e di buon aria*) pardoned, and absolved from excommuni-

[d] Petrini, ubi sup.
[e] Ubi sup. p. 737.
[f] Quoted by Pet. p. 422.
[g] Ubi sup. p. 39.

cation ; *then Palestrina was destroyed according to compact.*"[h]

Secondly ; when they came to Rieti, the city was already in the pope's hands, his general having possession of it. Is it likely that he would, after this, have contented himself with only having his standard there, or have entered into terms with his subdued rebels ?

Thirdly ; the cardinal denies that any such bulls, as those asserted, existed or could be produced ; as none were.

Fourthly ; he contradicts the assertion that any ambassadors or mediators were present, but only such intercessors as the Colonnas had themselves brought.

Fifthly ; he maintains, that there was no truth in the assertion that the pope, after forgiving them, and imposing a penance on Stephen Colonna, sent knights after him to slay him.

Such is the evidence in favour of Boniface, of which it is useless again to complain, that not the slightest notice is taken, or hint given, by the historian of the Italian Republics. But the cause of Boniface, from whose "process," as it is called in the Vatican archives, these documents are extracted, was solemnly examined and judged by the general Council of Vienne, convoked and held in 1312, in great measure for that purpose. The decision was entirely in his favour ; his memory was discharged from the slightest imputation, in the face of every hostile influence, ecclesiastical and civil. He was charged with heresy, witchcraft, idolatry, and disbelief. The proof of his idolatry was, that he had his portrait engraven on some of his gifts to churches ; therefore he wished it to be worshipped. Of his disbelief in the real presence, that he turned

[h] Cronica, R. I. S. tom. ii. p. 53.

his back on an altar while mass was celebrating. The answer was, the abundance of tears with which he celebrated the divine mysteries, and his splendid presents to many altars![i]

III. We must now hasten to his closing scene, a subject, no less than his opening one, of gross misrepresentation. On one point, indeed, all do him justice, in his noble bearing and intrepidity, when taken by his enemies. William of Nogaret, with a French force, and Sciarra Colonna, who, like his family, had long forgotten the pardon of Rieti, with a band of retainers, made their way through treachery into Anagni, the city so cherished and favoured by Boniface. They ran through the streets shouting "Long live the king of France, and death to Boniface!" The people, panic-struck, offered no resistance; and the two bands having forced their way into the palace, entered at different moments, and by different ways, the papal presence-chamber. In the mean time Boniface had arrayed himself in full pontifical vestments; and, seated on his throne (or as Sismondi writes, kneeling before the altar), with a crucifix in his hands,[k] over which he hung, the venerable old man calmly awaited the approach of his enemies. The impetuous Sciarra, at the head of his band, with his drawn sword outstretched for vengeance, rushed into the room, but stood on the threshold, overawed and irresolute, before his lord. William of Nogaret followed, with his party, and less abashed, insultingly threatened to carry him off to Lyons, to

[i] Raynald. ex Processu, p. 550, ad an. 1312.

[k] See the account in Villani, cap. 63, p. 116. Pipino tells us he had in his hand a portion of the true cross; and that, like our St. Thomas, he exclaimed: "Aperite mihi portas cameræ, quia volo pati martyrium pro Ecclesia Dei."—P. 740.

be deposed by a general council. Boniface replied with a calm dignity, which abashed and humbled the daring Frenchman: "Here is my head, here is my neck; I will patiently bear that I, a Catholic, and lawful pontiff and vicar of Christ, be condemned and deposed by the Patareni.[l] I desire to die for Christ's faith, and his Church."[m] This scene, which we only wonder has never been chosen as the subject of the artist's pencil, exhibits beyond almost any other in history, the triumph of moral over brute force, the power of mind, arrayed in true dignity of outward bearing, over passion and injustice. Even Dante relented at its contemplation, and indignantly sang of his enemy—

"Veggio in Alagna entrar lo fiordaliso,
E nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto.
Veggiolo un altra volta esser deriso;
Veggio rinnovellar l' aceto e 'l fele
E tra vivi ladroni essere anciso."[n]

After three days' captivity, the people, aroused from their apathy, rescued him; and in a few days he was conducted to Rome; where, on the thirtieth day, he died. That his death may have been accelerated by the shock and sufferings of his captivity is not wonderful, considering that he was in his eighty-seventh year, and that his high and sensitive mind would be powerfully affected by the ingratitude of his subjects, and the insults inflicted on him. But such a view

[l] Nogaret's father had been punished for heresy.

[m] This was proved in his process. See Rayn. ubi sup.; Rubæus, p. 214.

[n] "Entering Alagna, lo the fleur-de-lis,
And in his vicar, Christ a captive led!
I see him mocked a second time;—again
The vinegar and gall produced I see;
And Christ himself 'twixt living robbers slain."
Wright's Dante—Purgatory, canto xx. l. 86—90.

would have aroused only our commiseration; and it was deemed expedient that the sympathies excited by the scene of his capture, should be effaced by a spectacle of another character. Sismondi, therefore, again takes Ferrettus as his guide, and tells us that Boniface, imprisoned in his apartments by the cardinal, fell into a violent passion, turned out his faithful servant John Campano, bolted the door, and after gnawing his staff, dashed his head against the wall, so as to embrue his grey hairs with blood, and then strangled himself with the bed-clothes.[o]

We suppose Sismondi was ashamed to follow Ferrettus to the extreme; and therefore omitted that he had gnawed his entire stick, a good long one, to bits ("baculum satis procerum dentibus conterit;" and again: "baculo *minutatim* trito"); that he invoked Beelzebub, though nobody was in the room, to hear him, and that he was possessed by the devil.[p] These things would have rather been questioned in France of 1809; they are therefore prudently omitted, and just as much taken of the narrative as makes a good romance; for romance it is from beginning to end. At the foot of the page which M. Sismondi was quoting, he had Muratori's point-blank declaration that the whole story is an *unworthy lie* ("indignum mendacium"), and reference is made to where a full confutation was to be found. But to have made Boniface die in his bed, with the sacraments of the Church, and like a good Christian, would have been very tame indeed, and would have spoiled all the point of the melodrame, which M. Sismondi had made of his history. Yet we fear we must be content with this less tragical, but more consoling, view of Boniface's end. In his "process" it was proved, that, lying on

[o] Sism. p. 150. [p] Ubi sup. p. 1008.

his bed through illness, "he, according to the usage of the Roman pontiffs, recited, and made profession of, all the articles of faith in the presence of eight cardinals, concerning which the letters are extant of our brother Cardinal Gentili;"[q] and again, he is said "to have professed in the presence of many cardinals, and other honourable persons, that he had ever held the Catholic faith, and wished to die in it."[r] Again Cardinal Stephanesius, an eye-witness, gives us the same account, and assures us that his death was most placid:—

—— "Christ odum redditur almus
Spiritus, et divi nescit jam judicis iram,
Sed mitem placidamque patris, ceu credere fas est."[s]

Surely, for the very honour of humanity, these authentic accounts ought, at least, to have been alluded to. But what are we to say to his dashing his head against the wall, and his haggard and frightful looks when dead, mentioned by Ferrettus? who, moreover, adds, that his corpse was buried in the earth, with a marble placed over it? Or of his hands and fingers gnawed, as some write?[t] It pleased Divine Providence to give a striking confutation of these calumnies in 1605, exactly three hundred years after his death. The chapel in the Vatican, which he had built for his tomb, had to be taken down, and his body removed. The tomb (a sarcophagus, not the earth) being opened, his body was found almost completely incorrupt, with a most placid expression; so perfect, that the smallest veins could be traced. It was carefully examined by medical men, and a minute *procès verbal* was drawn

[q] Process, p. 37.
[r] Ibid. p. 131.
[s] De Canoniz. Cælest. lib. i. cap. xi. R. I. S. tom. iii. p. 660.
[t] "Morì, secondochè per più si disse, di rabbia, e mamcandosi le mani."—Paolino de Piero, ubi sup. p. 65.

up by a notary of its condition, and of the gorgeous pontifical robes in which it was attired. This may be seen at full length in Rubæus.[u] Now, it is certain that nature does not cicatrize wounds after death; and yet not a trace could be found of any on the head: the skin was entire; and as to the gnawed hands, they were so beautiful, "as to fill with admiration all who saw them."

We may now draw to a close. We trust what we have written may suffice to put readers on their guard against the bold assertions of historians, on subjects like these. We must not, however, omit one or two remarks. Although the character of Boniface was certainly stern and inflexible, there is not a sign of its having been cruel or revengeful. Through the whole of his history, not an instance can be found of his having punished a single enemy with death. When he sent John of Palestrina to Cardinal Colonna, he might as easily have sent a body of his guards, and brought him by force into his presence. When the Colonnas all came before him at Rieti, he had them completely at his mercy; yet he hurt them not. How, then, can Sismondi's insinuations stand, that he intended to put them to death? Again, he forgave Guido of Montefeltro his many offences, as he did Ruggieri dell' Oria, another capital enemy of the Church.[v] When he was returning to Rome, after his liberation, in a triumph never before witnessed, Cardinal Stephanesius tells us, that his principal enemy was seized by the people (Muratori supposes it to have been

[u] Page 346.

[v] "Questi Ruggieri dell' Oria era molto stato gran nemico della Chiesa e del Re Carlo, al quale a prego della reina e di Don Jacomo, Bonfazio che allora era papa, benignamente e graziosamente perdonò." —Paolino di Piero, p. 50.

either Sciarra Colonna, or Nogaret), and brought before him, that he might deal with him as he pleased: he freely pardoned him and let him go.[y] So, likewise, when Fra Jacopone fell into his hands, he dealt leniently with him, and confined him, where others would have treated the offence as capital.[z] These examples of forgivingness and gentleness, to which we might add others, ought surely to have due weight in estimating the pope's character.

Moreover, we do not find in any writer, however hostile to him, the slightest insinuation against his moral conduct or character; and this is not a little in one who has been more bitterly assailed than almost any other pontiff. The charge of avarice, which has been often repeated, may well be met by the liberality displayed in his ecclesiastical endowments and presents, especially in favour of St. Peter's Church. His justice seems universally to have been acknowledged. Hallam attests the equity of his award between England and France.[a] He reconciled the republics of Genoa and Venice; and all his negotiations between contending powers were to bring about peace. Even his most energetic transactions had this in view. Nearer home, Florence, as Dino Compagni assures us, called him in to decide, in its own differences, about compensation to Giano della Bella;[b] and the Bolognese, as we learn from Matthew de Griffonibus, sent three ambassadors to him, and he was chosen arbitrator between them,

[y] Ubi sup. p. 459.

[z] See the beautiful history of this holy man (though in this part of his life led astray by mistaken zeal) in the tenth book of the delightful *Mores Catholici*, p. 407. The preceding page gives an account of Guido of Montefeltro.

[a] Europe in the Middle Ages, ubi sup.

[b] Cronica, lib. i. R. I. S. tom. ix. p. 478.

Ferrara, and Modena.[c] Velletri named him its Podesta, or chief governor; Pisa voluntarily appointed him ruler of the state, with an annual tribute; and when he sent a governor there, it was with orders to swear to observe the laws of the place, and to spend all his income upon it.[d] In fine, Florence, Orvieto, and Bologna, erected statues to him at a great expense, in token of their obligations, and admiration.[e] Of his literary acquirements we need not speak: no one has disputed them; and the sixth book of Decretals will attest them so long as Christ's undying Church shall last.

[c] Memoriale Historicum, ib. tom. xviii. p. 131.

[d] Rub. ex Archiv. S. Ang. p. 90.

[e] "Dicto anno [1301] statua sive imago Papæ Bonifacii VIII. posita fuit in palatio Bladi."—Cronica di Bologna, R. I. S. tom. xviii. p. 304. [This statue in bronze may still be seen at Bologna.]

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for October*, 1837.

ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

ART. V. — *Histoire de Sainte Elizabeth de Hongrie, Duchesse de Thuringe* (1207-1231). Par LE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT, Pair de France. Paris: 1836.

IN perusing the various works which come under our hand, in our duty as reviewers, our feelings must vary according to their character. We speak not at present of such as stir up indignant and unpleasant emotions: the volume before us banishes the thought of all such from our minds. But, in turning over pages of a more agreeable nature, sometimes we may be astonished at the erudition displayed by the writer; sometimes we may rather admire his sagacity and genius; some books may convey to us a high opinion of his moral qualities, and others make us long for his acquaintance, as a man of amiable and virtuous character. Seldom, however, has it been our lot to experience the peculiar feelings which have accompanied the perusal of the work now on our table: feelings more akin to jealousy than to any other we have described. It was not the research, nor the rich poetical genius, nor the deep religious tone, nor the eloquent language of its youthful author, conspicuous and admirable as all these qualities are, which riveted our attention, or secured our sympathy: it was the sincere love, the enthusiastic devotion, with which his task has been undertaken and accomplished, that has made us, so to speak, envy him the days and the

years which he has spent upon its performance. So pure must have been the heart and soul while occupied with the sainted object of their spiritual affections; so closed must the feelings have been against the rude materialities of life in this scar generation, while inhaling the healthy freshness of a greener age; so full of delicious meditation, of varied hope, and of conscious success, must his pilgrimage have been, as he strayed from town to town, in thoughtful simple-hearted Germany, to cull traditions yet living in the memories of the people, or discover mouldy records in its libraries; in fine, so full of content and peace must life have seemed, while thus passed, in spite of many a trial which needed strong consolation, that gladly would we exchange many of our barren years for but a few so joyfully, and yet so usefully, spent.

But we are forgetting, that as yet we have presented neither our author nor his book to the reader, beyond the mere ceremony of announcing their names at the head of our article; and we have been writing as though we believed him possessed of the same happiness as ourselves, of personal acquaintance with both. The best account we can give of the writer, will be our notice of his work; for his character is imprinted on every page. A few brief preliminaries will therefore suffice. The Count de Montalembert is not a visionary, who has centred his studies and meditations upon bygone ages, to the neglect of duties required by the present. As a peer of France he has been found in the chamber of his order; once indeed, in earlier days, at its bar, to plead the rights of Christian education against the barbarous monopoly of a semi-infidel university; and since, in his place, to unite the applause of all parties at his noble and eloquent vindication of ecclesiastical rights, outraged in the person of the

archbishop of Paris. Versed, and even fluent, in almost every language of civilized Europe; connected with our own country as well as with France by ties of blood; with Belgium by more recent domestic bonds; with Italy and Germany by repeated visits, during which he has imbibed from the one the spirit of Christian art, from the other that of Christian philosophy; with Poland by an enthusiastic admiration of its struggles for independence, as well as a rare acquaintance with its literature; he is not as one asleep, nor as one walking in dreams amidst his generation, but is as able to understand its wants and their remedies, as any who will perhaps consider their time lost for public purposes, which is not spent in planning railroads or discussing the budget. In England, it will be probably imagined by many, that a peer who could think of writing a saint's life must be a bigot and illiberal, to say no worse. Now M. de Montalembert is neither: he attaches not the happiness of his country to the augury of a name; he advocates the cause of rational liberty under the government that actually exists; because he considers true liberty as based upon a religious, a Catholic principle, which should predominate under every form of government, and is the unalienable right of every Christian people.[a] But let him speak for himself, at the conclusion of his beautiful introduction, of which we shall say no more just now.

"It would give us pain, were it to be thought, in consequence of what we have said, that we are blind enthusiasts for the middle ages,

[a] [It is needless to add that this noble writer has fully carried out all anticipations which Catholics had formed of him, as a dauntless public champion of religion, its rights, and its ministers. His career is now better known to every Catholic, than it was when this sketch in the text was written.]

that we consider them in every respect admirable, enviable, and blameless, and fancy that, in the age wherein we live, the nations may not be healed as heretofore.[b] Far from us the wish to pine away in useless regret, and to wear out our eyes, weeping over the tomb of nations whose inheritors we are. Far from us the vain thought of bringing back times which have for ever fled. We know that the Son of God died upon the cross to save mankind, not during five or six centuries, but for the world's entire duration. . . . We regret not, therefore, however we may admire, any human institutions which have flourished, according to the lot of everything that is human; but we bitterly regret, the soul, the divine spirit, which animated them, and which is no longer to be found in the institutions that have replaced them. It is not then a barren contemplation of the past, it is not a contempt nor a cowardly abandonment of the present, that we recommend: once more we say, away from us such miserable thoughts. But as the exile, banished from his hearth for his fidelity to the laws of heaven, will often direct his affectionate thoughts towards those who have loved him, and who await him in his native land; as the soldier, fighting upon distant shores, is warmed by the account of battles which his forefathers have there gained; so be it allowed to us, whom our faith makes us in some sort exiles in the midst of modern society, to raise our hearts and our looks towards the blessed inhabitants of our celestial fatherland, and, humble soldiers in the cause which hath glorified them, to inflame our hearts with the recital of their combats and their victories."—P. cx.

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"Such are the thoughts which have inspired us while writing the life of Elizabeth of Hungary, who loved much and suffered much, but in whom religion purified every affection, and comforted every grief. To our brethren in the faith we present this book, alien, both by its subject and its form, from the spirit of 'the times in which we live.' But the simplicity, the humility, and the charity, whereof we would recount the marvels, are, like the God that inspires them, above all claims of time or place. May this our labour only bear into some souls, simple or sorrowing, a reflection of those sweet emotions which we, in writing it, have experienced; may it rise towards the throne of God, as a weak and timid spark from that ancient Catholic flame, which is not yet extinguished in all hearts."—P. cxv.

These extracts will serve more than all we can say, towards disabusing any of our readers of a preventive

[b] Sanabiles fecit omnes nationes terræ.—Sap. i. 14.

surmise, that the author of such a work as this must be a mere dreamer, who steals from active life into the seclusion of his study, or affects a blind partiality for systems of no practical utility. And here let us indulge in a remark, that will appear almost profane in such a place, that there is more visionary inutility in the modern schemes of *industriel* materialism, in the plans for civilizing and bettering the condition of men in their lowest scale, according to the views of the age, than in all the desires of good and learned men to rekindle enthusiasm for the spirit of the middle ages, and even to revive its usages. The Lanark nonsense,[c] and the Saint-Simonian madness, which pretend to improve mankind by the fuller working out of the utilitarian principles now in vogue, are more dreams than any of these, and, what is worse, are only *ægri somnia*, the delirious ravings of sickly phantasies and disordered brains. But to return.

We owe the present work to one of those happy combinations of circumstances, which convince the individual that is their subject, of a benevolent Providence watching over his good. Our author arrived at Marburg one 19th of November, and proceeded to examine its church, the first in which the pure pointed architecture was adopted in Germany. Though now in Lutheran hands, it was open on this day, but its only occupants were some children who played among its tombs. Such were the marks of honour that distinguished the festival of its patron saint, Elizabeth! He saw her mutilated statue upon one of the pillars of the church; he diligently studied the rich traces of early painting and carving upon its desecrated altars, representing the principal events of her life; he visited

[c] [The now almost forgotten system proposed by Mr. Owen, of settlements in community.]

the silver shrine now neglected in the sacristy, wherein her sacred ashes reposed, till the sacrilegious barbarity of the Reformation, in the person of one of her own descendants, tore them thence, and scattered them to the winds. Around it, he observed the stones worn hollow by the knees of pilgrims; and having kissed these monuments of ancient piety, he resumed his thoughtful way. The image of the "dear St. Elizabeth," as she has ever been called in Germany by the people and by her biographers, and as throughout his work he has loved to call her, hovered as a sweet vision round him on his journey; he sought for records of her life, among the living as among the dead; he went as a palmer from place to place, which heretofore she had glorified by her virtues in life; and sought, in the collections of ancient documents, all that her age had left on record concerning her virtues. The results of his researches occupy this volume.

Few distinguished persons of any age have found more numerous, or more affectionate, biographers than St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The list of authorities quoted by De Montalembert consists of thirty-eight printed, and fourteen manuscript works.[d] Yet, many known to have once existed, have been mislaid, or destroyed. Of the writings thus enumerated, a considerable proportion were by contemporaries of our saint; some contain the juridical depositions of her individual and inseparable companions. Of the later authors, a considerable proportion are Protestants. From the two sermons of Happel, a Lutheran curate (1645), entitled "Diva Elisabetha magnifice coronata," to the third volume of Von Raumer's great historical work on the house of Hohenstaufen, religious prejudice

[d] One of these, the MS. collection prepared by the Bollandists, contained itself fourteen different documents.

has not been permitted to alloy the pure enthusiastic affection which the name of Elizabeth has ever excited through all Germany. But her new biographer would not content himself with the study of these sources; he naturally felt how necessary, and how interesting, it was, for a proper appreciation of her character, to view her in connection with the time in which she lived, and of whose spirit she so powerfully partook. For this purpose, he ranged through the history, the literature, and arts of her age; and, anxious that his readers should see the admirable qualities of his heroine through the same medium, he has judiciously prefixed to her life, in the form of an introduction, a summary review of the period in which she flourished. This part of the work, we must, at the risk of great injustice to its merits, present compendiously to the reader's notice.

From the title of the book, it will be seen that the period occupied by its history, is a brief portion of the first half of the thirteenth century (1207-1231); a period of time, to the general conception of history-readers, wrapped up in the veil of darkness, usually known under the name of "the middle ages," associated in their minds with some vague ideas about ignorance and superstition, both of which, if they have any connection with the period, find it only in their proper seat, such a reader's own mind. For, in truth, the thirteenth century is one of the most important, and most interesting, in the annals of Christian Europe.

The latter portion of the preceding century had greatly belied the promises of its commencement; the influence of St. Bernard and the immortal Hildebrand, had well-nigh been neutralized by the triumphs which brute force had subsequently gained over the spiritual

power of religion, justice, and genius, in Europe and in Palestine. But just at the close of the ill-omened century, the chair of Peter became occupied by one whose soul, talents, and energy, were equal to the crisis, and turned the infant energies of a new era to the purposes of good. Innocent III. ought not to be as slightly touched on as our present theme requires; but his full and just biography by Hurter, a Protestant clergyman,[e] will claim our future and detailed attention. Suffice it here to say, that not one great or good quality seems to have been wanting, to make up his character. As a poet, the two unrivalled hymns, *Stabat Mater* and *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, must sufficiently stamp his reputation; as a statesman, his complicated and successful efforts for the welfare of every country in Europe, must insure his reputation. A man above every temptation of ambition, he is declared by the fact of his bitterest enemies leaving him sole guardian of their infant heirs; as a pontiff, his zeal and success in restoring several nations to religious unity, attest his worth; while his powerful genius appears most conspicuously in the influence exercised by his principles and actions upon his worthy successors in the Apostolic See.

The civil state was no less distinguished by great and beneficial actions, in favour of humanity. The Imperial house did not, indeed, come up to its great destinies; but under its shadow there grew an illustrious scion, the root of a mighty race, that Rodolph of Hapsburg, born in 1218, who, at his coronation, when the sceptre could not be found, took the crucifix from the altar, and holding it aloft, exclaimed, "Behold my sceptre; I wish for none other." The two great codes of German, and of purely Christian, legis-

[e] [Since converted.]

lation, the mirrors of Saxony and Swabia, belong to this period, when the great cities rose into importance, and almost every principality could boast of some great name among its rulers. Of France, it is sufficient to say, that it was governed successively by Philip Augustus, and the greatest of modern kings, St. Louis; of England, that to this period we owe Magna Charta, and our first parliament; of Spain, that it counted among its sovereigns James, the conqueror of Valencia; Alfonso, founder of the university of Salamanca, the hero of the great day of the "Navas de Tolosa," which broke the Moorish power; and St. Ferdinand the Catholic, the liberator of his country, by the conquest of Seville. Every other lesser part of Europe was equally indebted to this epoch, for some signal step in its progress towards regeneration.

In the spiritual life, this century was even more remarkable. The foundation of the two great religious orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic, is enough to give an indelible character of glory to the age. These two patriarchs, of whom Dante writes,—

> "L' un fu tutto serafico in ardore,
> L' altro per sapienza in terra fue
> Di cherubica luce uno splendore.—Paradis. xi.[f]

not only trained up two schools of saints, both among their rigorous followers, and among their disciples in the world (of whom St. Elizabeth was one), but discharged a mission of peace and good-will among the hardy nations of Europe; caused poverty, which they sanctified, to be respected; and justice, which they ever advocated, to be dealt to the oppressed. They raised up learned doctors, who left no corner of science un-

[f] "The one was as a seraph in his love,
The other was, in wisdom, upon earth
A brightness caught from cherub's light above."

explored; who, like Vincent of Beauvais, composed entire encyclopædias of human and divine learning; or, like Albertus Magnus, and the angelic St. Thomas, confuted every error, and unravelled all the mazes of philosophical doubt; or, like Roger Bacon, fathomed the mysteries of nature, and revealed her hidden laws; or, in fine, like St. Bonaventura, chose the better part of meditating, in most heavenly mood, at the feet of Christ, and of his Blessed Mother.

The portion of introduction which unfolds the spiritual riches of the age of St. Elizabeth, will not bear abridgment; it is itself too rapid a sketch to be farther reduced, and the attempt would, moreover, strip it of that warm colouring, that living glow of enthusiasm, with which it is so richly tinted. Never were so many great examples of virtue and piety, in every rank of life, collected in one period of the Church, as adorn this century; and if our author has selected one for his *cynosure*, by which to direct his course through its historical perplexities, he has left a rich store of others, scarcely less bright, to reward the affectionate researches of any kindred mind.

Of the ardour with which every branch of sacred literature was pursued during this period, we have already cited several instances, and plenty more might be added. Profane learning—if any such could be said to exist in an age when religion guided every pen—had begun to rise from its ashes; and the science of legislation, in particular, reached a high degree of perfection in the many codes which date from this period. For the history of art during it, we must refer our readers to another article in this Number,[g] in which we have, imperfectly enough, spoken somewhat of the glorious cathedrals which northern Europe saw arise

[g] On Mr. Pugin's "Contrasts."

during the thirteenth century, and of the impulse which the sister arts of painting and sculpture received in Italy, from the schools of Pisa, Siena, and Florence. This, perhaps, is the honour of the age which is most generally known; for who has not heard of Cimabue, Giotto, and Nicolo Pisano? But the poetry of that period, at least out of Italy, is but little spoken of. Yet France probably produced more truly poetical performances then, than it has done since. The Count de Montalembert very judiciously excludes the Provençal school, which, by its licentiousness, and almost heathenish profaneness, may be said to have received a taint from its proximity to the Manicheeism of the Albigenses and other such heretics; but he remarks that among the religious poets, epic, lyrical, elegiac, satirical, and even dramatic, compositions, were in use as much as in the age of Louis XIV.

"Upwards of two hundred poets," he writes, "whose works yet remain, flourished in that century; perhaps the day will come when Catholics will think it worth while to seek in their works some of the most delightful productions of the Christian muse; instead of imagining, with Boileau, that poetry began in France only with Malherbe."—P. lxxv.

To Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, Europe owes its first modern drama, as well as England her Great Charter;—a double glory not easily to be rivalled. The subject of his poem was the Redemption of Man. Germany, however, has been more just than any other country to the reputation of its early bards, who adorned this century. Its Minnesänger or troubadours, headed, in genius, by Walther von Vogelweide, have their proper place in its literature; the great epic, the Niebelungen Lied, is read by youths at school. But the history of St. Elizabeth is intimately connected with that of German poetry. At

the moment of her birth in Hungary, seven of the most celebrated poets of Germany, including the aforenamed Walther, and the no less famous Wolfram von Eschenbach, were assembled at the court of her future father-in-law, in the castle of Wartburg, contending for the palm of the "joyous science," in a series of compositions known by the name of the poetic War of Wartburg (*Der Singerkriec uf Wartburg*), and published by Ettmüller in 1830. Klingsohr, sent for as umpire in the contest, which had defied the judgment of less refined auditors, announced her birth, and foretold that she should marry the heir of the royal house of Thuringia.

Here we might be expected to enter upon the body of our book, having been naturally brought to the birth of its heroine. But for this purpose we should be obliged to pass over upwards of twenty pages, to us the most delightful in the volume. The history of poetry in the thirteenth century—the age of Dante—could not be complete without embracing Italy. But even its first half, of which De Montalembert chiefly treats, before the divine poet was born, was far from barren of successful cultivators of the sacred muse. He himself mentions his great predecessors; but it is a curious fact that the first to whose poems a date can be assigned, is that most wonderful saint of the period—St. Francis of Assisium. We are not surprised to see our youthful author yielding himself up, on the mention of his name, to the flow of religious enthusiasm, which it must excite in any bosom, that contains a heart capable of rightly estimating his superhuman virtues. Our author admirably characterizes that age in a few words when he tells us, it may be considered as the age of St. Francis and St. Louis. But the influence of the latter was comparatively limited to the country

which he governed in righteousness and truth; while that of "the Seraph of Assisium" extended to entire Europe. He was the first man who laid a foundation in modern society for the importance of the people; he made, as we have already remarked, poverty glorious, and a lowly condition enviable; for while on the one hand, his virtues attracted towards him and his, the veneration of the great, the daughters of kings, and the noblest knights, were among the first to enrol themselves in his secular institute. As during life he was the regenerator of popular poetry, so after death he became the favourite theme of art, and his tomb was its earliest sanctuary. The wonderful union in him of childlike simplicity and noblest sentiment, of a sympathetic affection for nature and all it contains, and the highest soarings after heavenly things that man was ever admitted to since the apostolic age, forms a character wherein all the perfections of the earlier Church seem to have mingled with the germs of the new state into which society had entered, giving them a moral energy, they never else so powerfully possessed.

It will not then seem wonderful that St. Elizabeth, though living in Germany, should have felt the influence of his character—should have joined her age in its universal admiration of his privileged holiness, and should have been the first to introduce his order into her own country. Many points of resemblance may easily be traced between the characters of both; but there is one, on which many may be tempted to doubt our prudence, if we speak much. It is not the simplicity of heart, for which both were equally remarkable, nor their absolute love of poverty, nor any other such rare virtue, to which we allude; but to the wonderful or miraculous events which all contem-

porary historians have described in their lives. Upon this matter we think it better to introduce M. de Montalembert's own words, because they record the convictions of one who has deeply studied the monuments of that age, and who, not being anonymous as we are, cannot excite the unjust suspicion that he would not have courage openly to avow his sentiments. Thus he writes towards the close of his Introduction:—

"We are aware, that to put forth such a biography as this, in its complete form, we must be prepared to meet with a class of facts and of ideas, which the unsettled religions of modern times have long since marked with reprobation, and which a sincere but timid piety has too often excluded from religious history; we allude to those supernatural phenomena which are so frequent in the lives of the saints, which faith has consecrated by the name of miracles, and worldly wisdom branded with that of legends, popular superstitions, and fabulous traditions. Of such events there are many in the life of Elizabeth. We have been as scrupulously exact in recounting them as in every other portion of her history. The very thought of omitting, palliating, or interpreting them with skilful moderation would have shocked us. It would have been in our eyes a sacrilege, to suppress what we believe as true, out of deference to the haughty reason of our age: it would have been a culpable want of accuracy; for these miracles are recorded by the same authorities as the other events which we narrate, and we should not have known what rule to follow in admitting their veracity in one case and denying it in others. In fine, it would have been an act of hypocrisy; for we avow, without shrinking, that we believe with the strongest good faith, the most miraculous occurrences which have been recorded of God's saints, and of St. Elizabeth in particular. It has not even cost us any sacrifice of our feeble reason, to attain this conviction; for nothing appears to us more reasonable and more natural in a Christian, than that he should bow with gratitude before the mercies of his Lord, when he sees them suspend or modify those natural laws which they enacted, to secure and glorify the triumph of much higher laws in the moral and religious order. Is it not soothing and easy to conceive how souls, tempered as was Elizabeth's, and her contemporaries, elevated by faith and humility above the cold reasonings of earth, purified by every sacrifice and every virtue, living habitually, as

though by anticipation, in heaven, presented a field ever ready for the operations of God's goodness: and how the faith of the people, ardent and simple, claimed, and in a manner justified, the frequent and familiar interposition of that Almighty power, which the senseless pride of our days, by denying, repels!"—P. 104.

Long as this quotation may be, we have in reality stopped short in the opening of a truly eloquent and feeling passage, which we would gladly have given at length. We have selected this portion on account of the moral courage which it displays, and which is as requisite in France as in England, for making such an avowal. We are rejoiced to see it; and we unhesitatingly say, that the life of St. Elizabeth would have been but as a moral tale, rich indeed in every display of virtue, but devoid of its most pathetic and consoling incidents; barren of that sublime interest, which the close communion of a soul, the simplest and purest, with heaven, must excite, had a cowardly respect for a scoffing or a doubting age induced our author to suppress a series of facts attested as strongly as any in history can be. We regret no less the necessity we are under of passing over several other delightful pages, which treat of the honour paid to God's saints in those ages of simple faith. The rich source of practical thought which the virtues of His Blessed Mother in particular afforded; the influence, bland and salutary, which her devotion exerted upon society and character; the many forms in which this feeling blended with the love of nature, or the chivalry of life, illustrated as they are by the learning, published and manuscript, of the age, form a theme on which our author expatiates in a fervent strain, that does equal honour to his scholarship and to his heart.

Sensible that we have discharged our duty most inadequately towards the introduction of this valuable

work, we feel no small discouragement at the idea of undertaking to analyze the biography itself. Indeed, we at once declare our inability to do anything like justice to it. To condense is impossible, without stripping the life of its beauty of detail; and to extract is difficult, where every chapter has its own peculiar charm. We propose, therefore, to ourselves no higher aim than to rouse the curiosity of the religious reader to a perusal of the entire work; and, if possible, to induce some one among them to translate the entire book into our language, as it has already been translated into German and Italian.[h]

The life of St. Elizabeth is remarkable from exhibiting the purest perfection of Catholic virtue in every extreme of life, in the princess and the beggar: and all within the short duration, from birth to death, of twenty-four years. Daughter of the king of Hungary, she was asked in marriage for his son, by Hermann, duke of Thuringia and Hesse, when she was only four years old. Her father having acceded to his request, delivered her into the hands of the duke's ambassadors with valuable presents; and she was conducted to the ducal castle of Wartburg, above the city of Eisenach, to be brought up in the company of her future husband Louis, who was a few years older than herself. They grew up like brother and sister, by which names they continued to call one another, even after their happy marriage. Her early piety, and contempt of all pomp, drew upon her the ill-will of the court; and every effort was made, after the death of Duke Hermann, to induce Louis to send her home, and seek another match more suitable to his dignity. But the youthful prince had learned to know and value her virtues, for his own life had been spotless from

[h] [This has been done by Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq.]

infancy, and proof against every temptation purposely thrown in his way. They were married when she was but thirteen, and led a life of wedded affection such as the world has seldom witnessed. In 1227 Louis took the cross; and after a farewell, the particulars of which must move the dullest feelings, joined the emperor in Italy, with the flower of German chivalry, whereof he was considered the brightest ornament. He was seized at Otranto with a fever, and died with such edifying piety, as to have received the honours of a saint.

During this first period of St. Elizabeth's life, one is at a loss which most to admire, the infantine simplicity of her character, or the regal magnificence of her charity. As to the first, although she joined in all the festive and splendid scenes of her court, although her gaiety and cheerfulness were the life of her board, she seems never to have been conscious either of her high rank or of her superior qualities. As a wife, devoted with unbounded affection to one who as religiously returned her love, she wore the diadem and the embroidered robe simply because his station required it, and it made her pleasing in his eyes. So little did she seem to know the value of these splendid baubles, that if, on returning home from some public occasion in royal array, she found her purse exhausted, and the poor not all relieved, an embroidered glove, or a jewelled bracelet, or even her mantle of state, was given away, as applicable to no better use than to lighten their distress. And hence, when her husband went too far from home to bear her in his company, she instantly put on a widow's unadorned apparel, and wore it till his return. She always delighted in the company of the lowly and wretched; and when she had on such occasions of separation clothed herself in

the dress which this class of persons generally wore, she would exclaim, in a spirit of foresight, if not of prophecy, "Thus shall I walk, when I shall be poor and miserable for the love of my God." But on this quality of her character we must let her biographer be heard.

"We willingly acknowledge, that in the life of this saint, which we have studied with so much affection, no trait has appeared to us so moving, so worthy of admiration and envy, as this infantine simplicity, which may raise on some lips a disdainful smile. To our eyes this guileless giving way to every impulse, her frequent smiles and tears, her girlish joys and uneasinesses, the innocent playfulness of her soul while reposing on the bosom of her heavenly Father, mingled as all these qualities were with such painful sacrifices, such serious thought, such a fervent piety, and a charity so devoted, so active, and so ardent, form a most charming and distinguished trait. But more particularly in an age like this, whereof the flowers are all withered, without having first ripened into fruit, when all simplicity of character is extinct in the heart, and in domestic, as much as in social and public, life, no Christian can study without emotion and without envy, how this quality developed and displayed itself in the soul of our Elizabeth, whose short life was no more than a prolonged and heavenly childhood,—an unceasing obedience to the words of Our Saviour; when taking a little child and placing it in the midst of his disciples, he said, 'Unless ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.'"—P. 63.

Of the extraordinary, or, as some would call it nowadays, extravagant charity of St. Elizabeth, we have given an instance just now. This was in her an indefatigable virtue, and as varied in its manifestations as are the forms of human misery. She founded hospitals where she could serve the sick with her own royal hands; she refused food and alms to none that came to ask them; and she daily trod the rugged path from her castle to the city, to seek out such as were too feeble to ascend it. She stripped herself of her jewels, and again and again she cleared out her wardrobe, till she had no dress befitting her rank, or in which to

meet visitors of her own condition. To understand, or even to justify, this charitable prodigality, it must be observed that her virtuous husband allowed her full liberty to dispose of what she pleased in this manner, and never murmured when he saw her apparently squandering her own and his possessions. A remarkable instance of this mutual good understanding occurred in 1226. The duke was summoned to Italy by the emperor, to assist him in his wars, and left his large estates under her government. He had scarcely departed, when a frightful famine invaded all Germany, and Thuringia in particular. The duchess applied to the relief of the poor all the money in the treasury, amounting to 64,000 gold florins, an enormous sum in those days, which had been amassed by the sale of certain domains. In vain did the officers of state remonstrate, and oppose her generosity; when the treasury was emptied, she opened the royal granaries, in which was corn valued at the price of two of the largest ducal castles, and of several cities. All this was most prudently distributed, so that nine hundred poor received their daily sustenance at the castle. Twice a day the duchess descended to the city to minister to the infirm; and she opened two new hospitals for their use. When the harvest drew near, she assembled all the poor; gave to each a sickle, a dress, and some money, and sent them to work in the fields. In a few months the duke returned, to the great joy of all his people; and was met at some distance by his chief officers, who thought to avert his anger by accusing his wife of having, in spite of their strong opposition, dissipated his treasure, and emptied his stores. "His only answer was, 'Is my dear wife well? That is all I wish to know; what matters all the rest?' He then added, 'I wish you to allow my

dear Elizabeth to give as much alms as she likes, and to assist rather than contradict her. Let her give all she pleases for the love of God, provided she only leaves me Eisenach, Wartburg, and Naumburg. God will restore all the rest whenever it pleaseth him; alms will never bring us to ruin.' Then he hastened to meet his dear Elizabeth. When she saw him, her joy knew no bounds—she threw herself into his arms, and kissed him a thousand times with heart and mouth. And while they thus embraced, he said to her, 'My dear sister, how have thy poor fared during this hard season?' To which she meekly answered, 'I have given unto God that which His was; and He hath kept for us what was thine and mine.'"—P. 115.

If credit can be given to the unanimous testimony of contemporary writers, supported not only by the assent of Protestant historians, but by the tradition of the Lutheran population, Louis had reason, indeed, to allow full scope to her boundless charity. One of the beautiful histories, thus cherished in the faithful memory of the people, is the occurrence, often quoted in pious writers, of her husband surprising her as she descended the hill to the town, laden with provisions for the poor, and playfully insisting upon seeing what she bore in the gathered folds of her robe, when, to his amazement, the more so as it was the depth of winter, he found it filled with beautiful roses.

The reader may judge how much we have fallen short of the interest which this portion of our saint's life possesses, when we inform him, that we have condensed, in these few paragraphs, what occupies one hundred and fifty pages of large and close-printed octavo, in the work before us. Arrived at the second period of her life, which begins with her husband's death, her biographer warns the few readers who his

modesty supposes will have followed him through his work, that from that moment they will find in her annals no attractions proceeding from human interest; that all the romantic features of her previous history vanish; and instead of the youthful princess, serving God in simplicity of heart, amidst the allurements of a dangerous station, they must expect to see a penitent, versed in all the rigours of an ascetic life, and treading the less singular, but rougher, path of ordinary Christian perfection.

Following the advice of evil counsellors, her brothers-in-law seized on the supreme command, in detriment of the rights of Louis's children, and ordered his widow to depart with them at a moment's warning, and without any preparation, from the castle. At the same time, severe penalties were proclaimed in the city against any one who should harbour her. She descended the hill in tears, bearing in her arms an infant, born since her husband's demise, while her other three children were led by her faithful maids of honour, whose depositions, after her death, form the principal source of her biography. It was the depth of winter, yet every door of Eisenach was shut against her; of the thousands who had been relieved by her bounty, not one was found sufficiently generous to brave the inhuman decree pronounced by her relations. She at length took refuge in the shed of a public inn, appropriated to the swine, and supported herself by spinning, while her heart was engaged in prayer, and her soul daily purified from every terrene affection. During this period, she attained that sublime height of contemplative perfection, which has seldom been granted but to the poor and humble, and which forms a theme too holy to be touched on in this place.

The family of the princess could not long be kept

in ignorance of her forlorn situation, and her uncle, the bishop of Bamberg, gave her an asylum in the castle of Botenstein. Here she continued to spend her time in every practice of virtue, devotion, and charity, till summoned to Bamberg by an important event. Her husband, before his death, had exacted a promise from his noblest followers, that, their crusade ended, they would bear his mortal remains to his own country, there to be buried among his dear monks at Reinhartsbrün. After two years, they returned from Palestine, and passing by Otranto, where he had died, disinterred his bones, placed them in a rich shrine, and bore them in solemn procession to Bamberg. There the afflicted widow met them, and gave vent to her last burst of human feeling. But the faithful knights, having learnt her wrongs, swore to revenge them; and immediately after the funeral obsequies of her husband, obliged her brothers-in-law, now ashamed of their unnatural conduct, to restore her to her station. The town of Marburg, with its territory, was assigned to her. Here she built herself a cottage, adjoining an hospital which she had founded; took the habit of St. Francis, with whom she had corresponded shortly before his death, and spent two heavenly years, divided between active charity and divine contemplation. Her death, which was worthy of her life, and the details of which, as given by M. de Montalembert, in the simple language of the old chroniclers, are beautiful and most affecting, was soon followed by universal veneration. Her brother Conrad, after several years spent in frightful crimes, became a sincere penitent—entered the Teutonic order, of which he was soon the brightest ornament, and dedicated his abilities to forwarding the canonization of her whom, living, he had so grossly outraged. He lived long

enough to commence the great church of Marburg in her honour; the first, as we have before remarked, in the pointed style of Germany. We will not fatigue our readers with an account of the beautiful ceremony of St. Elizabeth's disinterment or translation, at which upwards of a million of pilgrims attended from all parts of Europe, when her body was borne by archbishops, assisted by the emperor Frederick, who, taking the diadem from his brows, placed it upon hers—for the body was entire—saying, "As I could not crown her as my empress when living, I will crown her this day, as a queen immortal in the kingdom of God."[1] Still less are we willing to disgust them, by the account which Lutheran writers have given us of the desecration of her shrine by her descendant, the Landgrave Philip, whom Protestants surname "*The Generous;*" the same worthy to whom Dr. Martin Luther gave leave to have two wives. It is revolting and horrifying to the last degree; and shows, in its proper light, the character of one among the princes that honoured the Reformation by their protection, and by their early adoption of its principles.

The sketch which we have given of this interesting and edifying biography will suffice to show it possessed of, perhaps, stronger contrasts of situation, and a nobler scope for display of character, than any work of fiction would easily venture to invent. The spectacle of one, a duchess to-day and an outcast to-morrow, a rich princess in the morning and a beggar before night, seems scarcely within the reach of historical possibility, even in our days of revolutionary dethronements. But the sublime dignity of Catholic virtue which the sudden

[1] This alludes to the offer of marriage made her by the emperor, after her husband's death; an offer which, like several others, she firmly refused.

change calls into play, and the sterling value which the transition stamps upon the conduct of the better days, are such as have belonged, and yet belong, in various degrees, to the characteristics of our holy religion. Every Catholic must read this life—a type of many others which have been led within his Church—with sentiments of pride and of gratitude; and what is more important, with improvement to his best and most valuable feelings. It affords lessons of instruction for the rich, and of consolation for the poor: it presents models for the religious contemplative, and for him who moves amidst the active occupations of life: it contains admirable rules of conduct for the single, the married, and the widowed; it exhibits beautiful examples of justice and condescension for a sovereign on the throne, as of resignation and noble independence for the lowest orders of society.

Historical parallels are an interesting pursuit, and our present number has already exhibited one between two chancellors of England;[k] we feel almost tempted to institute a similar one between our Queen Elizabeth and the saint who three centuries earlier bore her name. In perusing the life before us, we have been involuntarily forced to contrast the two—the one gracious and meek, the other haughty and overbearing; the one simple and artless as a child, the other crafty and deceitful; the one bountiful and charitable, the other griping and avaricious; the one forgiving the grossest injuries with a smile, the other persecuting her favourites to death for a suspicion; the one radiant in beauty, yet heedless of her charms, and casting her rich apparel to the poor, the other affecting artificial youth amidst wrinkles, and draining her

[k] [On Ozanam's interesting work, *Les Deux Chancelliers d'Angleterre.*]

courtiers' purses for presents of finery, and even commoner garments ;[1] the one faultless, as a virgin and as a wife, the other endeavouring to steer an unsafe course between the reputation of maidenhood and the lubricity of scandalous favouritism; the one, at the early age of twenty, ready to exchange her coronet for the humble cord of St. Francis, and riches for beggary "for dear Jesus' sake," and expiring with joy at twenty-four, the other, withered in body and mind, after a life of seventy prosperous years, and a reign of forty-five, unable to make up her mind to leave the world, or even to speak of a successor: yet the first is but as one among many Catholic sovereigns and princesses of her own age; her aunt St. Hedwige of Poland; her daughter Sophia of Hesse; her nieces St. Cunegunda, and St. Margaret of Hungary; her sister-in-law, B. Salome; her grand-niece and namesake, St. Elizabeth of Portugal; her contemporary and admirer, Blanche of Castille, the mother of St. Louis; while the other stands alone — the paragon of Protestant queens! The *Post* lately informed us that in August last, at a meeting held at Worcester to congratulate our young and gracious sovereign, the Protestant bishop of the city related the following anecdote :—

"About eight or nine years ago, the duchess of Kent had requested the bishop of London and the bishop of Lincoln to come to Kensington for the purpose of examining into the proficiency of the youthful princess in her education. One of the right reverend prelates observing that the princess had been lately reading the History of England, said to her, 'Pray tell me what opinion you have formed of Queen Elizabeth.' The princess, with the modesty and timid deference belonging to her character, answered, 'I think that Queen Elizabeth was a very great queen, but I am not quite so sure she was so good a woman.'" (Great applause.)

We are rather tempted to doubt, whether, on putting

[1] Lingard, vi. p. 658, 5th ed.

the question, the right reverend interrogator anticipated the second clause in the answer; for the inquiry looks as if intended to elicit some display of sectarian feeling, perhaps some sentiment which could lead to a proposal of her as a model of the Protestant queen. If so, all was baffled by the upright sense and heart of the young princess, who, we are glad to see, had so early learnt to prize moral, above regal, greatness. We trust too, though the anecdote does not state it, that the right reverend interrogator proceeded to say, that some mistake lurked in the wise and virtuous reply, and reminded his royal pupil, that no sovereign deserved to be called great who was not good. If, indeed, after the exposures of modern historical research, there still hang an ideal charm about the royal name "Elizabeth," we are sure that it would be sooner converted into a real one, in her who should copy, so far as circumstances permit, the mild and amiable virtues of the German princess, than in any who should choose as a pattern the murderess of Mary Stuart. The blood of *our* St. Elizabeth has flowed into every noble line of Germany, till we believe it has now reached our throne: may similar virtues attend the proud descent!

BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF THE

COUNCIL HELD AT CONSTANTINOPLE,

A.D. 1166.

From the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

BRIEF ACCOUNT

OF THE

COUNCIL HELD AT CONSTANTINOPLE,

A.D. 1166.

With Remarks on the newly-discovered Testimony of St. Amphilochius, Bishop of Iconium, in the Fourth Century, in Favour of the Real Presence in the Blessed Eucharist.

At a moment when Socinianism may be said to be gaining ground in Europe, it must be interesting to learn the particulars of the council held at Constantinople, on an important part of the Arian controversy, in 1166, the acts of which have lately been brought to light. Besides the interest it must excite from its direct object, it is of immense value to Catholics from other considerations, which we shall endeavour to present.

That such a council had been celebrated was known from ecclesiastical history; and Leo Allatius had even seen the original acts, which have now been published.[a] This important publication we owe to the late indefatigable librarian of the Vatican, Monsignor Mai. The acts are found in several manuscripts, but the learned editor has naturally preferred the MS. 1176, which is one of the original copies, made certainly during the life of the emperor Manuel Comnenus, and probably in the council itself. The first is evinced by the portraits of

[a] De Consensu, lib. ii. 12.

the emperor and his consort Maria, painted at the beginning of the work. These could not well have been executed in a later reign; for Andronicus, who succeeded Manuel, was the great enemy of his house, and cruelly murdered his son Alexius, and this very empress Maria. But a still more precious determination of the authenticity of this copy is found in the autograph signatures of all the patriarchs and bishops who attended the council, twice repeated in this manuscript. These Monsignor Mai has engraved in his publication.[b]

The acts are entitled: "Synod upon the saying, '*The Father is greater than I.*'" The first action is almost entirely occupied with preliminary matter, but is, in reality, the most interesting portion. We are informed that, in the twenty-third year of the emperor Manuel Comnenus, great and troublesome disputes had arisen in the (Greek) Church, and caused tumults even among the people, respecting the true interpretation of John xiv. 23,—"*The Father is greater than I.*" "The streets, the lanes, the houses," were full of angry discussions on this subject.[c] One party maintained, that the words expressed merely the connection of Christ's divine nature with the Father, and consequently mere *procession*; others asserted, that they spoke of the relation of the human nature, and therefore of a real *inferiority*. Both sides, as usual, had recourse to hard names; the former accused their opponents of Nestorianism; and were complimented, in return, with the name of Monophysites. The royal theologian — for, Ephræmius assures us that Cæsar composed catechetical sermons, called σελέντια, with great skill, and no suspicion of their spuriousness, and thence encouraged, dived into deep mysteries, as though he had been

[b] Scriptorum Vet. nova collect. 4to. tom. iv. Romæ, 1831.

[c] Ibid. p. 4.

inspired by Christ himself[d]—sided with the second of these opinions.

How then did he attempt to gain a satisfactory solution of this question? Did he peruse his Bible carefully to find other passages, which might throw a light upon these obscure words? Or did he send some promising scholar to make a biblical tour, like Birch, or Adler, or Scholz, to ascertain whether any manuscript yielded a various reading bearing upon their illustration? Or, in fine, did he propound it as the subject of a prize essay, for youthful theologians to write and exercise their ingenuity upon? Instead of these fashionable modern ways of arriving at the interpretation of the text, our imperial divine takes a sadly popish way of going to work. In spite, the acts tell us, of the cares of the empire, which fell upon him "thick as rain-drops," he had all the opinions of the ancient Fathers upon this subject collected together; and, not content with his own sovereign judgment, he submitted them to the inspection of his patriarchs, and asked their decision.[e] After the recital of these circumstances in the acts, follow the texts so collected, sometimes from works now lost, and comprising, not merely the Greek, but also many of the Latin, Fathers. The list consists of St. John Damascene, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Athanasius, St. Amphilochius, St. Cyril, St. John Chrysostom, St. Leo, St. Anastasius, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Augustine,

[d] The expressions of this metrical chronicler are curious, and may serve as a specimen of his style.

Ἀλλ' ὠδίνων γε, και κατηχητηριους ἡ παιδας ἀπετικτεν εὐγενεις λογους οὐς φασι σελεντια συνετους ἀγαν ὀξῳ προϊων ἡμμενος και δογματων, περι Θεου λεγειν τι και κλυειν θελει νουν ὐσεφικτοις δογμασι δ' ἐφιστανων πευσεις προσηγε και λυσεις τουτων περι, ὡς ἀν μυηθεις προς Χριστου του των περι.

Ephræmii Cæsares, Scriptor. Vet. tom. iii. p. 116. His account of our council, in the same page, is not correct.

[e] Page 5.

St. Ambrose, St. Agatho, Sophronius, and St. Basil. After these come the learned arguments of the emperor, who addressed by turns different theologians, to bring them over to his opinions. Not satisfied, however, with the result of his labours, he determined to have a synod, in form. It met in the part of the imperial palace built by himself,—Ἐν τῇ ὑπερῴᾳ τροπικῇ τῇ πρὸς μεσημβρίαν τοῦ ἐν τῷ μεγάλῳ παλατίῳ πορφυρομανυηλάτῳ τρικλίνου,[f] on Tuesday, the 2nd of March, A.D. 1166. With this sitting commences the second action. All the royal family and the great officers of the household attended on the emperor, who presided: there were present three patriarchs and thirty-nine bishops. After the question had been proposed by the emperor, the bishops, one by one, gave their opinions in favour of the text applying to the inferiority of the human nature, no less than to the procession of the divine. Many expressly give, as their only reason, the consent of the Fathers. The third action is taken up with subscribing the dogmatical decree of the council; the emperor signing first, and giving his reasons with all the exactness of phrase which could satisfy the most punctilious divine. In the fourth, the canons pronouncing anathema against all impugners, and eternal memory to the maintainers of the true faith, were voted. The fifth was occupied in drawing up a more explicit declaration of faith, as that before subscribed had not been considered satisfactory by all; and, in the sixth, those who laboured under suspicion of heterodoxy, made open declaration of their belief. John Pantechnes, imperial σκευοφύλαξ, and the bishops of Myrae, Larissa, Rhodes, Adrianople, Neopatræ, Thebes, and Maronea, went through this important ordeal. A new and very long decree was then drawn up, in consequence of additional objec-

[f] Page 37.

tions, and a new canon added, which deserves to be cited: "Whoso rejecteth the words of the holy Fathers spoken in confirmation of the true doctrines of God's Church, ... likewise whoso refuseth the acts of general councils, to wit, the fourth and sixth; unto him be anathema."[g] The seventh action was entirely occupied with receiving the imperial edict for the promulgation of the acts; but the eighth presents a scene of deeper interest.

It begins solemnly by declaring, that there is a time for being silent, and a time for speaking. George, metropolitan of Nice, had been refractory to the decrees of the synod, and had incurred its penalties. But he had now repented, and with many tears implored the emperor's clemency. He interceded with the council, in mitigation of the canonical penance; and whereas this was deposition, the disobedient prelate was only sentenced to a suspension from his office for two years. For several hours he lay prostrate, bathing the ground with his tears, and begging further mercy; his brethren relented, and the presiding patriarch reduced the term of punishment to only one year. The synod then closed, after invoking every blessing upon the emperor. At the end of the volume are the autograph signatures of the bishops.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the circumstances which make these acts a valuable document to Catholics. 1. Though neither of the parties, whose conflicting opinions were here examined, for a moment leaned to Arianism, yet the text examined is one of great importance in the controversy with these sectaries; we here have several new authorities for ascertaining its interpretation. 2. The Rule of Faith is laid down by this synod to be the same in the Greek

[g] Page 75.

Church, as is held in the Catholic, especially in the dogmatical explanation of texts; that is, the consent of the Fathers, or the traditional word of God. 3. The judges who are to apply this rule, and pronounce on its results, are the same as we acknowledge,—the pastors of the Church. 4. The power of enforcing dogmatical decisions by ecclesiastical censures and penalties, is clearly claimed, and exercised.

But, in addition to the importance and interest of these acts in general, their value is much enhanced by their having preserved for us a passage of St. Amphilochius, bearing upon the important Catholic dogma of the Eucharist. As this great Father is not so well known as many of his contemporaries, it may be useful to give a few of their testimonies to his merit.

St. Amphilochius was bishop of Iconium, in Lycaonia, during the reign of Theodosius. Theodoret relates an anecdote of him, which shows his intrepidity in defending the faith against the Arians. In an audience of the emperor, he entreated him to forbid Arian conventicles within cities. Theodosius, considering the measure harsh, declined complying with his request. The holy bishop retired; but some time after asked another audience. It was granted; and as he approached the emperor, and saluted him, he took no notice of his son Arcadius, who had just been named Augustus. The emperor, thinking this an oversight, desired him to return and kiss his son. Amphilochius replied, that it was enough to have honoured *him*. Theodosius was highly incensed, when the bishop exclaimed: "See, O emperor, how you resent any insult to your son; do you think, then, that the Ruler of the Universe will less resent the blasphemies and insults uttered against His Son?"[b] Among the epistles

[b] Theod. Hist. Eccles. lib. v. c. xvi. tom. iii. p. 214, ed. Reading.

of St. Basil are several addressed to St. Amphilochius. In one place he calls him his brother, dear to him, and esteemed above all others:[i] in another he says he admires his eagerness to learn, and at the same time his humility, which makes him apply for knowledge to those whom he is fit to teach.[k] St. Gregory Nazianzen calls him "the spotless pontiff, the messenger of truth, and his delight."[l] St. Jerome classes him with the two fathers just quoted, as their equal in sacred and profane learning;[m] and tells us he had lately heard him read his work on the Holy Ghost.[n]

These high encomiums from "those who themselves are praised" must excite a desire to know the belief of this Father upon points of modern controversy; and, though the Catholic can always look forward tranquilly to the discovery of any new ecclesiastical writer, well assured that whoever was the friend of the Gregorys, the Basils, and the Jeromes, must have believed even as they did, yet he must for this very reason feel his heart throb with anxious expectation, as he turns over the pages of any newly-discovered Father. Unfortunately most of the works of St. Amphilochius have perished. Father Combefis, who published them with those of St. Methodius and Andrew of Crete,[o] was only

This anecdote, and the belief of the Greek Church that this saint was named bishop by angels in a vision (see the Greek *Menol.* of the emperor Basil, October 19, p. i. p. 127, ed. Urbin. 1727), have been wrought up at great length into his acts, given by Metaphrastes. See these ap. Combefis, inf. cit. p. 228, seqq.

[i] De Spiritu S. c. i. tom. iii. p. 1, ed. Maur. 1730. This treatise is, in fact, dedicated by St. Basil to St. Amphilochius.

[k] Epist. cxcix. ib. p. 290.

[l] Carm. parænet. ad Olympiad. Virg. v. 102, tom. ii. p. 134. Paris. 1611. (See the Roman Martyrol. November 23.)

[m] Epist. lxx. ad Magnum Orat. tom. i. p. 427, ed. Vallars.

[n] De Viris illustrib. c. cxxxiii. tom. ii. p. 938.

[o] SS. Patrum Amphilochii, Methodii et Andreæ Cretens. Opera

able to recover a few sermons, an epistle in verse, and some mutilated fragments preserved by other writers. Among these is a passage from a sermon upon the very text discussed in our council, preserved by Theodoret.[p] This was so exactly to the purpose of the synod, that it could not fail to be quoted in its acts. In fact, we find it repeated,[q] but fortunately at much greater length; as the portion now first published, contains an expression of great importance.

St. Amphilochius, wishing to explain in what manner Jesus Christ was at once equal and inferior to the Father, gives a great number of antithetic actions of his life, characteristic of the various operations of his twofold nature. These are his words:—

"The Father, therefore, is greater than he who goeth unto him, not greater than he who is always in him. And that I may speak compendiously; He (the Father) is greater, and yet equal: greater than he who asked, 'How many loaves have ye?'[r] equal to him who satisfied the whole multitude with five loaves; greater than he who asked, 'Where have ye laid Lazarus?' equal to him who raised Lazarus by his word; greater than he who said, 'Who toucheth me?' equal to him who dried up the inexhaustible flux of the hæmorrhoissa; greater than he who slumbered in the vessel, equal to him who chid the sea; greater than he who was judged by Pilate, equal to him who

omnia; Paris, 1644. Reprinted with improvements in Gallandus's Biblioth. Pat. tom. vi. Ven. 1770, pp. 463, seqq.

[p] Ed. Combefis, p. 143, Bib. Pat. p. 502. This part of the sermon is in Theodoret, Dialog. 1, tom. iv. p. 43. Paris, 1642.

[q] Pp. 9, 10, but under the title of sermon against the Arians.

[r] It is singular that this member of the sentence is omitted in the printed Greek, but is in the Latin version below. This shows that the omission is a typographical error. The sense likewise demonstrates the necessity of such a member for the antithesis.

freeth the world from judgment; greater than he who was buffeted, and was crucified with thieves, equal to him who justified the thief free-cost; greater than he who was stripped of his raiment, equal to him who clothes the soul; greater than he to whom vinegar was given to drink, *equal to him who giveth us his own blood to drink;* greater than he whose temple was dissolved, equal to him who, after its dissolution, raised up his own temple; greater than the former, equal to the latter."

In presenting this text for the first time to the attention of theologians, and, I may almost say, of the public, I may be allowed to offer a few remarks. 1. It will be seen at first sight, that St. Amphilochius places at one side of his parallel those actions of our Divine Saviour which demonstrate His equality with the Father, by proving his omnipotence. Although there was always this wide distinction between the miracles of our Saviour and those of His disciples, that they only professed to act as His ministers and deputies, and through the power of His Name, whereas He boldly professed to do wonders in His own right; yet could the recital of ordinary miracles have been answered by the Arians, by comparing them with similar ones wrought by the apostles, who noways claimed thereupon any divine attributes. St. Amphilochius, therefore, is careful to give, rising as it were to a climax, such instances as could defy all comparison, and demonstrate the possession of omnipotence. Christ, he says, is shown to be equal to the Father, "*in freeing the world from judgment, in justifying the good thief free-cost, in clothing the soul with grace, in raising himself from the dead.*"[s] No one will doubt

[s] This argument from the Resurrection is very strongly put by St. Amphilochius, in his eloquent sermon on that subject.—Bib. Pat.

that these are the strongest illustrations of claim to equality with the Father, which could have been drawn from His sacred life.

2ndly. It is among these miracles of the highest order, among these incontrovertible proofs of our Saviour's omnipotence, that St. Amphilochius places the institution of the B. Eucharist: "He [the Father] is equal to him who GIVETH US HIS OWN BLOOD TO DRINK." St. Amphilochius therefore supposes a miracle, and a miracle of the most stupendous sort, in the B. Sacrament. Did he then believe it to be a mere symbol? But the institution of a symbol requires no claim to omnipotence. Whoever aggregates disciples, or forms a school, may institute symbols. The Pythagoreans and the Egyptian priests had many; the Freemasons and Orangemen have them; yet, in all this, there is no miracle. The sign of the cross is doubtless a most precious and expressive symbol of our Saviour's passion; yet whoever instituted it did not thereby prove or show himself equal to the Father. It is only by his maintaining here the real presence of the Blood of Christ on the Altar, that we can find any coherence and sense in the reasoning of this great teacher.

3rdly. St. Amphilochius uses the phrase τὸ οἰκεῖον αἷμα, *his own proper blood*. That such is the proper meaning of the phrase will appear from another member of the sentence, where he says, "equal to him who raised up *His own temple*," that is, his body; where the words are, τὸν οἰκεῖον ἐγείραντος ναόν. Here the force of the argument rests almost entirely on the

ubi sup. p. 187. Indeed, the few remains which we possess of his works, fully establish his claim to the high order in which he is classed by St. Jerome. His eloquence is deep and fervid, and breathes an earnest and impressive piety.

word οἰκεῖον, the miracle consists in Christ raising *His own body;* so likewise does this parallelism of phrase throw emphasis on the same adjective in our member of the sentence; and the miracle equally consists in His "giving us *His own blood* to drink." This reasoning entirely excludes the Protestant doctrine.

4thly. The whole of St. Amphilochius's reasoning is rendered still more striking by the peculiar turn of his sentence. For he does not say through it that Christ is equal to the Father, but that the Father is equal to Christ. It is true, that the necessity of keeping a parallel construction to the text, "the Father is greater," drove him to this unusual form, which simply establishes the perfect equality of the two divine persons. Yet it cannot fail to strike the reader as giving greater energy to his reasoning, and obliging him to be more careful in selecting real and sound demonstrations of that equality.

5thly. But there yet remains an important illustration of this text to be made. Should any of my readers turn over to the passage of St. Amphilochius in the publication of Monsignor Mai, he will at once perceive that I have differed from him in my translation of the words on which I have hitherto been commenting; and, as my version is weaker, and seems to give up a strong theological position which that learned scholar has taken, I owe it both to sincerity and to myself, to vindicate the rendering which I have offered. The words of the text are, ἴσος τοῦ τὸ οἰκεῖον οἴνοχοοῦντος αἷμα. The learned editor has translated these words by, "æqualis ei qui proprium sanguinem *ex vino facit;*" and has added in a note that here we have a valuable testimony in favour of Transubstantiation.[t] This is indeed true to a certain extent, but not in the manner

[t] Page 10.

which his version implies, a clear explicit declaration of a change. But it is not through a captious desire of finding fault that I enter on a philological examination of these words, nor even because I think such a criticism had better come from a friend than an enemy; but partly from love of truth, partly from fear that any adversary, deceived in the same manner, but with a totally different spirit from the editor, should argue that the composition of the verb modified its meaning, and that οἰνοχοεῖν suggests the idea of wine being present in the Eucharist.

It is indeed true, that this verb in its primary signification means to *pour out*, or *minister*, *wine:* in which sense, the only one of the lexicons, it often occurs in Homer, and other ancient writers, as Odys. δ′ 233.

Κέλευσέ τε οἰνοχοῆσαι.[u]

But it is no less certain that it became a term of more general acceptation, and was used in the simple sense of *propinare*, *to give to drink at a feast*. Thus we have in the same poet:—

Αὐτὰρ ὁ τοῖς ἄλλοισι Θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσιν
ΟΙ᾽ΝΟΧΟ᾽ΕΙ γλυκὺ ΝΕ᾽ΚΤΑΡ.[x]

And again in the fourth book:—

—— Μετὰ δέ σφισι πότνια Ἥβη
ΝΕ᾽ΚΤΑΡ ᾽ΕΩΝΟΧΟ᾽ΕΙ.[y]

The commentary of Eustathius upon these passages will put this matter beyond the reach of controversy. Upon the first he says, "You must know, that οἰνοχοεῖν is not properly said of nectar, but only of wine; but it is applied *through necessity* to nectar also, as will be

[u] See also Ο′ 322; Iliad, β′ 127, et al.
[x] Il. ά 597. [y] Ib. δ′ 3.

declared in the third book; *because there was no more dignified convivial term at the poet's command.* There are other similar expressions; as, *ἐχειρονόμησε τοῖς σκέλεσι.*"[z] The reference to the third book is perhaps a mistake for the commentary which he gives upon this word, in illustrating the passage, which I have quoted from the fourth; as there is not a word, in the commentary on the third book, upon this expression. These are his words. "But see how he applies improperly to nectar the word *οἰνοχοεῖν*, as was more fully explained in the commentary on the first book; but he uses it now also simply as a convivial word; as if one should say, *he gave him nectar to drink, as if it were wine.*[a]

We have another passage, which further confirms these observations. This is a verse of Sappho, preserved by Athenæus. Speaking of the gods, whose drink was certainly not wine, she says,—

Καὐδ' ἀμβροσίας μὲν κρατὴρ ἐκέκρατο
Ἑρμᾶς δὲ ἔλων ὔλπιν θεοῖς οἰνοχόησε.[b]

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[z] Ἰστέον δὲ ὅτι τὸ οἰνοχοεῖν οὐ κυριολεκτεῖται ἐπὶ τοῦ νέκταρος, ἀλλὰ πάντως ἐπὶ τοῦ οἴνου τέθειται δὲ κατ' ἀνάγκην καὶ ἐπὶ νέκταρος, ὡς καὶ ἐν τῇ γ΄ ῥαψῳδίᾳ φανήσεται, διὰ τὸ μὴ εὐπορεῖν τὸν Ποιητὴν σεμνοτέρας συμποσιακῆς λέξεως. Εἰσὶ δὲ καὶ ἕτερά τινα τοιαῦτα, οἷον καὶ τὸ ἐχειρονόμησε τοῖς σκέλεσι. Comment. tom. i. p. 302, ed. Pol. Flor. 1730. He continues to comment on the word for several pages, observing that nectar is a liquid nourishment, and consequently can be said *οἰνοχοεῖσθαι*, p. 304. He brings several other examples of similar phrases; as, *ᾠκοδόμησε πόλιν.* In fact, we have in Thucydides *τὰ τείχη οἰκοδομησαμένων.*—Hist. lib. vii. p. 451, ed. Wetst.; again, p. 563, lib. viii. We may compare, too, the word *πολιορκέω*: thus we have in Dionysius of Halicarnassus *πολιορκεῖν τὸ φρούριον.*—Antiq. lib. ix. c. xviii. p. 552, ed. Oxon. 1704.

[a] "Ορα δὲ, ὅπως, ὡς καὶ ἐν τῇ ά ῥαψῳδίᾳ πλατύτερον ἐρρήθη, ἐπὶ νέκταρος οὐκ εὐκαίρως εἶπε τὸ οἰνοχοεῖν, ἀλλὰ ἁπλῶς καὶ νῦν, ὡς λέξιν συμποσιακὴν ὡς εἴ τις εἴποι ἐδίδου νέκταρ πιεῖν οἷα τινα οἶνον.—Tom. iii. p. 962.

[b] Deipnosaph. lib. x. tom. iv. p. 55, ed. Schweigh.

I am far from wishing to embark upon the sea of critical and philological controversy to which these verses may give rise. I must, however, remark—1st, that ambrosia here signifies the *drink* of the gods, or nectar. Athenæus himself quotes the verse in another place, preserved in his Epitome, to prove that ambrosia is put for the beverage, as nectar is by Anaxandrides and Alcman for the food, of the gods.[c] Whence Suidas says, *νέκταρ καὶ τὸ βρῶμα τῶν Θεῶν.*[d] 2ndly, that no difficulty can be raised from the use of the extraordinary word ἔρπιν, which occurs in another quotation, instead of ὄλπιν, and which Casaubon wished to introduce here. Nothing can be more true than what he proves from Eustathius and Lycophron, that ἔρπις, or rather, as in Coptic, EPH, did really mean in Egyptian *wine;* for Champollion and Rosellini have found it in hieroglyphics.[e] Granting, however, this, on which the learned Schweighauser seems to wish to cast a doubt, the argument of this learned critic appears to leave no doubt that ὄλπιν, and not ἔρπιν, is the true reading; so that the passage in the Epitome to the second book, must rather be corrected from the

[c] Epitome, lib. ii. tom. i. p. 118. [d] Tom. ii. p. 605, ed. Kust.

[e] Champollion, Lettres à M. le Duc de Blacas, relatives au Musée royal de Turin. Prem. Lettre, Paris, 1824, p. 37. He is speaking of the representations on Egyptian monuments of flasks painted red up to a certain height to represent the liquor. In a prayer, supposed by Rosellini to be directed to Athyr, upon a sepulchral monument in the gallery of Florence, the goddess is requested to give the defunct wine, milk, &c. Both are represented by vases with the names of their respective contents written in hieroglyphics round them. Round the first are the *feather*, *mouth*, and the *square*, the phonetic signs of the letters EPH. See the engraving in Rosellini's work, entitled Di un Basso-rilievo Egiziano della I. e R. Galleria di Firenze, ib. 1826, and the illustration, p. 40.

quotation in the tenth.[f] Thus all mention of *wine* is excluded from the text. It must be surely superfluous to prove that the beverage of Olympus had nothing in common with the juice of the grape.

These quotations, especially the express testimonies of Eustathius, sufficiently establish the signification I have attributed to the verb οἰνοχοεῖν, of *giving to drink*, especially in a solemn manner, as was done by the οἰνοχόος at a feast. As Eustathius observes of Homer, St. Amphilochius could not have used a more dignified word to express the sacred and awful draught which our Saviour presents us at the altar. At the same time all idea of the existence of wine in the chalice is removed; at least no Protestant controvertist can argue, from the verb selected, that St. Amphilochius wished to insinuate its being still there.

[f] This argument is chiefly grounded on the use of the participle ἕλων, *capiens*, which requires after it the name of some vessel, as ὕλπιν, not of a liquor, which would rather have been preceded by ἀφύων, *hauriens*, or some such word. Animadversiones in Athen. Argentor. 1804, tom. v. p. 375.

Rome, *September*, 1833.

ON THE

WRITINGS OF ST. EPHREM.

From the CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.

ON THE

WRITINGS OF ST. EPHREM,

WITH EXAMPLES FROM THE ORIGINAL.

St. Ephrem is an example of a phenomenon not uncommon in the history of literature.[a] Like Moses in Hebrew, Homer in Greek, Mohammed in Arabic, Chaucer in English, Dante and Boccaccio in Italian, he is at once the earliest, and the purest, author preserved to us from the ancient learning of Syria. From his age, the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era, the language and learning of his country improved no more; his writings have been considered the model of elegance by all later authors. And yet hardly a fragment survives to show us how the language had gradually reached such a degree of elegance and perfection. By his countrymen he is styled *the prophet of the Syrians, the harp of the Holy Ghost, the eloquent mouth, the column of the Church.* He has been called, too, the *Syriac Chrysostom.* It may be interesting to our readers to know what entitled him to the honourable appellations. They may indeed read his life in Alban Butler's collection; but the extracts there given from his writings can convey but a faint idea of his elevated, and often sublime, bursts of *poetic* eloquence. We have used this term, because, extra-

[a] The works of this father, in Syriac and Greek, were first published complete in six volumes, folio, by P. Ambarach (Benedictus), a Maronite Jesuit; Rome, 1737, seqq.

ordinary as it may appear, what are commonly considered the Sermons of St. Ephrem, are all metrical compositions.

The first persons who introduced the alluring charms of versification into polemic or doctrinal compositions, in the Syriac Church, were the celebrated Gnostics, Bardesanes and his son Harmonius.[b] It is against these heresiarchs and their followers, that most of St. Ephrem's writings are directed; and so full is his confutation of their errors, that the entire system of their doctrines may be collected from his works. Some years ago, it was our intention to undertake this task, but we abandoned it upon reading the learned and interesting tract of Augustus Hahn upon the subject.[c] St. Ephrem, seeing how men's minds were allured, by the smooth verses of those false men, to read and remember their words, resolved to employ the same weapons; and accordingly drew up his confutations in verse, sometimes employing the metre of Bardesanes himself, which was pentasyllabic,[d] oftener another made up of seven syllables, which is generally called, by the Syrians, the metre of St. Ephrem.[e] It might be doubted whether these discourses were ever delivered to the people; but passages may be quoted from them to show that they were. Certainly, the stream

[b] See S. Ephr. Opp. tom. ii. p. 558; and his Acts, prefixed to the second volume, p. 51.

[c] Bardesanes Gnosticus Syrorum, primus hymnologus. Lip. 1819.

[d] We have seventeen discourses of St. Ephrem in this measure, among those against the *Searchers*, ending with the sixty-fifth, tom. iii. p. 128, where a note, in the original, mentions this circumstance.

[e] This is frequently met in manuscripts, prefixed to poems; as in Cod. Vat. (Syr.) cliii., is an anonymous poem on the seven climates: ܬܫܡܗܐ ܕܥܠ ܐܝܡܪ (*B'nisho d'mor Ephrem*), in the measure of St. Ephrem.

of rich allegory, which winds through many of them, sometimes flowing through a succession of beautifully connected imagery, then suddenly broken by an abrupt transition, the bold figures of speech, and the choice of lofty words, and the close brevity of his reasoning, seem hardly adapted for popular addresses. But then we must remember, that we are men of another age, and land, and speech, and thought; that it has been well remarked by an able writer, that, in the East, eloquence has never placed boundaries between its territories and those of poetry,[f] which, in western countries, has been done. And, indeed, we have many other metrical discourses, besides those of St. Ephrem, of which there seems no cause to doubt, but that they were delivered in speech. These in Syriac are called *mimre*.

Among the heretics, whom this great saint attacked with most zeal, was a branch of the Aëtians, or Eunomians, whom he calls *Botzooie*, that is, *Searchers*, as men, who pretended to dive into the mysteries of faith, and, by unaided reason, to fathom and understand them. Against these men he composed eighty-seven sermons. The seven last of these are more particularly called *On the Pearl*, that is, on Faith, which is allegorically spoken of in them, under this emblem. We present our readers with a translation of the first of these, from the original; for the Latin version of these discourses is often very defective, owing to the conciseness and obscurity of their style. Many expressions we have been obliged to paraphrase, otherwise they could not have been understood; and thereby the strength of the original has, no doubt, been weakened.

[f] Michaelis in his Preface to Lowth's Prælectiones, reprinted in the Oxford edition, 1810, vol. ii.

"*First Sermon of St. Ephrem on the Pearl.*[g]

"On a certain occasion, my brethren, a pearl came into my possession. In it I saw kingly emblems, images and types of the Divine Majesty: and therein too was a fountain, whence I drank the mysteries of the Son of God. I placed it, my brethren, upon the palm of my hand, that so I might more curiously note it. I examined it on one side, but it had faces on all its sides,—the image of God's Son, who is incomprehensible, because He is all light. In this its clearness I contemplated that serene One who is never overcast; by its purity the great type of our Lord's body was expressed; and in its indivisibility I saw the indivisibility of truth. Therein too could I discern its own pure offspring, the Church, in whose midst was the Son, and She who bare him, whose figure is the cloud [of Elias,] whose emblem is the heavens, from whom shone forth the beautiful splendour. I saw there represented the trophies of His victories and His crownings; I beheld all His benefits and efficacy, whether hidden or manifest.

"I prized myself more upon this pearl than if it had been the Ark of the Covenant, so as to be lost in admiration. I beheld in it bowers not shaded, for it was a draught of light, vocal types without a tongue, mysterious words without lips, a silent lyre, which, without any voice, did utter tuneful notes.—The indistinct sound of a trumpet, and the murmuring of thunder! 'Presume not! Let alone that which is hidden, hold that which has been declared!' Again, I saw, amidst serenity, rain; a fountain for the ears, as if dropping from clouds of interpretation. And as the manna did, by its varied tastes supply for the people [of Israel] the place of all other food, so did this pearl stand me, instead of books, and of the reading and explanation thereof. And, if I would ask whether there yet remain other mysteries, it had no mouth that I should hear from it; neither had it ears, that it should hear me; it had no senses, whereby I might learn new ideas from it.

"At length it addressed me, and said, 'I am a daughter of the immeasurable sea; and from that ocean, whence I ascended, cometh the rich treasure of mysteries which is in my bosom. Fathom the sea, but think not to fathom the Lord of the sea. I saw the divers who descended after me with fear: quickly from the depths they

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[g] In his Syriac works, tom. iii. p. 150. [Since this was printed, the Rev. J. B. Morris has published a volume of translations from St. Ephrem, among which is one of this very sermon. The difference of rendering is on the whole very trifling.]

returned to the shore. Even for a short time they could not bear it; who can persevere in investigating the abyss of the Divinity?'

"The waves of the Son of God are laden with benefits, but yet are full of peril. Have you not seen how the billows of the sea do dash in pieces the bark, which struggleth against them; but so that if it submit, and resist not, then shall it be saved? In the sea were the Egyptians drowned, although they did not scrutinize; and, without this investigation, even on dry land, were the Israelites swallowed up: Where then are you safe? By fire [in like manner] the Sodomites were licked up; and how then can you resist?[h] At the groans [of the Egyptians] even the fishes of the ocean were moved, and the Leviathans thereof. Verily, ye must have a heart of stone, to read these things and yet forget them. Great is your danger, for long hath justice been silent.

"Curiosity is mingled with your thanksgiving, and which shall most prevail [with God?] Praise and vain inquiry rise together like incense from your lips, and which shall He regard? Prayer and foolish research proceed from one mouth, and to which shall He attend?—For three days was Jonas an inhabitant of the abyss; the monsters in the depths thereof were moved, [saying,] 'Who shall flee from God?' Jonas only fled [from Him,] but ye presume to search into Him."

St. Ephrem was scarcely less admired by the Greek Church, than by that of his own country. He was bound by strictest friendship with the great St. Basil, and we have a glowing discourse in his praise, by St. Gregory of Nyssa. Hence, it is no wonder that his writings should early have been translated into the Greek language. The collection of his works contains three folio volumes of these versions, edited by Joseph Assemani. It is chiefly from these that extracts have been translated into modern languages. In the third volume of these Greek translations are many prayers, remarkable for the warm and animated feelings and expressions of devotion which they contain. None,

[h] Our saint selects examples of God's judgment exercised upon his enemies by the different elements, thereby to show, that for such is no security, and then returns to that of the Egyptians, which he first mentioned.

however, are so striking as those addressed to the Blessed Virgin. If the prayer-books of modern Catholics have been ransacked, to prove that divine honour is paid to this queen of saints, and if the most innocent expressions, well understood by us all, have been deemed sufficient argument against us, I fear our saint, of whom St. Gregory of Nyssa hath said such glorious things, must fain help us to bear the burthen of modern condemnation. For he goes far beyond all which modern tongue would venture to utter, in addressing its supplications to her. And since we have been already once charged solemnly, by a grave author, and in a large book,[i] with having falsified the doctrines of the Syriac Church, for the purpose of vindicating ours, we will translate a few expressions from one of these prayers, so to justify what we have said. It opens thus: "In thee, Patroness, and *Mediatrix* with God, who was born from thee,[k] the human race, O Mother of God, placeth its joy; and ever is dependent upon thy patronage; and, in thee alone, hath refuge and defence, who hast full confidence in Him. Behold, I also draw nigh to thee, with a fervent soul, not having courage to approach thy Son, but imploring, that, through thy intercession (μεσιτείας) I may obtain salvation. Despise not, then, thy servant, who placeth all his hopes in thee, after God; reject him not, placed in grievous danger, and oppressed with many griefs; but thou, who art compassionate, and the mother of a merciful God, have mercy upon thy servant, free me from fatal concupiscence, &c." In the course of this

[i] We allude to a note in the learned Professor Lee's Prolegomena to Bagster's Polyglott Bible.

[k] Μεσίτην πρὸς τὸν ἐκ σοῦ τεχθέντα Θεόν. This prayer occurs in his Greek works, tom. iii. p. 532.

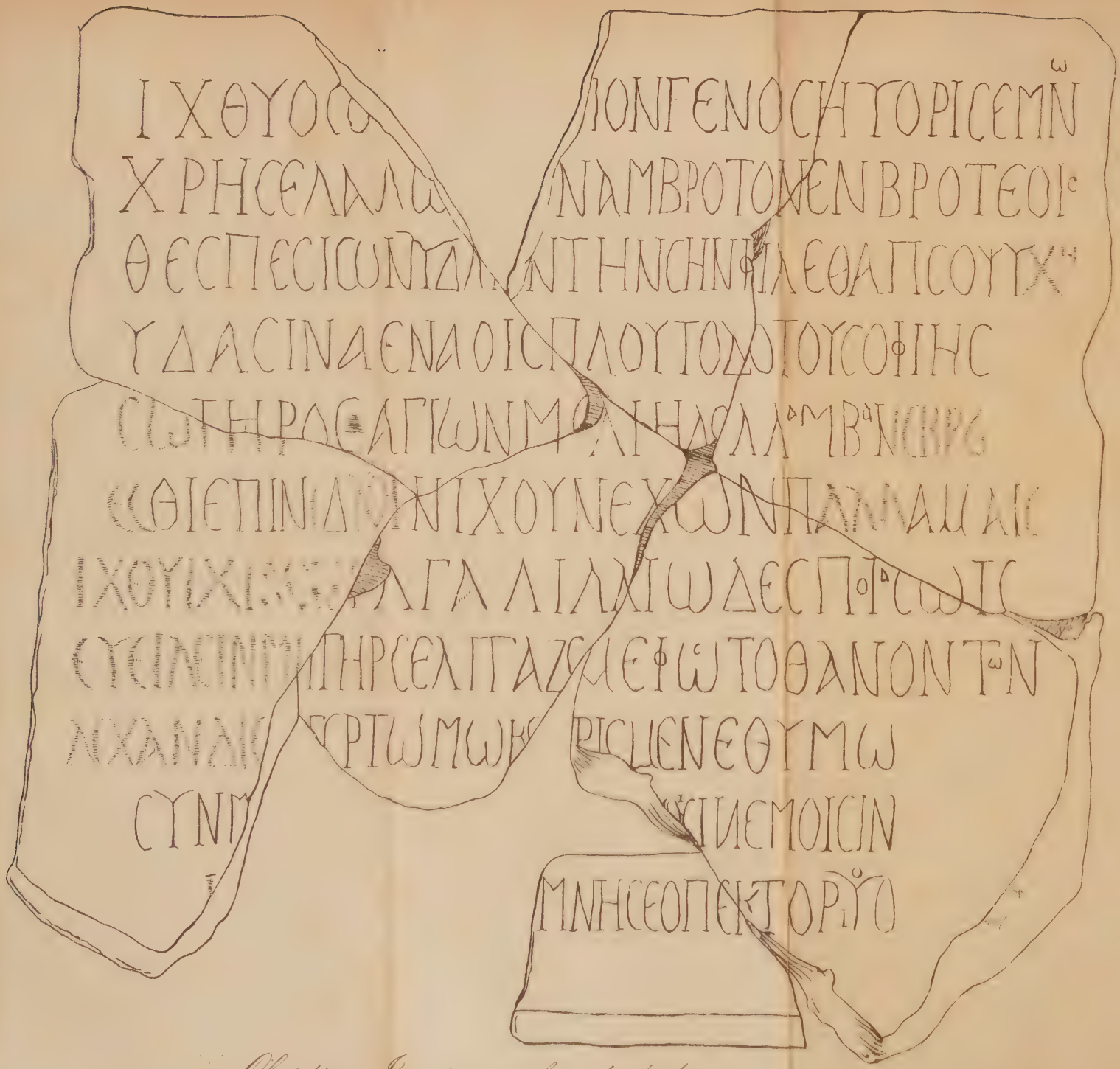
prayer, our B. Lady is called, "the precious vision of the prophets, the clearest fulfilment of all prophecy, the eloquent mouth of the apostles, the strength of kings, the boast of the priesthood, the forgiveness of sins, the propitiation of the just Judge, the rise of the fallen, the redemption from sins, &c." In another prayer, we meet the following words, addressed to the same ever-glorious Virgin: "After the Trinity [thou art] mistress of all; after the Paraclete another paraclete; after the Mediator, mediatrix of the whole world."[l] Surely this is more than enough to prove, that if this glory of the Syriac Church, this friend of the great St. Basil, had lived in our times, he would not have been allowed to officiate in the English Church, as deacon, for he never received higher ordination, but would have been obliged to retire to some humble chapel, if he wished to discharge his sacred functions; where he should find men who fear not, in fulfilment of holy prophecy, to place the title of Blessed before the name of God's mother, and address her in suppliant prayer, without fear of offending her Son.

On the commentaries of St. Ephrem we might say much; but perhaps it would not be interesting to many. On their value in critical questions, regarding the Syriac version, the reader may consult a curious and erudite essay by Cesar Lengerke;[m] whom, however, we approve not in all things. When we perused these commentaries, we often perceived a variety of style, both in the interpretation itself, and in the language, which betrayed sometimes a later age, and we felt no

[l] Ἡ μετὰ τὴν Τριάδα παντῶν δέσποινα, ἡ μετὰ τὸν Παράκλητον ἄλλος παράκλητος, καὶ μετὰ τὸν Μεσίτην μεσίτης κοσμοῦ παντός.—P. 528.

[m] Commentatio critica de Ephræmo Syro S. S. interprete. Halis, Sax. 1828.

difficulty in attributing such parts to James of Edessa. However, to be more certain, we consulted the manuscript, from which the Roman edition was made, and found our conjecture verified; as some parts, which are printed as St. Ephrem's, do really belong to the other writer, whom we have just named. But this would be matter beseeming a more elaborate inquiry.



Christian Inscription found at Autun

ACCOUNT

OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED

CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTION.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for Nov.* 1840.

ACCOUNT

OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED

CHRISTIAN INSCRIPTION.

ART. IX.—*Epigramma Greco-Cristiano de' primi secoli, &c.—Greek-Christian Epigram of the first centuries, lately found near the ancient Augustodunum, now Autun, in France; restored where necessary, and commented on by Father John P. Secchi, of the Society of Jesus.* Rome: 1840.

Two words of preface must keep our readers waiting, before we enter upon the interesting little work before us.

The first regards the science of which it treats. The Christian archæology of the earliest centuries is a branch of sacred study, hardly cultivated, as yet, out of Italy, and having its seat and centre in eternal Rome. Even whatever the Mabillons and Montfaucons may have done for it, must be considered as only emanations from that source. This is quite reasonable. Geology could not have sprung up in the midst of the Sahara, where one stratum of unfathomable, as well as immeasurable sand, presents no variety of physical features; and no more could the study of primeval Christian monuments have arisen, or have been cultivated, where they existed not to attract attention, and to furnish materials for application. Italy possesses, in almost every part, some remnants of the earliest Christian ages. Verona is

rich in inscriptions; Milan has its Ambrosian monuments; Brescia contains many curious objects. Ravenna is a perfect Christian museum; city and suburbs are full of splendid edifices of the first Christian ages, churches erected or embellished by Justinian, Valentinian, or Galla Placidia. The domestic chapel, built by St. Peter Chrysologus, still serves, without any essential alteration, his worthy successor the present saintly archbishop; and the beautiful frescoes of Giotto have faded away, or have been peeled off by damp, from the church of *Sta. Maria in Porto fuori;* while the mosaics of double their age, in the apsis of the neighbouring basilica of *St. Apollinare in Classe*, display as yet almost their original freshness. But all the monumental riches of these, and all other Italian cities together, are poor, compared with what Rome alone contains in her ancient walls, and suburban territory. Not a link is wanting in her series. She begins with the altar of the apostle St. Peter, enshrined in the high altar of St. John Lateran, with his chair and his very ashes—the glory of the Vatican, with the prisons of himself and his brother apostle Paul, and with the places of their martyrdom. From these she conducts the devout pilgrim through the mazes of catacombs and crypts, the dormitories of saints, the chambers of martyred pontiffs; she points out to him the altars mixed with tombs, the paintings that conceal sepulchres, the baptisteries still fed by pure subterranean streams,[a] all the evidences of that

[a] As in the cemetery of Pontianus, on the Via Portuensis, a road particularly dear to us. Over the square baptistery, cut out of the rock, and filled with beautiful running water, deep enough for immersion, is a painting of our Lord's baptism. Beside it is a painting of SS. Abdon and Semen, whose bodies are, or were, here. See an interesting account of the discovery of this catacomb by the dis-

mixture of joy and of sorrow, of resignation and anxiety, of life and death in the same spot, which characterizes so powerfully to the mind, and to the feelings, that early state of persecution, in which the Catholic Church was so long kept. Then her monuments begin to creep above ground; her *confessions*, or tombs of martyrs (yea, such martyrs as Laurence or Agnes), communicate at once below with the catacombs, of which they are a part, and above with the splendid churches that overshadow them. Through these venerable entrances we gain the upper sphere, and pass, by a natural transition, from chapels to churches, from catacombs to basilicas. We stay not now to draw comfort from this contrast, as applied to ourselves at this moment. We fancy we could show many symptoms of a similar transition, from the chapel to the church, in our present sacred edifices, and a not dissimilar one from by-lanes to public streets; nay, if we are rightly informed, Birmingham, at this moment, presents an example of a magnificent church springing over one low sunk in the ground, and now forming its crypt.[b] But we pass by these reflections now, to proceed with our antiquarian walk. The name of Constantine, recorded as the founder of many Roman basilicas, gives us the earliest possible date for the erection of great Christian edifices, and assures us of the next step in our monumental chronology of ancient Christianity. True it unfortunately is, that Vandals, ancient and modern, whether wielding the sword or the compasses, whether destroying or repairing, have removed much, and left comparatively little, of what we revere; but still the granite columns

coverer himself, Bosio, *Roma Sotterranea*, p. 125; or by Aringhi, *Roma Subterranea*, tom. i. p. 375.

[b] [The cathedral of St. Chad, then in course of erection.]

or the porphyry wainscoting, the pavement, or the outer walls remain; and when all has been covered and whitewashed, the site, with its secure tradition, the shrine, with its certain relics, remain unchanged, to carry back the feeling mind to the age in which the trenches for the foundations of the buildings were opened by an imperial hand; or the sacred deposit laid beneath its altar, by a saintly pontiff. After this period, the work of tracing out the visitor's course becomes too complicated for us to undertake it. Every *region* of the city has its claims upon his next attention; each gate invites him—not unallured by the smiling hills that win him forward—to make a pilgrimage of every excursion, and pause on his way at one or more of the hallowed spots, which a large church, or a chapel, or a simple inscription by the road-side, recommends to his devout attention.

While our pen, almost unguided, has been rapidly tracing these paragraphs, our mind has been wandering over the scenes they record. We have revisited them all in spirit, and many more which we have not here set down. We have, in the last few minutes, threaded many a subterranean labyrinth with no other clue than memory; stopping here at an angle where the wall of sand is cut away, to admit the pale sepulchral lamp, which lighted the diverging corridors; peeping into half-opened tombs, in which every bone yet lies in its place, unremoved, because wanting any token of martyrdom. We have read the names of saints beside their effigies painted in the little chapels—the squares of those subterranean streets. We have almost leapt from sanctuary to sanctuary, with that rapidity, which the imagination itself can only have, when the affections lend it wings; have recalled to our minds the exact forms, the nicely-distinguishing features of each,

their specific treasures of art and of holiness; we have peopled them for their festival-days, we have worshipped in them in twilight solitude; and we now awake from our trance, to apologize to our readers for having imagined that we could draw others after us as fast as we run ourselves, over a ground which it requires years of familiar and loving intercourse to know as it deserves; years of that intercourse which makes the very stones of a standing temple as dear as were the dispersed ones of Sion's sanctuary to the Israelite, and which gives us friendship for unspeaking forms. It will be, at least, allowed to be perfectly natural, that such persons as have once conceived these feelings and have nourished them, will soon turn their intelligence in the same direction as their hearts; and, not content with admiring, will be anxious to understand. Hence it was not long after the revival of good letters, before works of great learning were composed, to illustrate the early Christian monuments of Rome. The names of Aringhi, Bottari, Bosio, Boldetti, Marangoni, Ciampini, and many others of the same class, are well known to the lovers of these interesting pursuits. We believe Rome to be the only city which, in its theological schools, has a chair of Christian archæology, or has a museum, like that of the Vatican library, exclusively devoted to it.

The pontificate of Benedict XIV. was particularly favourable to the prosecution of this study. That great pontiff, himself well versed in it, encouraged the researches of other learned men; and though, unfortunately, the bad taste which prevailed in his time (though not quite so bad as in the period immediately preceding), has caused his name and arms to stand upon ancient buildings, sadly modernized, he well knew how to appreciate and preserve what was old

and venerable. The calamities of a later period led, perhaps, to some relaxation in the prosecution of this study; though the names of Marini, Cancellieri, and Visconti, may wipe off much of this imputation. But the present pontiff,[c] having founded and richly furnished three classical museums,—the Egyptian, the Etruscan, and the Lateran, could not be supposed indifferent to that most akin to his own pursuits, and most especially his own, he being the bishop to whom the preservation of the sacred monuments of his see officially belongs. Accordingly, he has enriched the Christian Museum beyond all his immediate predecessors; he has added to it seals, rings, plate, and books; and he has created in it a totally new department, already admirably fitted up, of old sacred paintings. This attention, on his part, has naturally excited a new ardour for the pursuit of corresponding application; and we believe we are not incorrect in saying, that this month will see the publication of the first number of a work, to be continued monthly, illustrative of the sacred archæology of Rome. It will begin with statues and bas-reliefs, will then proceed to works in ivory and metal, and so descend to paintings, and other objects of religious purpose and interest.

This brings us to the second of our preliminary matters. It shall not be so prolix as our first. It is concerning the author of the pamphlet which we desire to make known to our readers. Father Secchi is professor of Greek in the Roman college belonging to the Society of Jesus. He is yet young; and though he has not published any large works, he has acquired no small reputation by his able philological and antiquarian essays, chiefly contained in the *Archæological Annals*, published by a German association in Rome,

[c] Gregory XVI.

and in other periodicals of that city. In the prosecution of his Greek studies he has gone beyond the limits of ordinary attainments, and has made himself master of Sanskrit, as an auxiliary to his grammatical researches. Now he, with F. F. Marchi, Tessieri, and one or two other members of his order, is chief promoter and prosecutor of this extraordinary, most *Jesuitical*, plan of bringing before the public, and within the reach of all scholars, the ancient monuments of Christianity. So much for the supposition of Rome's interest lying in concealing the faith and practice of primitive times, and of the Jesuits being anxious to discourage such prying researches, and keeping the people in ignorance and subjection.

After what we have said, it will not surprise our readers to find a Christian inscription of the early centuries, discovered in France, travelling to Rome to be deciphered, nor to see Father Secchi's name on our pamphlet as its interpreter. We shall pretend to do little more than follow him as our guide in this article.

The city of Autun, anciently *Bibracte*, afterwards *Augustodunum*, later, in compliment to the Flavii (Constantius Chlorus and Constantine), *Urbs Flavia*, finally called by the more enviable title of *Ædua Christi Civitas*, was celebrated, even under the early emperors, for its learning and schools. Under Constantius Chlorus, who called to teach in it the celebrated rhetorician, afterwards his panegyrist, Eumenius, it was distinguished for its *scholæ Mænianæ*, a term perhaps not sufficiently explained. Christianity was early introduced into Autun, and soon took a vigorous root there. St. Benignus, its apostle, about the middle of the second century, found there a senatorial family already Christian. The head of

this family was Faustus, who took advantage of the presence of the first missionaries, to have his son Symphorian baptized. The youth, under the instruction of his father, and of his mother Augusta, grew up a model of Christian virtue. Persecution soon came to try the stability of the infant Church. From Lyons the fury of the heathens spread to Autun; several of its apostles fell, and Faustus and his son were most assiduous in collecting their blood, and honouring their remains. At length the zeal of Symphorian could not be contained within such bounds: he insulted a public procession in honour of Cybele, was arrested, condemned; and, encouraged by his pious mother, died with constancy.[d]

The usual refuge of the Christians in time of persecution was the cemeteries or tombs. The first assemblies of Christians at Autun were held in a cemetery on the public road, apart from the town. There in process of time several churches were built, of which the principal one was that of St. Peter: from it the cemetery is to this day called of *S. Pierre l'Estries* (*a via strata*). It became subsequently a place of devout pilgrimage; and, among others, St. Augustine, our apostle, St. Germanus, and St. Gregory of Tours, are recorded to have visited it. The French revolution finished what previous neglect had in part prepared,—the total destruction, or rather annihilation, of every vestige of monuments on this venerable spot. Still the cemetery exists, inasmuch as inscriptions and tombs are often brought to light, sufficient to determine the place and its destination. Of these inscriptions some are profane, so as to indicate the existence of a burial-place before the Christians occupied it.

[d] See the authorities for all these points, in an excellent article in the *Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne*, March, 1840.

Others are Christian; and of these undoubtedly the most interesting is the one which forms the subject of our article. It was found in the month of June of last year, by the worthy bishop of Autun, and the Abbé Découvoux, broken into nine fragments, of which two have not yet been found. The slab on which it is written bears the marks of the metal cramps by which it was once fastened to a wall or tomb. To cut short all minute descriptions, we have thought it better at once to present our readers with an exact copy, made upon a tracing from the original, as well as from the engraving first published of it in Paris.

Fortunately, the first part of the inscription, which is the most interesting to us, is the best preserved. The *lacuna* in the first line alone presents any serious difficulty. We will therefore at once give the entire inscription, as restored by F. Secchi, and as translated by him into corresponding Latin verses, referring to his work for his acute philological observations. It is as follows:—

Ἰχθυος ο[ὐρανίου θε]ῖον γένος ἤτορι σεμνῷ
Χρῆσε λαλῶ[ν φωνὴ]ν ἄμβροτον ἐν βροτέοις·
Θεσπεσίων ὑδά[τω]ν τὴν σὴν, φίλε, ἅπτε ψυχήν,
Ὕδασιν ἀενάοις πλουτοδότου σοφίης·
Σωτῆρος [δ'] ἁγίων μελιηδέα λάμβανε βρ[ῶμον],
Ἔσθιε, πῖνε δ[υοῖ]ν ἴχθυν ἔχων παλάμαις.

Ἰχθυι χ[ηρεί]α [γ]αλιλαίῳ, δέσποτα Σῶτ[ερ],
Εὐειδε[ιν] [μ]ητήρ σε, λίταζέ με, φῶς τὸ θανόντων.
Ἀσχάνδ[ε]ιε [πα]τὲρ, τώμῳ κε[χα]ρισμένε θυμῷ
Σὺν μ[ητρὶ γλυκερῇ, σύγε καὶ δακρ]ύοισιν ἐμοῖσιν
Ἰ[λασθεὶς υἱοῦ σέο] μνήσεο Πεκτορίοιο.

IXOYC, patre Deo Deus, immortalia, sancto
Mortales inter, corde locutus ait:
Rite sacris animâ sepelitor, amice, sub undis;
Dives ab æternis mente redibis aquis:
Sume cibum sanctis quem dat Servator alendis;
Mande, bibe, amplectens IXΘΥΝ utraque manu.

Orba viro mater Galilæo pisce, Redemptor,
Cernere te prece me petiit, lux luce carentûm
Aschandee pater, vita mihi carior ipsa,
Tu cum matre mea, nato lacrymante, piatus
Pectorii, pater, ipse tui memor esto precantis.

We must content ourselves with a further translation into humble English prose:—"The divine offspring of the heavenly ἰχθύς (*fish*) in his sacred heart, spoke among mortals with his immortal voice—'Bury, friend, thy soul in the divine waters, the eternal waters of richest wisdom; and take the sweet food of the holy, which the Saviour gives; eat, drink, having the ἰχθύς in both your hands.'

"Lord Saviour! the widow of a Galilean ἰχθύς, my mother, entreated me to enjoy the sight of Thee, light of the departed! Aschandeus, my father! dearest to my soul, thou, with my dear mother, by my tears expiated, remember thy son Pectorius."

The inscription is, in truth, an epigram, divided into two parts. The first contains three distichs of hexameters and pentameters; the second five hexameters. The subjects of the two parts are likewise quite distinct. The former has reference to the mysteries of faith; the latter is the epitaph, probably, of the mother of the erector of the monument. The first portion has another peculiarity. The five first verses are acrostic, their initials composing the word ΙΧΘΥΣ, of which we shall have to say a few words just now.

Before speaking of the doctrines contained in this epigram, it will be proper to say something concerning its age. The form of the letters, and some peculiarities in their disposition, induce F. Secchi to attribute to it a great antiquity. A further argument may be drawn from its language. The Greek Church of Autun may be said to have been almost destroyed by the persecutions which assailed it soon after its establish-

ment; when peace was restored to Christianity there, under Constantius, it flourished again, but as a Latin Church. A Greek epigram, therefore, in elegant verses, may reasonably be attributed to the former period. The place where it was found likewise confirms this supposition. It was amidst fragments of walls, and Roman antiques, apparently of that earlier epoch. Several other considerations here come to our aid. First, the epithet *Galilean* is applied in the sense of Christian, to his father, by Pectorius. Now, this obliges us to consider the inscription anterior to the time of Julian the Apostate, by whom this epithet was rendered infamous, so as not to be thenceforth used by the Christians. Secondly, the dark and symbolical nature of the expressions, in speaking of the mysteries, indicates an earlier period of Christianity, when such reserve was more necessary. While upon this point, it will be desirable, perhaps, for some of our readers to be informed what is the meaning of the word which we have left untranslated, ἰχθύς, literally *a fish*. In thus preserving it in its original language, we have only followed the example of the Latin fathers, who generally write it in Greek. Among the emblems upon Christian monuments, or rings, none is more common than a fish. Sometimes, instead of the representation, we have only the word written in large letters. There is no doubt that Christ is symbolized by the word or representation; still its origin is very doubtful. Three opinions concerning it prevailed in antiquity. The first was, that it was derived from the fish of Tobias, which symbolized Christ, by its efficacy in curing spiritual and corporal ills. This seems to have been the opinion of Clement of Alexandria, who uses the compound term Καλλίχθυς. The second deduced this symbol from the circumstance

that the name was produced acrostically in five sibylline verses, which applied to Christ. Constantine and St. Augustine give this reason. The third is furnished by several fathers, who resolve the letters of the word into so many other words, commencing with those letters. St. Optatus thus explains it: "Piscis nomen secundum appellationem Græcam, in uno nomine, per singulas literas, turbam sanctorum nominum continet. ΙΧΘΥC enim latina est Jesus Christus Dei Filius Salvator."[e] St. Augustine writes much in the same manner: "Græcorum quinque verborum quæ sunt Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ, quod est latine *Jesus Christus Dei Filius Salvator*, si primas literas jungas, erit ΙΧΘΥΣ, id est *piscis*, in quo nomine mystice intelligitur Christus."[f] It is possible that this acrostic explanation may have been an afterthought, to account for a symbol, whose origin was uncertain, and whose application was become problematic. Two things may, however, be added with tolerable certainty: that the term was occasionally even applied to Christians, and that the application was made with reference to their being born again of water. Hence the symbol, when found on a tomb, has sometimes been supposed to indicate the sepulchre of a catechumen, or a neophyte. These two points, which are very useful in explaining our inscription, seem to be clearly ascertainable from the following words of Tertullian: "Nos pisciculi secundum ΙΧΘΥΝ nostrum Jesum Christum in aqua nascimur."[g] In our inscription we seem to have the term so applied to Aschandeus, the father of Pectorius. From the whole tenor of the inscription, we should conjecture him to have died just after baptism. In this way we can better account for the first part of

[e] Adv. Parmen. lib. iii. [f] De Civ. Dei, lib. xviii. c. 23.
[g] De Baptismo, lib. ii. cap. ii. n. 2.

the epitaph, containing a mention of Christ's twofold sacramental injunction—first, to be born again of water, and second, to eat of his flesh (baptism and the Eucharist being the two sacraments of new Christians); and thus we can explain the application of that mystical appellation to him. Let us now proceed to examine the dogmatical value of our inscription.

1. The two first lines, notwithstanding their *lacunæ*, give us a sufficiently clear testimony of the divine origin of the *Ichthus* or Christ, speaking as an immortal among mortals.

2. The second distich manifestly teaches the doctrine of baptism. The soul, and not the body, is commanded to be immersed in the sacred waters: those waters which bestow the gift of eternal life, and of choicest wisdom.

3. The third is still more interesting. "Take the honied food of saints, which your Saviour gives: eat, drink, having the IXΘYC [that is Christ] in both thy hands." In the foregoing distich the allusion to the symbol was couched under the invitation to plunge into the mystic waters: here the divine ἰχθύς is to be taken into the hands, and Himself, by one act, eaten and drunk. The reality of His presence could not be more clearly intimated in an inscription composed while the *disciplina arcani* was in full vigour, and forbade distinct allusion to what was contained and received in the blessed Eucharist. At the same time, an additional proof may be drawn of the completeness of the act which receives Christ under only one form. We have been struck, moreover, by the contrast between the expression of this early Christian poet and that of a modern Anglican one, of the school that pretends to have returned to the pure doctrines of primitive Christianity.

"O come to our communion feast:
There present in the heart,
Not in the hands, th' eternal Priest
Will his true self impart."[h]

If we remember right, Mr. Froude criticises this expression, asking how we know he was not *in the hands*, as well as in the heart. Our ancient Gallic Christian would have joined in the stricture, or rather has positively contradicted the assertion.

4. The great injury which the lower part of the stone has sustained, obliges us to be more cautious in drawing consequences from the inscription in that part. Still, whatever portion of the proposed restorations may be denied or questioned, these words remain sufficiently legible to admit of no doubt:— Ἀσχάνδ[ε]ιε [πα]τὲρ τῳμῷ κε[χα]ρισμένε θυμῷ... μνήσεο Πεκτορίοιο:—"Father Aschandeus, dearest to my soul ... remember Pectorius." We have clearly an appeal from the living to the dead, a prayer for remembrance from a son on earth to his parent in heaven.

5. If we admit the restorations, we must further add to the foregoing list, the power of expiating by the tears of the living the offences of the departed.

Our readers will, we are sure, admit that an inscription containing so many controverted points of doctrine, is a most valuable discovery. In fact, we consider it the most precious Christian inscription yet brought to light.[i] It is the only one that alludes to the Eucharistic rite. One reflection will close our account of it. Every fresh discovery in primitive or early documents, connected with the Christian religion, adds something new to our proofs of doctrine, nothing

[h] Keble's Christian Year, "Gunpowder Treason."

[i] [Others scarcely less interesting and useful have been since discovered.]

to the opinions of our opponents. We have much on hand to demonstrate this, which fitter opportunity may be given us to communicate. Suffice it to say, that whether a last work of a father come to light by the learned and systematic excavations of the indefatigable Cardinal Mai, or a new inscription is casually turned up, by a labourer's spade, in a Gallican cemetery, it will be sure to coincide in doctrine, in sentiment, and in phrase, with the belief and practice of the unfading, immortal Church.

[In this paper F. Secchi's interpretation is alone alluded to. When it was written, no other essays on the subject were accessible to me. Since that time, the principal ones have been condensed, and published by the finder, and first publisher of the inscription, Dom Pitra, a French Benedictine, in the first volume of his *Spicilegium Solesmense*. In June, 1839, this distinguished scholar accompanied Monseigneur d'Héricourt, bishop of Autun, to the cemetery mentioned in the text, and was fortunate enough to light upon six fragments of the inscription just dug up; and returning alone, and making diligent search, he discovered a seventh, small, but important fragment; for it contained the name of the person who had it erected.

He shortly after published the inscription, with his own observations, under the signature of L. J. C.

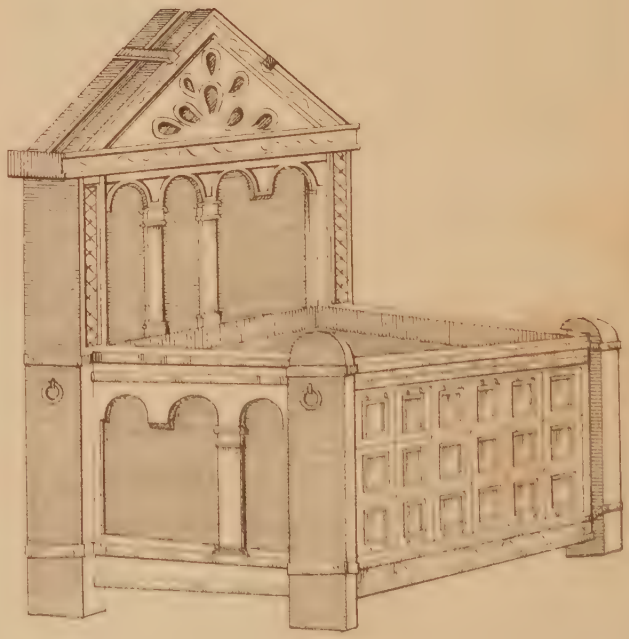
The second commentary was that of F. Secchi, given in this essay. Dom Pitra censures it, for arbitrarily altering letters, which are clear enough on the original marble, in order to suit his conjectural readings. The most remarkable cases are his substituting λαλῶν for λαβὼν; θάπτε for θάλπεο.

Dr. Franz and Dr. Windischmann supply the two next commentaries, each of whom, as well as Borret, threw some additional light on some phrases.

The Rev. Christopher Wordsworth gave likewise an interpretation, in which the scholar and the Protestant balance one another. As the second part of the inscription, according to every other commentary, implied a prayer of Pectorius to his father Aschandeus, no longer among the living, it came, as a matter of course, that, at all expense, so unprotestant an idea should be got rid of. This is attempted to be done in two ways. First, the canon of Westminster

pronounces the second part of the inscription to be later, by several centuries, than the first; although it is impossible to look at the engraving of the stone, which D. Pitra pronounces to be most accurate, without seeing that the whole was cut at one time. The size, form, and disposition of the letters, are identical in both parts. Let any one compare particular letters, for example M, Φ, Ψ, Υ, in the two portions, or the introduction of cursive letters in each, and see if it is possible to maintain that centuries intervened between the sculpturing of the two parts. Further, Dr. W. arbitrarily changes words and letters, which are as plain as a pikestaff (to use a homely phrase); such as Ἀσχάνδιε, into Ἀθάνατον; so as to get rid of any chance of an invocation. To pronounce anything unscholarlike which proceeds from so learned a Hellenist as the canon of Westminster, might sound an anomaly; but the alternative to which one is driven is more painful, though not startling to any one who has watched his controversial career.

A short essay by Fred. Dübner closes the series. But we must not omit to add one more commentator to the list, our late, and deeply-lamented Dr. Lingard. On the publication of the article in the *Review*, he was much struck by the beauty and value of the inscription, and he gave it, with his own notes, in the fifth volume of the *Catholic Magazine* (Jan. 1841). His conjectural readings of some of the hiatuses agree with those of some of the eminent critics cited in this note. For example, in the second line he proposes to fill up with πηγὴν, with Franz and Windischmann, both of whom wrote long after him. Several letters from him to a friend on this subject now lie before me, and prove how truly interested he felt in this valuable Christian monument.]



ST PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

REMARKS

ON

LADY MORGAN'S STATEMENTS

REGARDING

ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

This little Essay remained unnoticed for the long period of nineteen years. But as soon as the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England had excited a violent outcry, and any attack upon the author was likely to be welcome, Lady Morgan undertook to reply. I have not read, nor even seen her answer, which I could only consider as *then* published to answer a party purpose. It was, of course, highly praised in the papers, which even indulged in learned discussions of St. Peter's ever having been in Rome. Suffice it to say, that the *Times* spoke of the Essay now reprinted as if just published, and as though I were still in controversy with Lady Morgan. So much care was there for truth, in those who at that time directed the English mind!

REMARKS

ON

LADY MORGAN'S STATEMENTS

REGARDING

ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

LADY MORGAN was originally known to the public as a writer of romance. So long as she persevered in that character, she had a right to invent amusing tales, to gratify the curiosity of her readers. Yet even the regions of fiction are subject to the great laws of justice and good faith; nor can that writer hope for indulgence, who, under the disguise of a fabulous narrative, conceals an attack upon the reputation and character of others. If so, what name can we give to the writer, who, soberly professing to instruct and inform, scruples not to fabricate or propagate an untrue story, which would suffice, if proved, to blight for ever the character of many respectable and dignified individuals, to hold up to public abhorrence the hierarchy of a religion professed by millions of Christians, and record against that religion itself a weighty charge of hypocrisy and imposture. And this has her ladyship done in the passage to which I wish to call the attention of my readers. No longer professing to be a novel writer, she stood before the public as one who would enlighten and improve it, by new information

upon a distant land, its inhabitants, its customs and religion; and the public had a right to expect from her, veracity and accuracy in her statements; and the obligation, thus contracted by her, was doubled by the claims which those of whom she wrote, had to a just and true representation. Instead of this, she has, too often, drawn a most unfaithful portrait of their characters and opinions, and has treated their most holy sentiments with an indecent levity and a cruel inattention, which, whether we consider her as a lady, a Christian, or a writer, cannot be reprobated in terms too severe for her deserts.

The following is the passage which I now desire principally to take into consideration:—"The sacrilegious curiosity of the French broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of St. Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription (for an inscription it was) faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well-known confession of Mahometan faith: 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' It is supposed that this chair had been, among the spoils of the Crusaders, offered to the Church, at a time when a taste for antiquarian lore, and the deciphering of inscriptions were not yet in fashion. This story has been since hushed up, the chair replaced, and none but the unhallowed remember the fact, and none but the audacious repeat it. Yet such there are, even at Rome."[a]

The charge contained in this paragraph is of a serious nature. It boldly asserts that the relic vene-

[a] Italy, by Lady Morgan, vol. ii. p. 283, note †, 4to. ed.

rated in the Vatican basilic as the chair of St. Peter, is only a Mohammedan monument; and what is infinitely worse, that the clergy having discovered this, have nevertheless wickedly continued to deceive the people, by directing their respect towards an object which they knew to be a spurious relic, and which bears upon it a blasphemous inscription denying the truth of Christianity. The most compendious course to confute this unblushing calumny, would be to quote the attestation of those, who have been in the service of St. Peter's church, since a period antecedent to the invasion of Rome by the French, to the fact that the seals were never violated, nor the relic inspected by them. But it would be replied to this, that the men who could deceive the public, in the impious manner which Lady Morgan supposes, would have little scruple in giving any testimony necessary to countenance their cheat.

But it is my wish to set this calumny at rest for ever, and at the same time to give my Catholic readers information, which may not be uninteresting, upon this sacred relic of antiquity. I will first briefly describe the chair of St. Peter; by this description it will at once be proved that it is not of Mohammedan origin, and that all antiquarian arguments tend to confirm the pious tradition of the Church. I will next give the strong grounds whereon this tradition rests, and thereby demonstrate, that this relic existed long before the Crusades, or even Mohammed himself. In order to remove every shadow of doubt regarding the falsehood of her ladyship's tale, I will lastly give a brief account of the circumstances, which most probably led to its fabrication.

A superb shrine of gilt bronze, supported by four gigantic figures of the same materials, representing

four doctors of the Church, closes the view of the nave of St. Peter's church, and cannot have failed to attract the attention of my readers. The shrine is in the form of a throne, and contains a chair, which the Prince of the Apostles is supposed to have occupied, as bishop of Rome. It is a tradition, certainly of great antiquity, that St. Peter was received into the house of the senator Pudens, and there laid the foundation of the Roman Church.[b] According to the custom of the Jews, and of all the early churches, a chair or throne would be occupied by him when teaching, or assisting at the divine worship. It is in fact from this circumstance that the term *sedes*, *cathedra*, θρόνος, *seat*, *chair*, or *throne*, became the ordinary appellation of episcopal jurisdiction.[c] The chair of St. Peter is precisely such a one as we should have supposed to be given by a wealthy Roman senator to a ruler of the Church, which he esteemed and protected. It is of wood, almost entirely covered with ivory, so as to be justly considered a curule chair. It may be divided into two principal parts; the square or cubic portion which forms the body, and the upright elevation behind, which forms the back. The former portion is four Roman palms in breadth across the front, two and a half at the side, and three and a half in height. It is formed by four upright posts, united together by transverse bars above and below. The sides are filled up by a species of arcade consisting of two pilasters of carved wood, supporting, with the corner posts, three little arches. The front is extremely rich, being

[b] See the Acts of S. Pudentiana, Bolland. May 19, p. 297.

[c] See Suicer, Thesaur. Ecclesiast. Amst. 1728, tom. i. p. 1410. Hence the episcopal authority is symbolized on Christian monuments by a throne or chair. See examples in Aringhi, Roma Subterranea, Rome, 1651, tom. ii. pp. 55, 666; and Mamachi, Orig. et Antiq. Christ. tom. v. Rome, 1755, p. 596.

divided into eighteen small compartments, disposed in three rows. Each contains a basso-rilievo in ivory, of the most exquisite finish, surrounded by ornaments of the purest gold.[d] These bassi-rilievi represent, not the feats of Mohammed, or Ali, or Osman, or any other Paynim chieftain, as the readers of Lady Morgan might expect, unless they knew that the religion of the prophet does not tolerate any graven images at all, but the exploits of the monster-quelling Hercules.[e] The custom of adorning curule chairs with sculptured ivory is mentioned by the ancients :—

> "Signa quoque in sella nossem formata curuli,
> Et totum Numidæ sculptile dentis opus."[f]

> "Conspicuum signis cum premet altus ebur."[g]

The back of the chair is formed by a series of pilasters supporting arches, as at the sides; the pillars here are three in number, and the arches four. Above the cornice, which these support, rises a triangular pediment, giving to the whole a tasteful and architectural appearance. Besides the bassi-rilievi above mentioned, the rest of the front, the mouldings of the back, and the tympanum of the pediment, are all covered with beautifully-wrought ivory. The chair, therefore, is manifestly of Roman workmanship, a curule chair, such as might be occupied by the head of the Church, adorned with ivory and gold, as might befit the house of a wealthy Roman senator; while the exquisite finish of the sculpture forbids us to consider it more modern than the Augustan age, when the arts were in their greatest perfection. There

[d] De Identitate Cathedræ in qua S. Petrus Romæ primum sedit; Romæ, 1666, p. 69. [By F. Franciscus Maria Phœbeus.]

[e] Ib. p. 31.

[f] Ovid, Pontic. lib. iv. ep. ix. 27, 28.

[g] Ib. ep. v. 18.

is another circumstance, which deserves particular mention in the description of this chair, and exactly corresponds to the time of St. Peter's first journey to Rome. This event took place in the reign of Claudius; and it is precisely at this period that, as Justus Lipsius has well proved, *sellæ gestatoriæ* began to be used by men of rank in Rome.[h] For it is after this period, that Suetonius, Seneca, Tacitus, Juvenal, and Martial mention the practice of being borne in chairs. This was done by means of rings placed at their sides, through which poles were passed; and thus the chair was carried by slaves upon their shoulders. At each side of St. Peter's chair are two rings, manifestly intended for this purpose. Thus, while the workmanship of this venerable relic necessarily refers its date to an early period of the Roman empire, this peculiarity fixes it at a period not earlier than the reign of Claudius, in which St. Peter arrived at Rome.

Thus far, then, it is evident, that this chair is precisely such a one as the antiquarian would expect to find, claiming the honour of having been the episcopal throne of the first Roman pontiff. This alone would be sufficient to overthrow the calumnious statement of Lady Morgan; and the confutation will be much more complete when we give the grounds of moral probability that it is the identical chair used for this purpose.

It was, undoubtedly, the custom, in the apostolic churches, to preserve, with great devotion, the chairs occupied by their first bishops, and thereon enthrone their successors. Eusebius, in the fourth century, has the following testimony regarding the Church of Jerusalem:—"The chair of James, who was appointed bishop of Jerusalem by our Saviour and the apostles,

[h] Just. Lips. Elector. c. i. cap. 19.

having been preserved until our days, is honoured with the greatest reverence by the brethren of that church from ancient times."[i] Upon another occasion, speaking of the accession of Hermon to that see, he expresses himself in these terms: "He obtained the apostolic chair of James, which is preserved there as yet."[k] Nicephorus asserts the same fact: "We know that the throne of James has been preserved until our days. His successors have venerated this relic."[l] Valesius, in his notes upon the passage last quoted from Eusebius, observes, that in the Acts of St. Mark, his chair is said to have been long preserved in the church of Alexandria. The Acts of St. Peter, bishop of that see, relate, that out of respect to it, and to a vision which appeared to him, he refused to seat himself in that chair, and, at most, would only occupy its footstool.[m] This proves that such objects were not kept merely as curiosities, but were truly reverenced in those early and happy times of Christianity.[n]

[i] Euseb. Histor. Eccles. lib. vii. c. 19, ed. Turin, 1746, tom. i. p. 301.

[k] Ib. c. xxxii. p. 326. [l] Niceph. Cal. lib. vi. c. 16.

[m] Acts of St. Peter of Alex. ap. Baron. ad an. 310.

[n] It seems this custom is not solely Catholic. In the *Saturday Magazine*, published by the *Society for promoting Christian Knowledge*, July 14, 1832, p. 16, we are favoured with a drawing of *Wickliff's Chair;* which, we are told, "is still preserved in Lutterworth church, together with the pulpit from which he was accustomed to preach, *a piece of his cloak*, and an oak table which belonged to him." What is the meaning of these objects being kept in a Protestant church? This cheap periodical may be useful: it is a pity, however, that so little pains should be taken to give correct information upon religious points. A few pages after the passage just quoted, we are gravely told that "the exploded doctrine of the Church of Rome concerning bells is, that they have merit, and pray God for the living and the dead."—P. 20. Such is the valuable information vended to the people, at a penny a week, by a learned society bearing an edifying title. It would have been fair to favour us with a Catholic authority for such a marvellous opinion.

These two instances, to which others might be added, will suffice to render it highly probable that the Roman Church would exhibit no less veneration for the throne of its first bishop, and preserve it for the installation of his successors. At any rate, they abundantly remove every prejudice which might exist against the venerable tradition of the Roman Church, upon the ground that the early Christians would hardly have thought of preserving such a relic, or that it is improbable that it could have been so long preserved. For, if the chairs of James and Mark were held in such veneration, and preserved entire till the time of Eusebius, and even of Nicephorus, it is even more probable that the chair of Peter would be kept by the Roman Church as a more valuable treasure. And if it thus once reached the æra of Constantine, there could be no farther difficulty as to its having been preserved until our own times.

I will now proceed to adduce a few passages from ancient ecclesiastical writers, confirmatory of the tradition of the Roman Church. I will begin with Tertullian: though most of our readers will instantly recognise a passage, to which they have been accustomed to give a less material interpretation. I will quote it, however, leaving the decision of its certain meaning to the critics. "Run through the apostolic churches, in which the very chairs of the apostles, as yet, preside, in their proper places. If you are near Italy, you have Rome, where authority is at hand for us."[o] Certainly, if by *chair* is here to be understood the

[o] Percurre ecclesias apostolicas, apud quas ipsæ adhuc cathedræ apostolorum suis locis præsident: si Italiæ adjaces, habes Romam, unde nobis quoque auctoritas præsto est.—De Præscrip. Hæretic. c. xxxvi. The learned Valesius, in the place above quoted, adopts the same interpretation of this passage of Tertullian as our author.

same as *see*, there is not much strength in the expression; for, as an apostolic church is exactly a church which was founded by the apostles, and has a bishop descending from them, to say, with so much emphasis, that in the apostolic churches, the *very* sees of the apostles were, *as yet*, preserved (ipsæ adhuc apostolorum cathedræ), is not, surely, in Tertullian's usual style of terse reasoning. The very words, *ipsæ* and *adhuc*, seem to imply something extraordinary and unexpected. Tertullian, after this, mentions Rome as being one of these churches.

The testimony of St. Optatus, in the fourth century, has considerable force; it is as follows:—"Render an account of the origin of your chair, since you claim to be the holy Church, and even say that you have a portion in the city of Rome. But if you ask Macrobius *where* he sits in that city, will he be able to reply, *in the chair of St. Peter? I doubt if he even know it by sight; and to its church* (*memoriam*[p]) *he does not approach.* Behold *there* are existing the churches (*memoriæ*) of the two apostles; say if he have been able to enter there, or have there offered sacrifice?"[q] St. Optatus here speaks of the *cathedra* as something visible and material; distinguishes it from Rome, or

[p] "Nos in martyribus nostris non templa sicut Diis, sed memorias sicut hominibus mortuis, quorum apud Deum vivant spiritus, fabricamus."—St. Aug. De Civ. Dei, lib. xxii. cap. x. The word is used in the same sense by SS. Paulinus and Jerome, the Council of Carthage, &c. The mention of sacrifice in the text also proves its meaning there.

[q] Vestræ cathedræ vos originem reddite, qui vobis vultis S. Ecclesiam vindicare, sed et habere vos in urbe Roma partem aliquam dicitis. —Denique si Macrobio dicatur, *ubi illic* sedeat, numquid potest dicere *in cathedra Petri? quam nescio si vel oculis novit, et ad cujus memoriam non accedit.* Ecce præsentes sunt ibi duorum memoriæ apostolorum; dicite si ad has ingredi potuit ita ut obtulerit illic.—Lib. ii. adv. Parmenian.

the Apostolic See, and mentions its church as that of the apostle, where sacrifice used to be offered. Indeed, it seems difficult to read this passage without understanding in it something different from episcopal jurisdiction.

In the year 503, we have a testimony which admits of no controversy. It is a passage of Ennodius of Pavia, in his apologetical work against the impugners of the fourth Roman synod. He tells these, that by their machinations, "mundi caput Romam esse prostratam, *et nutricem pontificii cathedram quasi ultimum videri sedile despectam.*"[r] This comparison is sufficiently clear; but the words which follow remove the slightest shadow of doubt: "Ecce nunc ad *gestatoriam sellam apostolicæ confessionis* uda mittunt limina candidatos."[s] These words seem to allude to some visit made by the newly baptized to the confession of St. Peter, as is done at the present day by baptized adults; and the description which we have given of the chair will demonstrate, how accurately it is designated by the expression *gestatoriam sellam apostolicæ confessionis.*

These testimonies are, I trust, more than sufficient to overthrow the foolish story with which Lady Morgan has treated her readers. I might add the festival in its honour mentioned by St. Augustine, and the very fact of a chair of such ancient and pagan workmanship being preserved for so many ages in such a church. No one doubts the identity of the coronation chair of

[r] In Labbei Concilia, tom. iv. Par. 1671, p. 1356, C. "Rome, the head of the world, is laid prostrate, and the chair which nourishes pontifical authority is seen despised like any mean seat."

[s] Ibid. p. 1358, B. "See how the baptistery sends the newly baptized, in their white robes, to the portable chair of the confession of the apostles." Most visitors to Rome will probably be aware, that the tomb of St. Peter was, and is yet, called his confession.

our kings of England with that of Edward the Confessor, simply from the fact that it has ever been preserved in Westminster Abbey, for that purpose: the same tradition exists in favour of St. Peter's chair.

But a serious objection to the authenticity of this chair seems to have been raised by Protestants, from the labours of Hercules being sculptured upon it. Is it credible that an apostle would have used so profane a seat? Would he have taught Christianity from a chair adorned with the emblems of paganism? Such is the objection first brought by more ancient adversaries, and repeated with a smile of self-applause, by the Rev. H. J. Owen, in his sermon entitled, *Christ, and not Peter, the Rock.*[t] His words are these: "The Church of Rome was long supposed to possess another decisive confirmation of the same fact. This was the identical chair on which the apostle Peter had been accustomed to sit. So universal and uninterrupted had the tradition respecting this point been, that the 18th of January was [*is*] regularly observed as the festival of the Holy Chair; and, on that occasion, it was exposed to public adoration. In 1662, when it was being cleaned, in order to its being placed in some conspicuous place in the Vatican, the gazing spectators, to their great astonishment, were presented with the *Labours of Hercules*, engraved upon it." In one respect, this writer treats us more leniently than our female censurer; he seems to suppose that all veneration, or, as he chooses to call it, adoration, ceased upon this fatal discovery. He speaks in the past tense, little aware that we yet consider the tradition as strong as ever.

Truly, we Catholics are in a hard case; whether the

[t] Preached at Tavistock Chapel for the Auxiliary Reformation Society for St. Giles's, p. 26, note.

chair is to be proved modern, by Lady Morgan's Arabic inscription, or ancient, by Mr. Owen's pagan sculpture, either is to be a sufficient proof of its spuriousness. How then, would these antiquarians have had it? With Christian representations? Then should we have been told, that Jablonsky had triumphantly demonstrated, that such abominations were first introduced into the Church by the Carpocratians, or some other Gnostics; that graven things, and the likeness of things on earth, &c., save always, we must loyally suppose, the rampant lion and unicorn, were not permitted in places of worship, till popery had corrupted Christianity. Then suppose it had been as plain as a Presbyterian pulpit, or the walls of a meeting-house? Oh, then we should have been told, that there were no data by which to decide its antiquity; that it might be a forgery of any time or any place. In fine, when one is determined not to believe, there is no difficulty in finding reasons to doubt.

But no one versed in ecclesiastical antiquities will allow the slightest force to Mr. Owen's argument. It is a demonstrated fact, that the early Christians, well knowing that "an idol is nothing," made no scruple of turning to pious uses, and employing in the worship of the Church, objects adorned with the symbols of idolatry. Aringhi has sufficiently proved this, regarding many emblems of pagan worship which are to be found applied to the illustration of Christian doctrines.[w] He has dedicated a particular chapter to the numerous representations of Orpheus, which are to be met with in the most ancient paintings of the catacombs, and which he supposes to symbolize our Saviour.[x] Boldetti also, in illustrating the sarcophagus of Aurelia Agapetilla, which, though manifestly belonging to a Christian, is

[w] Roma Subterranea, tom. ii. p. 450. [x] Page 560.

adorned with heathenish sculptures, fully discusses the same question, and proves, by numerous instances, that the early Christians had no hesitation in converting to their own use monuments bearing pagan representations.[y] The learned Marangoni has written a work expressly upon this subject, entitled, *Delle Cose gentilesche ad Uso delle Chiese.* To these authorities may be added the names of Bottari, Ciampini, Mamachi, Allegranza, and the senator Bonarroti, all men of the first order in the illustration of sacred monuments, who agree in the same opinion. But the most modern demonstration of this point is the dissertation of the Canon Giuseppe Antonio Botazzi, entitled, *On the Emblems or Symbols of the very ancient Sarcophagus of Tortona.*[z] This monument of the age of Adrian had been supposed by Mabillon and Montfaucon to be pagan, in consequence of its heathen emblems. The learned antiquarian is acknowledged to have defeated their objections to its Christian original, and to have proved satisfactorily that those symbols may occur upon Christian monuments. We have numerous instances of such a use made of pagan ornaments. Many sarcophagi are used as altars in the oldest basilicæ; many churches, which were once temples, were allowed to retain the ornaments which embellished them. The mausoleum of Constantia, on the Via Nomentana, yet preserves the paintings which it bore as a temple of Bacchus; Anastasius tells us that Pope Simplicius consecrated the church of St. Andrew, on the Esquiline, called the *Catabarbara,*[a]

[y] Osservazioni sopra i Cimiteri de' SS. Martiri; Rome, 1720, p. 465.

[z] Degli Emblemi o Simboli dell' antichissimo Sarcofago Tortonese. Tortona, 1824. In consideration of this work, his majesty the king of Sardinia conferred upon its author the title of his sacred antiquarian.

[a] De Vitis Romanorum Pontificum, ed. Vatic. 1731, tom. i. p. 61.

and yet left untouched the history of Diana and her chase, which was represented there in mosaic. Those who have travelled in Sicily will remember the magnificent urn at Girgenti (Agrigentum), used as a baptismal font in the cathedral, and enriched with the most superb Grecian reliefs. A valuable monument of this class is the ivory casket, given by St. Gregory the Great to the monastery of Bobbio, containing the ashes of martyrs. It was published for the first time by Bottazzi, at the end of his illustration of the Tortona sarcophagus, and represents the fable of Orpheus.

No objection, therefore, can be brought against the authenticity of our relic from its pagan sculptures, any more than from Lady Morgan's pretended Arabic inscription. These sculptures, on the contrary, we have shown to be decided proofs of its antiquity, and indeed we may observe that they are also arguments of its authenticity; for after a certain period in the history of the Church, when we reach the ages popularly designated as the dark times of ignorance and superstition, it would have been difficult, not to say impossible, to introduce to public veneration any emblems of paganism. For the men of those times, and especially the ecclesiastics, are generally criticised, and that in no very measured terms, by modern archæologists, for having carried their zeal against idolatry so far as to break in pieces and utterly destroy many valuable monuments, purely because they were heathen. It is rather inconsistent, therefore, on the one hand, to accuse them of being so stern in their bigotry as to spare nothing that had been pagan, and yet to charge them, on the other, with treasuring up such things as relics, and exposing them to public veneration. Add to this the great improbability of a pagan chair, composed of

materials so frail as wood and ivory, so tempting as pure gold, escaping the ravages of war, the accidents of ages, or even the pious cupidity of zealots, unless some religious recollections had been attached to it, and piety had been interested in its peculiar preservation. Thus we may consider the pagan embellishments of our relic a proof, not only of its antiquity, but of its authenticity.

It will perhaps appear to my readers that the confutation of Lady Morgan's mis-statement ought to end here. But there is one point, which I think may be still wanting to satisfy the incredulity of some of her admirers. The story, these will say, may not be perfectly correct; but it is impossible that it should not have had some foundation in fact. Is it credible that her ladyship, or her informers, should have fabricated a mere tale, without the slightest grounds? To satisfy even such adversaries as these, I will state the circumstances which, I doubt not, served as its groundwork, and thus leave no objection unanswered. The literary controversy which I shall have to detail, is little, if at all, known in England, and may therefore be interesting under another point of view.

In the Church of St. Peter at Venice, which was the patriarchal church till 1807, has long been preserved a chair of stone, called by the people the *chair of St. Peter*. It is not upon any altar, but stands against the wall, between the second and third altars. In 1749, Flaminio Cornaro, or Cornelius, published his *Ecclesiæ Venetæ Antiquæ Monumenta*. In the second volume, p. 194, is an engraving of this monument, accompanying his description of it. The history which he gives is the same as is recorded upon a tablet over the chair, that it was given by the Emperor Michael to the doge Peter Grandonicus, in 1310. The back of

the chair was, however, adorned with a rich cufic inscription; and Cornaro desired the learned Jos. Assemani to decipher it for his work. It is useless to attempt to account for, or excuse, the erroneous interpretation which he gave. One thing is evident, that he did not wish by it to encourage any deceit. The writing contained, according to his reading, several portions of the second psalm, and among them the words, "The work of Abdalla, the servant of God," and "Antioch the city of God." The learned orientalist Norberg, in the main, confirmed this explanation. Upon the calculations which Assemani made, in consequence of this inscription, Cornaro came to the following conclusion regarding the date of the monument:—"This chair therefore was constructed in the eighth century, nor assuredly was it ever used by the prince of the apostles, nor by any of his successors in the see of Antioch, before the year 742."[b]

To those who have never attempted to decipher inscriptions, and above all, to those who know not the difficulties of the Arabic language and the cufic character, it may appear wonderful, that an inscription like this should have been such a mystery. There have, however, been always but few men in Europe, who could undertake the explanation with great probability of success; and one of those few, at the close of the last century, was the learned professor of Rostock, Olaus Gerard Tychsen. From the engraving in Cornaro's work he deciphered the inscription, and published it in an interesting dissertation, which soon went through two editions. The first appeared in 1787, the second, printed at Rostock, two years later, was entitled, *Interpretatio Inscriptionis Cuficæ in marmorea Templi Patriarchalis S. Petri Cathedra, qua*

[b] Apud Tychsen, ubi inf. p. 8.

S. Apostolus Petrus Antiochiæ sedisse traditur. In this dissertation he clearly proves the inscription to be Mohammedan, and composed of several verses of the Koran.[c] It is singular that in the title-page just quoted the name of Venice never occurs; so that a superficial reader might easily understand by *the patriarchal church of St. Peter*, the Vatican basilic.

My readers will at once perceive that this work must have given rise to the tale, adopted without investigation, and given with such assurance, by Lady Morgan. But in the present instance, did the Catholic clergy seek to suppress the discovery? We have already seen the conduct of Cornaro and Jos. Assemani; what followed was stamped with the same candid love of truth. Monsignor Gioannelli, patriarch of Venice, upon the first appearance of Tychsen's essay, communicated it to the celebrated Simon Assemani, the *treasure of Padua*, as Sacy used to call him. This learned and amiable orientalist, who, by his death in April, 1821, closed the long literary career of the Assemanis in Europe, at once approved of it, with the exception of a few words, which were incorrect in Cornaro's engraving, and which a more accurate inspection of the monument enabled him to amend. But there were two points whereon Assemani differed much from Tychsen; these he communicated to him through their common friend De Rossi of Parma. They did not arrive in time for the second edition; Assemani thought their being omitted arose from some other cause; an active correspondence ensued, which Tychsen published,[d] and which does equal credit to both.

[c] The verses are Sura iii. 194, xxxiii. 118. The first edition, Buetzouvii, 1787, contained an error in the title, placing the chair in St. Mark's instead of St. Peter's church.

[d] In his Appendix ad Inscriptionis Cuficæ Venetiis in marmorea

The points at issue were these:—1st, Assemani conceives the two verses of the Koran to be manifestly applicable, not to a chair, but to persons who had died in battle against Christians; therefore the back, on which it is engraved, forms no part of the chair, but is a cippus or sepulchral stone. 2nd. This is further confirmed from the fact of its being a detached piece of stone, of a different quality from the rest. Indeed he considers the whole as made up of seven pieces, the arms are of *Verona marble*, and consequently of neither Sicilian nor Moorish origin, as Tychsen thought the chair to be. He never calls it by any other name than *così detta cattedra*,[e] *pretesa cattedra*.[f] Tychsen appealed to the absence of a date on the tombstone, to the donation of the Emperor Michael Balbus which mentioned the *whole* chair, and to other circumstances. Assemani replied: the donation he proved to be spurious; and, after a careful perusal of the printed controversy, and inedited papers upon the subject, I think that Assemani made good his point. The fact seems to be that this stone, brought as a trophy from Sicily, or the East, was deposited in the church, in order to receive much the same respect as the Turkish flags in the church of the Knights of St. Stephen at Pisa, or the colours of the Spanish Armada in St. Paul's.

In fact, the very guide-books of Venice treat this monument without much respect: the following is the account of it, given by Quadri, the first whom I have happened to open:—"A very ancient marble chair, believed, by the vulgar, to be the one used by St. Peter at Antioch. There have appeared various opinions concerning it, which have not, however, placed the

Templi Patriarchalis S. Petri Cathedra conspicuæ Interpretationem. Rostock, 1790.

[e] Append. p. 2. [f] Ib. p. 12.

point beyond doubt. It has graven upon it an inscription in cufic Arabic characters, which consists, according to some learned men, of two verses of the Koran. Others consider it the throne of some African prince."[g] There is no festival in its honour, and I have been assured by persons, many years resident at Venice, that they have been very frequently in the church, but, till my mentioning it to them, had never noticed the chair, nor heard of it as a relic.

But it would be injustice to my cause, if I did not notice, as a contrast to Lady Morgan's story, the conduct of literary men among the Catholics of Spain and Italy, upon this discovery of Tychsen's; though he was a Protestant, writing against what some had considered a relic. Mariano Pizzi at Madrid, wrote him a letter, dated June 28, 1788, which fully approves of the interpretation, expresses his astonishment at the elder Assemani's mistakes, and offers an opinion regarding the origin of the monument.[h] The learned Areta of Madrid, wrote on the 13th of September, 1787, in the same strain, and promised to make the work known in Spain. Tychsen also wrote upon the subject to the learned Perez Bayer, of Valencia, his victorious antagonist, upon another occasion, and to the distinguished canon D. Juan B. Herman, also to D. Ignacio de Asso, the count of Floriblanca, and F. Antonio, Arabic professor of Lisbon; and not one of them seems to have looked upon it in any other light than as a literary contest.[i] In the *Memorial*

[g] Quattro Giorni a Venezia; Milano, 1827, p. 83.

[h] Tychsen's Appendix, p. 38.

[i] See the substance of these correspondences in A. Th. Hartmann's work, entitled, Oluf G. Tychsen, oder Wanderungen durch die mannigfaltigsten Gebiete der biblisch-asiatischen Literatur, vol. ii. part ii. Brem. 1820, pp. 164, 168.

Literario of Madrid, 1788, pp. 579, 582, is a notice of Tychsen's work, of which he remarks:—"Quæ sive stylum, sive *sentiendi libertatem*, candorem, humanitatem et eruditionem eximii scriptoris spectes, summam omnino meretur attentionem, *censuræque Hispanicæ, a maledicis tam inique perstrictæ*, præstantiam in aprico ponit."[k] In Italy, in addition to the approbation of Assemani and De Rossi, I may notice that of the learned prince of Torremuzza at Palermo.[l]

Here then is laid open the origin of Lady Morgan's foolish and wicked tale. The stone chair, called by the vulgar that of St. Peter, and kept in the patriarchal church of that apostle in Venice, has been confounded with the ivory throne of the Vatican basilic, by some blundering or malicious person; the story has been repeated to her ladyship, she deemed it too well suited to her purposes of misrepresentation to merit examination, and gave it to the public with all the assurance which points, and all the levity which wings, the worst shafts of calumny.

As the course of my disquisition has brought us to Venice, I cannot refuse the request of a learned and amiable friend, that I should take this opportunity of publicly contradicting her ladyship's account of an interview with him. The narrative which I allude to is towards the close of her work, where she relates her visit to the celebrated convent of the Mechitarist Armenians, in the island of St. Lazzaro at Venice. I am requested by Father Pasquale Aucher, to say that the version of his conversation with Lady Morgan, given in her pages, is totally incorrect. Indeed, no person who is acquainted with him could suspect that he had spoken

[k] Tychsen's Appendix, p. 89.

[l] Hartmann's Wanderungen, p. 165.

in such a strain. One observation especially was too absurd, and too contrary to his known sentiments, to have escaped his lips. He is made to say, that "the popes had received their congregation (the Mechitarists), *though an heretical one*, under their special protection."[n] The Holy See has no subjects more truly Catholic, and more wholly devoted to it, than the Armenians of St. Lazzaro. They do not differ from us in the slightest point; and the Rev. Father Aucher in particular, from his fluency in the English language, omits no opportunity of convincing his Protestant acquaintance and visitors upon this head.

So much for an example of the liberty which this lady takes with individual reputation; the subject of this long disquisition may serve as an instance of more wholesale slander. Had I deemed it probable that it would have been confined to her pages, I should have hardly reckoned it worth so formal a confutation. Here, as in the rest of noxious things, the poison is united to its antidote. But it is too pretty an addition to the standard misrepresentations of Catholic practices to be long monopolized, by the person who may claim its *brevet d'invention*. Accordingly we find it repeated word for word by Mr. Hone, in his Every-day Book,[o] a work destined to circulate among the middling and lower orders; and it has probably found its way into many other works of greater circulation than Lady Morgan's Italy. This consideration leads me to hope, that a full confutation, like the present, will not be deemed superfluous.

[n] Italy, vol. ii. p. 465.

[o] Vol. i. p. 122.

APPENDIX TO THE PRECEDING ESSAY.

Although, as I have before stated, I have not seen Lady Morgan's letter to me on the foregoing Essay, my attention was called, by a correspondent, to one passage in it, which he considered likely to make a public impression unfavourable to my character. It related to my delivering a funeral oration at the obsequies of the late Begum Sumroo, performed on the 28th of January, 1838, in the church of San Carlo in Corso (not as Lady M., with her usual inaccuracy, calls it, San Carlo *della Valle*, for there is no such church in Rome), at the expense of her adopted son, the late Mr. Dyce Sombre.

The following is the passage referred to :—

"Woman, my lord cardinal, has always been helpful and influential in the Church; from St. Pudentiana, ministering to the Prince of the Apostles, and the pious and magnificent Matilda, countess of Tuscany, the ally of Gregory the Great, and the foundress of his power, through her wealth and munificence, down to a recent convert of the active mission of the Propaganda in Pagan regions—the Begum Sombre. The funeral sermon of this princess was preached by your eminence, when a bishop, with an earnest eloquence, which recalled the *Eloges Funèbres* of the Bossuets and Massillons, over the biers of the La Vallières and other fair penitents of the court of Louis XIV. The Romans still talked, up to the time of Pio Nono's flight (when they had something else to think about), of the magnificent catafalque, sixty feet in height, reared in the church of San Carlo della Valle; of the statue of Religion which stood at its head; and of the commanding figure of your eminence, who stood at its base, arrayed in your episcopal robes. You made no allusion to the past tenour of the life of this ex-Bayadère and recent sovereign of one of the richest principalities in India. The wealthy Magdalen found favour in the Church's eyes, and 'her sins were forgiven her; for she loved much,' and made large oblations."—*Morgan's Letter to Cardinal Wiseman*, p. 10, 4th edit.

This short paragraph is no unfit specimen of the authoress's usual style. I have noticed the blunder about the church already. I need scarcely say that the Countess Matilda, who lived at the end of the eleventh century, could not well be the ally of Gregory the Great, who was pope in the sixth. Lady Morgan confounds him, no doubt, with the seventh Gregory. Twice, in the passage, I am declared to have been a bishop when I delivered the funeral discourse in question, that is, in January, 1838; whereas I only received that dignity in June, 1840.

However, what is of most consequence is the character attributed to the discourse itself. I have, therefore, thought it best to print it here, for the first time, verbatim, as delivered, and from the copy made before delivery.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE ON THE BEGUM SUMROO.

"*I say to you that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.*"—Matt. viii. 11.

Wherefore, my brethren, you may justly ask me, wherefore turn over the pages of the inspired volume for a theme, while all around us seems to read us so obvious a lesson? Are not the images of death before our eyes too palpable to permit our minds to seek any more remote instruction? Does not the mournful array of this temple, this commemorative tomb, this plaintive music, this concourse of men, this celebration of sacred rites, proclaim that death hath had a triumph, proportioned in its conquest to the display of its pomp? For I know not how it is, but we all, great and little, allow our better sense and long experience to be beguiled by the deceits of this world; we are somehow startled when we see the impartial blow of a common destiny fall upon one whom higher rank, or greater wealth, or superior attainments, seemed while living to have separated or distinguished from ordinary men. Alas! we forget that beneath the royal robe is sheltered but the same perishable flesh as under a peasant's weeds, that one hand fashioned, and one hand will dissolve them both, and

that if a corresponding state and circumstance seem to follow each beyond the grave; if he who was covered with the velvet mantle is now with a velvet pall, and he who was meanly clad is but meanly buried, yet we have but to tear away the later, as the earlier disguise, to learn, that if before both were equally flesh, so are they now both equally dust! Yes, methinks it befits us, apart from all those feelings of religious affection which prompt it, to give the great and the powerful, obsequies worthy of their rank. Many can never enter the precincts of a palace or judge of princely magnificence; it is well that we let them see it where they will not envy it, under the undeceiving circumstances that here attend it. The spectacle of a prince smiling or frowning upon his throne is one reserved for a small and a chosen court; it is too great a lesson to be withheld from thousands, to see him powerless, and stretched upon his narrow bier. The actions of the great appear to the multitude beyond the scrutiny or judgment of human law, their vices or evil passions are either excused or pleaded in excuse: it is just that these men should be seen, once at least, as submitted to expiation, and through the pathetic language of the Liturgy imploring (as Theodosius did, when condemned to public penance) the supplications of all who enter into God's holy place. How impressive, *then*, do these words of the royal psalmist sound: "But you like men shall die, and shall fall like one of the princes!" (Ps. lxxxvi. 7.) And then too doth He appear alone great who dieth not, and who changeth not; whose glory never passeth into mourning, and whose kingdom is never given to another.

But on the present occasion there are other considerations which give a peculiar interest to this melancholy function. Who is it that this morning hath called us together? Is it some noble of the land, one of its sacred princes, whose anniversary his friends and family recall to the piety of the faithful? Or is it some distinguished stranger, who, having travelled to this holy city, has in it found a grave? No, it is one whom no social or political ties connected with us, to whom neither the circumstances of her life, nor of her family, would, in a worldly estimate, have procured the celebration here of such solemn obsequies. She was indeed a princess, but many thousands of miles separated her dominions and her interests from Rome. A wide expanse of sea, a wearisome breadth of trackless deserts, chains of huge mountains, many kingdoms, and various tongues, interposed between her and us, seeming to forbid all sympathy, much more all intercourse for any common cause. But a holier connection than the ordinary bands of human friendship joined her, in spite of distance, with this Apostolic See. Her principality formed one of

those many remote points, on which the rays, darted from this centre of Catholic unity, rested, to form churches intimately united with this their mother. Having embraced the Catholic religion, the princess devoted herself to its maintenance and glory with earnestness and zeal. In her house the venerable fathers of the Thibet mission found a home, and every opportunity of discharging their duties. She indeed could say with truth, "Lord, I have loved the glory of thy house." For she erected a temple to the true God, on a scale of grandeur, unrivalled in modern times in those countries: she lavished upon it all the magnificence and beauty which native art, generously encouraged, could contribute to its embellishment; she furnished it with everything necessary for the performance of divine worship upon a princely scale, and she had the satisfaction of seeing it consecrated and opened, and of submitting to the paternal approbation of the holy Father the plans and drawings of her cathedral before she closed her days. His letters, and the valuable tokens of approval which accompanied them, reached her but a short time previous to her death. Nor did she allow the end of her life, which happened just two years ago, to cut short her pious intentions. A college established at Sirdanah, and endowed by her will, serves to perpetuate her name; and two millions of francs, bequeathed for charitable purposes, will secure her the prayers and blessings of thousands in distress.

And now do we meet here, the extremes of earth, to join our voices with theirs, and in the spirit of religious unity, and in the words of the ancient Church, entreat the mercy of God, that whatever debt she may through human frailty have contracted, his compassionate indulgence will forgive. That harbour which she, living, gave to the preachers of God's truth, Rome, that sent them, now repays to her departed spirit, begging that God will give it refreshment, if not yet attained, in his mansions of bliss. That submission and filial obedience, which, when on earth, she paid to the see of Peter, this now gives back in paternal benedictions, and fervent supplications to the throne of mercy. And when I find myself, come from the western extremities of this hemisphere, expressing this striking relation between the two, in a language that to neither belongs, can I but see in this accordance of wills an illustration of those words which form my text; "I say to you that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven;" that is, in the church of God?

In this striking manner is that intercourse of charity and its offices

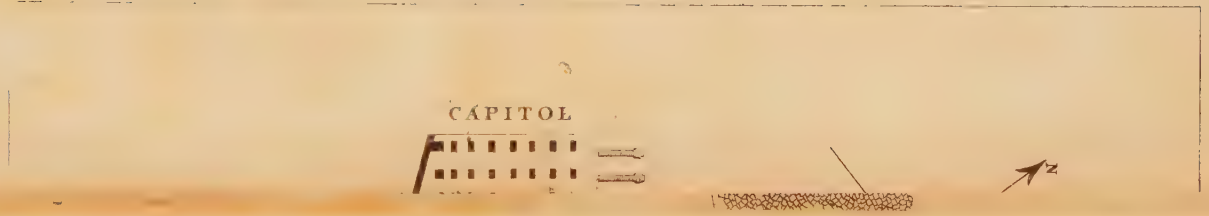
exemplified in the mournful ceremonial of this morning, which has so appropriately been termed the communion of saints. But if we here see how place can create no limits for the exercise of this sacred and consoling commerce of affections, how the most distant countries may be thus tied together in holiest sympathies, so is it here exhibited to us, how time no less is subservient to their dominion, and cannot dissolve or interrupt their course. For death, my brethren, is the queller of human affections, as he is of all other human powers. The most beloved, when removed from our sight, are, by degrees, less affectionately remembered, and too often, in lapse of time, forgotten. And, at any rate, the power to commune with those that we have lost, to help or comfort them, is then for ever gone. Not so is it with that spiritual fraternity which links us together in unity of faith. It scorns the power of that death whose sting hath been crushed out by Him who reversed our doom; it throws across that grave, over which the victory of redemption hath been achieved, the golden cords of love, and claims its rights of brotherly affection, and exercises its cheering dues. Two years have now elapsed since the princess, prepared by the sacraments and prayers of the Church, went forth to meet her Maker; and we may piously hope, that as her lamp was found trimmed, and her attention watchful, so she was received into the glory of her Lord. But the frailty of humanity may not all have been removed; the dross of meaner affections may have clung to her soul, and the justice of God may have awarded a term of further refinement in the furnace of his mercy. Hence affection, if abated by the term elapsed, now warmed again by the second return of the day which saw her depart, renews, according to ancient practice, the same rites of expiation which immediately followed her departed spirit, and seeks and finds consolation in the thought, that religion, more powerful than nature's tenderest affections, may yet alleviate it, or at least give proof, witnessed and acknowledged amidst unfading joy, of unaltered, undiminished love. How consoling to the bereaved heart is this blessed thought! How mitigating to the returning sorrow of each anniversary, to find religion ever ready with its healing balm, to pour upon the wound which is opened afresh!

But if we have before us a striking example of the independence of this power from all the ordinary limitations of earthly affections, we have no less a demonstration of its beautiful uniformity. From whatever country of the East or West men come to sit down at the banquet of God's house, they find the same food prepared for them, that too which can best suit their wants. What we this day are

performing in a European city, it is more than probable is performed in an Indian one for the same object. The same sacrifice which is offered upon this altar, in the depth of winter, is on the same day offered up for the same propitiation, in a country glowing with its summer heat. No rite, no prayer, will vary the outward form, and the inward spirit will be the same; the two will be but as pulsations, the one in the heart, the other in a far distant member of Christ's mystical body, of that same living energy which quickens its entire frame. Hence did it need no long journey to find a place where those sentiments which would have been expressed over her tomb might be congenially felt. The Catholic's spiritual home is wherever an altar, and a priest, can be found, to spread the table of which we all partake; it is a tabernacle that may be erected in the wilderness as in the house of Obededom, or in the royal mansion: but wherever it is set up, the same feelings will ever prevail, and it forms an integral part of the congregation of the Lord: it belongs to the household of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Thus do we find, in the sorrowful offices which have brought us together, some matter for instruction, which scarcely any other similar function could have afforded us. But still let us not forget those lessons which come nearer to our hearts. The princess whom we commemorate at God's altar was powerful in her day; she ruled her dominions with more than woman's arm; she feared not the turmoils and dangers of war; she guided with skill the arduous counsels of peace; by many she was beloved, by others feared. Yet is she now for ever departed, her strength and wisdom have vanished, her place is filled up by others. Truly, "All flesh is grass, and the glory thereof as the flower of the field. The grass is withered, and the flower is fallen." (Isa. xl. 6.) And so shall we who are but flesh also wither, and all the little glory we may have, even as a flower fall and fade away. Oh, here is a glass in which we may look upon our future selves, and see to what end all that earth can give must shortly come. For the flattering accents of friends, whispered supplication for mercy; for luxurious strains, the stern and solemn tones of funeral music; for the ample mansion, the narrow vault; for the soft couch, the strait, hard coffin; for costly attire, the winding grave-clothes; for precious furniture, dust and corruption! Such is the exchange which we shall one day make, as she of whom we treat hath made it. With such salutary thoughts as these let us proceed to join in the solemn ceremonial about to commence, meditating upon ourselves as well as upon her, and learning in others' experience the end that

awaits us all. And Thou, Eternal, infinite God, King of tremendous majesty, look down in merciful favour upon this our service. We are about to offer Thee not the blood of oxen or of goats, but the all-sufficient sacrifice of thy blessed Son's adorable body and blood, which pleadeth better than that of Abel. Hear our earnest supplications for this thy servant, cleanse away from her soul any defilement of sin not sufficiently expiated, receive her into rest and peace everlasting, and place her in thy incomprehensible glory, to see and enjoy Thee face to face, who with thy coequal Son and the Holy Spirit livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.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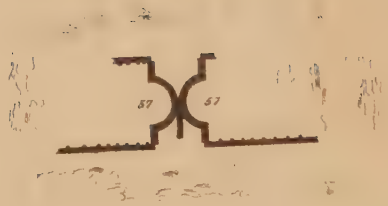

PLAN OF THE

FORUM ROMANUM

AS DETERMINED BY THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS

1838

FEET

PALMS

THE ROMAN FORUM.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for July*, 1838.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

ART. I.—1. *Descrizione del Foro Romano, e sue adjacenze, dell' Architetto Cav. Luigi Canina.* Description of the Roman Forum, and its Environs. By the Chev. L. Canina, Architect. Rome: 1834.

2. *Le Forum Romain expliqué selon l'état actuel des Fouilles, le 21 Avril,* 1835. Par C. Bunsen. Rome: 1835.

3. *Annali dell' Instituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica.* Annals of the Institute of Archæological Correspondence. Vol. viii. Nos. ii. iii. Rome: 1836.

THERE are few readers of Roman history, we suppose, who have not, in imagination, transplanted themselves to the Forum of the Eternal City. They have probably built it up according to their respective ideas of magnificence; but the leading features of the picture would be pretty generally the same. The Capitol, crowned with its sumptuous temples, at once a sanctuary and a fortress, will overlook the extensive area below; on one side, it will appear cut down, so as to give ascent to the crowds of citizens; on the other, frowning with the dark, beetling, precipices of the Tarpeian Rock. The Via Sacra, lined with temples and basilicas, will be seen, either thronged with the gorgeous spectacle of some military triumph, or abandoned to the more amusing scene of Horace assailed by his bore. On one side, we imagine the rostra, with Gracchus or Cicero haranguing an eager multitude; on another, the senate-house, occupied by calmer deliberations. But, beyond these leading objects

placed by us often quite at random, we trouble ourselves but little about filling up the large space which the Forum must have occupied, or in locating the many objects which our wanderings through the classics bring under our notice, as having existed in, or near, it. Not so the Roman antiquary, to whom this interesting spot, changing every day its aspects, under the slow but certain influence of the spade and mattock, affords materials for far minuter studies, and much more accurate restorations. This is, indeed, a species of husbandry hardly known beyond the precincts of Rome; from which, every year, springs a fresh crop of basilicas and temples, columns and pedestals, and, what is still more certain, of theories and controversies.

The revolutions which used to take place in the old Forum are nothing compared to those that are now daily witnessed in it. In ancient times, the senators or tribunes might change sides; but certainly not the temples: one candidate might jostle another out of his place, but one large building could hardly be so unneighbourly to its fellow of brick and mortar; one faction might drive the other back, and even out of the sacred precincts; but it would have been unusual, we fancy, for one portico to send another, with all its columns, rank and file, a-packing from the station it had occupied for some centuries: some patriot might put to open shame a turbulent demagogue, but we imagine the ancients never saw the front of one building outface another, till this one turned its back upon its rival. Yet all such wonderful evolutions have we beheld among the buildings of the Roman Forum—not unaptly compared, by the late Sir W. Gell, to a country dance, in which temples change sides, monuments cross hands, and columns lead down the middle. We

cannot imagine a more dangerous exposure of parental authority to contempt, than would occur, should any gentleman, who had visited Rome only twenty years ago, rummage out his journal, and the notes he made after the most approved guide-books of the day, and proceed in person to show his boys the lions of ancient Rome. Why, the young sparks (we speak experienced) would laugh at the old gentleman's beard, upon hearing his antiquated antiquarianism. He naturally takes them to the Church of Aracæli, on the Capitol, and tells them with great feeling that this is the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and tries to work up their minds to a suitable pitch of enthusiasm. But the rogues have found out in *their* guide-books, that since their papa was last in Rome, the said temple has quietly walked across the area on the top of the hill, and placed itself upon its other extremity, where, by a lucky coincidence, the Archæological Institute has established itself. He descends into the Forum, and points out three columns of beautiful form, composing an angle of a portico, at the foot of the Capitol. These, everybody has known from time immemorial as part of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans. (Plan, No. 4.) But, there, everybody has been wrong; for now they are considered as part of the Temple of Saturn. Eight other columns stand beside these, which, twenty years ago, you would have taken any wager, belonged to the the Temple of Concord, celebrated as the theatre of Cicero's indignant eloquence. But, alas! within the last twenty years the edifice has passed through many transmutations, having been changed, first by Nibby into the Temple of Fortune, then by Fea into that of Juno Moneta, later by Piale into that of Vespasian, since by Canina into that of Saturn, and, lastly, by Bunsen back again to that of Vespasian, which, for

the present, it remains (No. 17.) The hero of a Christmas pantomime could not have endured more changes. Farther on you meet three other columns, supporting a fragment of entablature, justly admired for elegance of form, which every antiquarian, except Nardini and Piranesi, had called the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, till within the last twenty years; when Nibby, in 1819, turned them into the Græcostasis, or hall for the reception of ambassadors; then Fea, in 1827, made them become the Temple of Castor and Pollux; Canina, in 1834, transformed them into the Basilica Julia; M. Bunsen, in 1835, restored them to the Twin-brothers; and a year later took them back, and dedicated them to Minerva Chalcidica (No. 33.) The Temple of Peace seemed too large and too solidly established a building to be subject to such antiquarian vagaries as these; but even it has lately had its metamorphoses. Nibby was the first of the moderns who laid his daring hands upon it; and, from a temple, turned it into a law-court, under the title of the Basilica of Constantine; Piale, in 1832, called it the Vestibule of Nero; Canina restored it to Constantine; but we believe it will be changed into the Forum Pacis (No. 56.)

These examples will suffice to convince our readers, that it is as difficult to keep pace with the discoveries of Roman Archæologues, as with the improvements in the steam-engine. If you lose sight of the Forum for five years, you are thrown back upon your studies, and find that you have to begin all over again. If you insist that when you were last in Rome, say three years ago, the Græcostasis was on the left side of the Forum, and that now you see it placed on the right, your antiquarian guide may answer you as Sganarelle does, on a similar complaint respecting his trifling

change in the position of the heart: "Oui; cela était autrefois ainsi; mais nous avons changé tout cela."[a] But what will travellers of even a recent date say, when we inform them, that they are likely soon to lose the entire Forum; which threatens to walk off bodily to another place, leaving the monuments, they have considered as belonging to it, to some other occupant. For, Professor Nibby has now, we understand, a theory, that the real Forum Romanum was not a bit where we now place it, but between the Capitol and the Palatine, in the direction pointed out on our plan by the buildings marked Nos. 18, 29, and 54. As the barns which at present occupy this ground have been purchased by the government, for the purpose of continuing the excavations in this direction, this new idea may be satisfactorily put to proof. And should the learned antiquarian's theory prove true, all those who have feasted their imaginations by their reminiscences of what they imagined to be the Forum, must be content either to return to Rome, to renew or correct them, or must forego the privileges of travellers —and be silent.

But how are all these wonderful changes of systems and opinions brought about? The whole mystery lies folded up in that magical word "excavation." At Rome, this word supplies matter for grave discussion, and for after-dinner talk; it points out the direction of the walk or the drive; it presents an object of joint-stock speculation, or of individual industry. Nothing could be done at Rome without excavation; it becomes a universal mania. English children soon learn to turn up the soil with their walking-sticks for bits of marble, and to pilfer fragments of mosaic; their

[a] This translocation takes place between the two plans published by Chev. Bunsen in 1835 and 1836. (No. 18.)

parents buy an unopened Etruscan sepulchre, as they would buy a pipe of wine at home, only they have a tolerable chance of finding it empty; noblemen pay in a month three or four years' rent for a patch of ground, twenty times turned up, for the incomparable satisfaction of seeing, day after day, some cart-loads of bricks dug out, the statues for which they are searching having been a century or two in the Museum.

The excavations, however, of real utility, are those conducted by the government, not so much with the expectation of discovering works of art, as with a view to make out the plans of ancient Rome, particularly the Forum. But, first, as to the way in which they are performed. The workmen employed are pensioners on public bounty; who, instead of being shut up in workhouses, receive a small pay to labour, if it deserve the name, in the open air. They are none of your brawny, square-built men of the pickaxe and barrow. They are a motley race of every age, from the mere boy to the "lean and slippered pantaloon;" arranged in every variety of costume, most of them preserving some remains of cast-off finery about their persons. They wear their hats with a certain air, that, for all its elegance, provokes you to ridicule; and they handle their spades with about as much taste as they would do loaded rifles. But in one respect they certainly, and almost without exception, prove themselves to be the legitimate inheritors and possessors of the Forum. They are universally a "gens togata." Any of them would lose caste, did he ply his work during the winter, otherwise than in a long cloak, the drapery of which is artificially arranged round his person, while engaged in his classical toil. It is true, that their forefathers, on the same spot, used to gather or gird up their cloaks when about to undertake anything very labori-

ous; but the reader must not, for a moment, suppose that these gentlemen's work can have any claim to that title. It is, on the contrary, the most delicious example of making toil a pleasure that can be imagined. As each workman brings his barrow to be, not filled, but sprinkled with earth from the trenches, he sits down to converse with his friends of the shovel, who, in the quietest way possible, measure him out his just load. When this is obtained, he follows in the track of his immediate predecessor, and forms another link in the processional train, moving at the slowest conceivable pace. Their very barrows utter a sympathetic creak at every turn of the wheel, and seem to partake of their masters' antipathy to exertion. Their line never proceeds far without a general stoppage. One of the first on it soon pauses to take rest, or snuff, and arrests the entire train; yet not a murmur of complaint is heard. As after many such interruptions, each labourer reaches his destination, it is probably only to assist in forming an immense mound of earth, which, in three months, must be as quietly conveyed a few hundred yards further. It is altogether a scene from entomology on a gigantic scale—men performing the office of ants without any of their industry. For, by means of the long black trains of workmen, that literally creep along the earth, immense heaps of rubbish are, in time, either carried off, or made up. They certainly are not the "Ardelionum quædam natio," mentioned by the classics, as abounding in Rome, and as

"Multum agendo nihil agens."—*Phæd.* ii. 5.

for, on the contrary, by doing nothing, these in the end get through a great deal of work; and, moreover, the characteristic of "occupata in otio" must be here

reversed, as our men are most leisurely in their occupation.

By such means as these is the great work of excavation performed—the first and great cause and promoter of new forensic theories in Rome. But it must not be imagined, that every change of nomenclature in a building argues a new excavation, or the discovery of some new inscription, or passage in the classics. The same data to one antiquary give a perfectly distinct result from what another had previously drawn; nay, the same eyes seem to read the same words in a most different sense, in different years. Before, however, endeavouring to unravel the intricacies of the modern systems, we must describe the present state of the Forum, in reference to its various excavations. On descending from the Capitol by the Mamertine Prison (No. 8), by the Clivus Asyli, which now passes over part of the Temple of Concord (No. 3), the traveller finds himself on the modern level of the Forum, now known by the name of Campo Vaccino; but still many feet above the ancient pavement. His natural wish is, that the entire area should be uncovered and reduced to the old level. Serious difficulties are opposed to this plan. For, as the neighbouring ground has all been raised in similar proportion, the several streets which run into the Forum, would have to rush down a most inconvenient, not to say dangerous, steep, were it dug out to its ancient depth. At the same time, the churches and shops which line it in the direction of the Via Sacra would be bared to their foundations, and deprived of their present entrances. The government, therefore, has preferred, for the present at least, to make large excavations round the principal ruins, leaving a raised causeway between them, sometimes permitting communication through arches under it.

The work of excavation was begun by the French, and continued under the papal government. The labour of the French went no further than cutting a trench or pit round the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus (No. 13), as well as round that of Constantine, which is beyond the precincts at present under examination. The work has been continued unremittingly, though slowly, till the present day. The following is a general view of the excavations as they at present exist. The entire space between the Capitol and the arch of Severus is laid bare, so that the area covered by Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 13, 14, 15, and 17, with the intermediate streets, are now laid completely open. Another considerable excavation surrounds the column of Phocas, with the three adjoining bases (No. 22), as far as No. 16. This communicates by means of arches with the forementioned one, from which it is separated by a causeway. The remaining area of the Forum, properly so called, is yet covered up, being traversed from the arch of Severus to that of Titus by an alley of trees.[b] There is, however, a partial excavation at No. 33, to discover the bases of the three columns there standing. The portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina (No. 36) is completely laid open; and as a small church had been built on, or in, the temple itself, the front door which was at the modern level, was seen for many years after the excavation, elevated like a window above the new level discovered. Lately a bridge has been thrown over the chasm, and has made the church once more accessible through the front. At this point the Forum ends; but the excavations have been carried on more extensively and completely beyond its limits. The Temple of Peace, as it is commonly called (No. 56), has been

[b] [Cut down by the late republicans! to the great disfigurement, as well as discomfort, of the road.]

cleared out completely, and railed in; the platform of the double Temple of Rome and Venus, has been laid bare, with the steps that led to it (No. 57). The Arch of Titus (No. 58) has been cleared of all later incumbrances, one of which at least, the Turris Chartularia, would, in our judgment, have been better spared demolition, and thoroughly repaired, and from it to the Colosseum, and beyond the Arch of Constantine, you walk pretty nearly on the ancient level.

We have perhaps delayed too long giving our readers some information concerning the plan annexed to this article. Having found that it would be hopeless to think of giving any account of the works before us, and of the interesting part of antiquarian topography to which they refer, without some graphic representation, we had no choice except either to give them the bare surface of the Forum, broken only by such monuments as actually remain, or else to select one of the many plans published with the works reviewed, although necessarily executed for a particular system. Having preferred the latter method as more interesting, and as presenting a better guide to the eye for forming an easier idea of the *possible* distribution of this magnificent spot, we could not long hesitate which to select. That of Chev. Bunsen, in 1836, of which ours is an extract reduced to half its dimensions, is at once the most modern, and in point of measurement, we believe, the most accurate. It has been made with great diligence by G. Angelhard, a German architect of great ability. We have called ours an extract from this; because the original contains not only the Roman Forum, but the adjoining ones, now almost entirely built over, of Trajan, Nerva, Augustus, and Julius Cæsar, with the Forum Transitorium, which connected them with the Roman. These lay to the north

and north-east of the latter, and were built upon more regular plans and with greater magnificence. But it would lead us too far to attempt any account of them, or of the theories concerning them. We may observe, that the plan we have followed, though bearing the date of 1836, was not published till the following year. Nor does it extend beyond the Basilica of Constantine, or Temple, or Forum of Peace (No. 56), which, in reality, is beyond the limits of the Roman Forum. But still we have thought it right to extend it to the Arch of Titus (No. 58), both because the writers on the Forum generally include the ground thus far, and because it forms the modern limit of the area commonly known by that name. The preceding remarks will have sufficiently cautioned our readers against imagining that all or great part of the buildings designed on it actually exist, or even may be discovered by their remains. Beyond those already mentioned as excavated, there is only the round temple (No. 55), now the church of Saints Cosmas and Damian, or rather a vestibule to it, that yet stands. We have marked by darker lines in our plan, what remains from antiquity in the buildings laid down in it.

The dimensions of the Roman Forum, at first sight, strike the spectator as inadequate to the purposes for for which it was set aside. For, beginning to reckon from the Arch of Severus (No. 13) to the Temple of Antoninus (No. 26), or the Arch of Fabius, opposite to it (No. 46), now destroyed, which all allow to have been the extent of the area in this direction, we have only a length of 630 Paris feet, equal to 590 English feet. As to the other dimension, it would seem probable that it could not extend farther than the Palatine hill, on one side, and the line of buildings on the

other; and this will give us a breadth narrowing from 190 to 110 Paris, or from 178 to 103 English, feet. Professor Nibby, as well as Fea, considers what we have called the length to be the breadth of the Forum, which, therefore, stretched considerably farther on one side, so as to be a square, according to Vitruvius's rule. But the position of the Palatine hill, and the lines of ancient streets discovered in the excavations, seem to forbid the admission of this theory. Yet not even the whole of this space, small as it must seem for a city so populous as ancient Rome, was available for the purposes of public assemblies. Of the two compartments marked on the area of the Forum, that numbered 41 is supposed by M. Bunsen to be the Comitium, where assemblies for religious and political purposes were held. This was not a building, but only an allotted space. The other (No. 21) is the Forum properly so called, which was given up to the ordinary concerns of life, as a public square. Both the Comitium and the Forum were encumbered by public monuments, which tended greatly to reduce their space. They were naturally the growth of ages; but even from the earliest times the obstruction must have been great. For in the Comitium there were the sepulchre of Romulus (No. 42), the statue of Accius Navius (No. 38), the Ruminal Fig-tree (No. 39), the statues of the Wolf (No. 43), and of Cloacina (No. 37), and at its upper extremity the tribunal for the hearing of causes, with the altar known by the name of the Puteal Libonis (Nos. 43, 44). Such at least are the positions assigned to these monuments by M. Bunsen in his *last* plan. The Forum, in like manner, was occupied by statues raised in honour of different commanders, which must have greatly narrowed its precincts. Still we believe that the disappointment of a

stranger is as great, when, after having read so much in the papers of the electioneering scenes of Covent-garden, he discovers, on first visiting it, how small is the space on which the assembled thousands of Westminster have to hear the rostral eloquence of their candidates.

We now proceed to the buildings, and principal monuments that surrounded and adorned the Roman Forum; and first we will clear the way by enumerating those which may be considered as certain, or at least admitted by all antiquarians. Their number will indeed be found very small.

No. 1. The *Clivus Asyli*, or descent from the Capitol to the Forum.

No. 2. The *Tabularium* and *Ærarium*, or national archives and treasury. It exists under the modern buildings of the Capitol, and is in great measure cleared out.

No. 3. Temple of Concord. Inscriptions, as well as topographical descriptions of the ancients, leave no doubt respecting this being the true site of this building. Its area or pavement is uncovered, so far as the modern way from the Capitol will allow.

No. 5. *Schola Xantha.* The term *Schola* applied to these ruins lately uncovered, must be taken in the sense of chambers, in the occupation of notaries, writers, and cursitors, attached to the ediles, and other forensic functionaries. These remains had formerly been laid open, and then had an inscription with the title now given them, which was derived from A. Fabius Xanthus, who repaired the building.

No. 6. *Porticus Clivi.* Tacitus and Livy mention the existence of a portico in this spot, and the late excavations have discovered it. Offices similar to the former probably existed under it.

No. 8. The Mamertine Prison.

No. 13. Triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. The monument being entire, its inscription baffles antiquarian ingenuity to change its denomination.

Thus far we have been engaged rather with the Clivus Capitolinus than with the Forum itself; which as we shall see is much poorer in sure monuments. Two interesting monuments, lately discovered, meet us at this point.

No. 14 is a circular base, bearing a smaller pedestal, on which was a short thick column, found near it, once evidently covered with metal. This, Canina and Bunsen, we think with every probability, determined to have been the *Milliarium Aureum*, so called from the circumstance of its having been gilt. It held the place of Hyde Park Corner, or St. Giles's Pound, in ancient Rome, being the point of departure from which all the miles were measured, on the various roads leading from the Capitol. But as some antiquarians yet dissent from this opinion, we will not venture to class it among decidedly certain monuments.

No. 15. The line indicated by this number represents the remains of a rostrum or tribune for harangues, decorated with pilasters. Canina most happily applied to its illustration a basso-rilievo of Constantine's triumphal arch, in which the emperor is represented as addressing the people from a low hustings, having a low balustrade in front, except in the very middle, where the speaker stands. The arches of Tiberius and of Severus are clearly represented, as is, perhaps, the *Tabularium*. All which answer precisely to this spot of the Forum and to no other. Neither would the form of the platform suit the ancient rostra, of which a clear representation has been preserved for us on a medal of Palikanus.

No. 22. Column of Phocas. This monument of a

barbarous age, and of a most undeserving person, stands in the centre of the Forum, as if to mock at the stability of nobler works, and at the vagaries of antiquaries. As the pillar had been stolen from some ancient monument, and was covered above its base by the earth, it had all the appearance of belonging to an edifice; and thus greatly puzzled older antiquaries. The excavations disclosed the inscription on its base, and for once gave them the comfort of certainty and unanimity in their decision.

No. 36. Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Here again an inscription in large letters on the entablature of the portico yet standing, leaves no room for antiquarian squabbles.

No. 57. The Temple of Rome and Venus, out of the precincts of the Forum, may be considered as tolerably certain. The double cella is sufficiently entire, and the groundwork, thanks to judicious excavations, may be accurately traced.

No. 58. The Arch of Titus. The same may be said of this monument, so interesting to Christian faith, from its bearing the sculptured representation of the Jewish spoils borne in triumph, after not a stone had been left upon a stone, of the devoted temple.

Here we close our lists of certain monuments, a poor proportion to those that remain as yet undecided, matter for endless contests and bewildering theories. The student of Roman antiquities must after this small gleaning from the numerous buildings of the Forum, be content to wander in the dark; or at least renounce all hope of ever coming to any end of his scholarship. About a dozen monuments, out of nearly sixty, may be considered as settled, and almost every one of these by means of inscriptions, remaining upon them, or found amidst their ruins. The earth has

been turned up round them all, so as to leave small hope of farther discoveries for most of them; so that we fear we must come to the inevitable conclusion, that wherever we are left to the forming of our decisions only on the comparison of classical testimonies, we shall have little or no chance of unanimity or security. Let us take an instance or two.

The three columns at the angle of No. 4 had been always called the Temple of Jupiter Tonans. The arguments for this nomenclature were such as might, at first sight, appear satisfactory. First, we knew from Suetonius, that Augustus erected a temple to this deity, in consequence of a wonderful escape from lightning in Spain. The architecture of this temple is precisely of the age of that emperor. Secondly, Victor, one of the *Regionarii*, or writers who have given lists of the buildings existing in the different districts or *Regiones* of Rome, tells us that he erected it on the Clivus Capitolinus. This temple stands precisely on that spot. Thirdly, a medal of Augustus represents it as fronted by a portico of six columns of the Corinthian order, and the remains of this building exhibit precisely both characteristics. Fourthly, the cornice is decorated by the cap of the priests of Jupiter, crowned with thunderbolts; a device most applicable to such a building, and hardly to any other. Upon the strength of these arguments every writer of any weight upon the Forum had declared the three columns to belong to the Thunderer's temple. But in 1835, M. Bunsen rejected, at least tacitly, all these arguments, and, we think upon rather vague grounds, declared the pillars to be a part of that of Saturn. That there was such a temple *ante clivum Capitolinum, juxta Concordiæ templum*, according to Servius, cannot be denied. But is this assertion sufficient to countervail the various

arguments which support the older, and more general, opinion? Of the inscriptions upon the three temples on the Clivus (Nos. 3, 4, 17), given by the Anonymous of Einsiedlin, in the eighth century, two give the titles of the buildings on which they were placed, the temples of Vespasian and Concord, but the third only mentions the restoration of the edifice, without naming it. As a question, therefore, of evidence, so far as it is before the public, we are not satisfied that there is ground to change the old name of this ruin. But the consequences of such conflicting opinions go far beyond the individual building they immediately affect, and carry the confusion into all its vicinity. Thus Tacitus tells us that the Arch of Tiberius was near Saturn's temple, and consequently the plan of Chev. Bunsen places it across the street, at No. 9, although not the slightest trace is to be found, in the pavement or excavations, of any triumphal arch having stood there. On the other hand Nibby having called the three columns the Temple of Jupiter, has plausible arguments for calling the eight Ionic pillars of No. 17 (now called by Bunsen the Temple of Vespasian), the Temple of Fortune. For this is mentioned as being near that of the Thunderer, in an old inscription; and it was burnt and repaired under Maxentius, to whose time these columns may well belong, being rudely put together; and, moreover, it is near other points determined by old writers.

However, a natural question presents itself here: where have the later theorists placed the Temple of Jupiter? We answer, they have given it no place at all in the Forum. Now this seems to afford ground for still more serious doubts as to the possibility of any final adjustment of claims between the occupiers of the Roman Forum; for the preliminary step to such

settlement seems naturally to be, what buildings are to be admitted into, and what excluded from, its hallowed precincts. It is true that the Temple of Jupiter Tonans is spoken of by Pliny and Suetonius as being *in Capitolio*, but others say it was on the Clivus, and the former expression will apply to the latter situation, though this will hardly allow us to place the temple on the hill itself. But what hope can we have that antiquaries will finally agree in allocating the various edifices which adorned the Forum, upon any comparison of classical authorities, so long as these do not bring them to accordance, respecting their very existence in its area? Every side of the Forum will afford us sufficient examples of this strange uncertainty. Fea calls the eight columns of No. 17 the Temple of Juno Moneta, of which no trace is to be found in the plans of Bunsen, Nibby, or Canina. Some consider the *Milliarium aureum*, and what was called the *Umbilicus Romæ*, the centre of Rome, as two different objects; others identify them. Fea places the *Templum Martis Ultoris* in the Forum, at No. 11; Bunsen locates it in another Forum; and neither Nibby nor Canina give it any place in their Roman Forum. The arches and temples of Janus in and about this place form another fruitful source of dispute; no two agree even about the number of these buildings to be admitted within it. The basilicas which surrounded the Forum are far from being decided. The general position of the Basilica Julia (No. 29), on the south side of the Forum, seems pretty well agreed on; but the exact locality differs in every plan. Those of the northern side are more disputed, and give rise to complicated arguments. The reasoning of M. Bunsen, by which the Basilica Fulvia and Æmilia

(No. 20) is only one building, and distinct from a second Basilica Æmilia (No. 30), yet so that these two communicated together, and might be called a single edifice (No. 19), under the denomination of the Basilica Pauli, is ingenious, and receives confirmation from the Capitoline fragments of the plan of Rome, which have preserved the form of this double basilica. But it is, we think, a bold theory, likely to be severely contested. At least it gets rid of part of a serious difficulty in Roman topography—the disposal of so many basilicas as are placed by ancient writers round the Forum.

To give, by mere description, an adequate idea of the various schemes of the Forum Romanum, would be an endless and difficult task. We have, therefore, preferred to give our readers a tabular view, referable to the plan we have presented. By it they will in a short time be able to trace the differences between different writers; remembering always that each one of course gives a different disposition to the buildings, as he does a different name. The first column contains Bunsen's plan of 1836, which we give reduced; the second his of the preceding year; the third Canina's of 1834; the fourth Fea's of 1827; and the fifth Nibby's of 1819. We have thrown into another column the opinions of older writers, inclusive of Piale's, whose researches were too limited to fill a separate column. Where the allocation of any building in one of the plans did not correspond exactly to an edifice marked in the plan, it is distinguished by an asterisk, to signify that it is placed by the author in the vicinity of that numbered opposite to it in the table; and the letters A, B, R, L, which follow the sign, denote the edifice in question to be situated *above*, *below*,

to the *right*, or to the *left*, of the one indicated by the number.[c]

Our readers are now in possession of all the information that a limited article could convey, concerning the various theories to which this most fruitful field of speculation has given rise. We shall appear to have written rather as sceptics than as enthusiasts upon the subject; as inclined more to halt undecided between the many systems, than to yield ourselves up to the partisanship of any. We have been duped too often to act otherwise. We have indulged too frequently in admiration and romance, based upon theories which have proved false, not rather to ground our feelings, for the future, upon the grander consciousness that we have walked over the tomb of the republic's liberties and of the empire's magnificence, than upon the more curious fancies, that we this day stood in the ruins of the senate-house, or that day meditated upon a broken column of some individual temple. When a philosopher paces the field of former battles, he would be teazed by the petty impertinence of one who ever wished to learn whether each mound contained the ashes of a greater officer or of a common soldier. The scenes which one day passed upon the spot, its ardent passions, its desperate struggles, its numerous death-gasps, its unheeded miseries; then its boisterous exultation and its triumphal shouts, contrasted with the mournful silence to which all has been reduced, and the quiet ascendancy which a higher order of laws has once more gained, making that very ruin of so many subservient to the increase of the fertility they regulate—would exclude from his mind

[c] Vide table, which accompanies the plan of the Forum, as shown at page 331.

all desire to obtain minute acquaintance with details, that could diminish his impressions, by distracting and bewildering his mind. In this spirit we would advise the traveller to contemplate the ruins of ancient Rome, and particularly its Forum. Let him meditate rather than theorize, reflect more than study. To us a broken pillar is more eloquent than the entire Rostra, and the roofless area of a Senate-house speaks better than the tongue of Tullius, when he declaimed amidst the assembled fathers. The very consideration how the most magnificent buildings have lost even their names is to us worth a volume of discoveries; for it is the greatest of possible triumphs obtained by the destroying power over the ambition of man. How could this anxious feeling have better hoped to secure its memorials than by inscribing them in bronze letters upon marble entablatures? Yet both inscription and building shortly fell, and left the proud and magnificent erection without a record! And had not religion interposed between time and its legitimate prey, scarcely a trace would now have remained to draw the traveller over the Capitol. The few fragments that remain she snatched out of its very jaws, and saved by consecrating to her own uses. Such her might ever appears, as that of a preserving power, a repairer of devastation, and the builder up of ruins which men's evil passions have made.

CHRISTIAN ART.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for June*, 1847.

CHRISTIAN ART.

ART. X.—1. *Sketches of the History of Christian Art.* By LORD LINDSAY. 3 vols. Murray, 1847.
2. *The Exhibition of the Royal Academy*, 1847. (*Catalogue.*)

THE pages of our Review have been more than once devoted to the subject of Christian art. Both directly and indirectly, we have sought to excite an interest in it, and to explain its principles. And we have many reasons for believing that we have not laboured in vain. We do not pretend to have produced a painting by anything that we may have written, nor even perhaps to have laid down a single new principle. But, debarred as Englishmen have been from acquaintance with an art essentially religious, and from the power of contemplating its results — unconscious as English Catholics necessarily were of the artistic power of principles and doctrines, rites and practices of their Church, from not having witnessed their fruits—the first step towards creating a school of English religious art, naturally was to bring before the mind such general information on the subject as would excite curiosity, and such more definite views as would give rise to hopes at least, and even to endeavours.

Besides, therefore, articles devoted expressly to this matter, we have never failed to embrace any opportunity that presented itself, of pointing out the beauties and artistic elements of the Catholic ceremonial, as well as the poetry of our ritual, and forms of prayer,

all eminently conducive to the creation of religious art. Many considerations have now brought us to the conclusion, that the time is at length come for practice rather than theory; and that we must earnestly think of embodying in actual representation those forms of beauty, which we have till now contemplated as either reflections of past realities, or as shadows of possible futurities. If it has been given to this Review to lead forward the Catholic mind to higher and better views, upon the more *æsthetic* parts of ecclesiastical and religious institutions; if its mission had been in the past to open brighter prospects, which have not been disappointed; if it has successfully seconded and promoted the ecclesiological movement, such as it has been amongst us, and the theological movement which has been without, we feel that it is only fulfilling a portion of its duty as an exponent of Catholic feeling and Catholic truth, by turning the minds of our fellow Catholics to a more practical realization of what till now have been but hopes, of the foundation of a religious school of design and art in England.

We have uniformly observed, that in our age as in every other, indefinite instincts precede clear indications of great beneficial changes; there is a silent yearning, a consciousness of want, before active measures are even thought of; a discontent of the past and actual state of things, before plans are gone into for the future. We could illustrate this course of things in various ways, having reference to the religious occurrences of the last few years. But in regard to religious art, we think the manifestations of desire for better things are very clear, and sufficiently strong to make us think of how they may be attained.

First, there has been more knowledge obtained and diffused among the people in general, and among

Catholics in particular, on the existence, and perhaps the characteristics, of Christian art. Many have become acquainted with them by travelling, and more works have been lately written on the subject. The one before us is a remarkable one, not as a popular, but as a very learned and diligent, and often even eloquent, book, though far from Catholic. But we will reserve our remarks on it to a later portion of our article. At present we will content ourselves with remarking, that the names of Christian artists, dead and living, have become much more familiar to us than they used to be. Catholics, even the less learned in such things, would know, if they were told of a painting of the Blessed Angelico or Overbeck, that there would be necessarily a religious tone and character in it, such as they would never expect to find in one by West or Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But secondly, our taste has as much to do in the matter as our knowledge. We have learnt what *is* a religious tone and character. A few years ago, specimens of art, worthy of the name, were not within our reach. A few costly engravings of older masters might indeed be found in the portfolios of rich *connoisseurs*, from which the character of Christian artists might be studied; but nothing could be more paltry, more degrading to their subjects, than the majority of prints furnished by France, or by our own country, to the bulk of our people. Wretched in design as in execution, devoid of all feeling, of all expression, of all mere beauty even, they were calculated only to give the idea that religious representations stood below, rather than above, every other department of art. Tawdrily-coloured prints, ill-defined mezzotintos, or rude etchings of meanly-imagined figures, formed the staple of decorations for the room, or of illustrations

for the prayer-book. Neither devotion nor even a pious thought could be inspired by such abortions of art. By degrees, however, engravings of a superior style have found their way from France and Germany. The Academy of Düsseldorf has become the regenerator of religious taste all over Europe. The beautiful designs of Overbeck, Deger, the two Müllers, and other artists, have been exquisitely engraved by Keller and his school; and, through the modern machinery of an association, have been scattered on every side at the lowest price; a price which would bring them within the reach of the poorest peasant in this country, but for the barbarous duty, which is fully equal to the cost of the print.[a] The importation of these admirable specimens of religious art, has led to a successful imitation, or rather copying, both of their subjects and style, in England. Mr. Dolman reproduced Curmer's designs from Overbeck (which, though published in Paris, were executed at Düsseldorf), with great success; and most of the Düsseldorf Society's series has been re-engraved at Derby, and published by Messrs. Richardson, with their usual spirit.

The effect of these publications has been very important; they have, as we have observed, brought home to the eyes and feelings of Catholics of every rank, specimens of real Christian art. Few, perhaps, can judge of the accuracy of the design, or the delicacy of the engraving; but every one can *feel* the accordance between the expression and ideas and sentiments,

[a] While on every other article subject to duty, 10 per cent. is the average rate of duty, on prints it still continues to be a penny each. This is a trifle upon large and expensive engravings, but on the Düsseldorf prints, which cost only one penny, it amounts to 100 per cent. Having imported a large number, chiefly for distribution among the poor, we had to pay £25 for duty, and appealed, in vain, to the inexorable Vandalism of financial officials.

which his heart tells him are good and holy. Instead of the vague stare of a figure, which, but for a pair of keys or a sword in its hand, might as well represent Pontius Pilate as an apostle, one now expects dignity of attitude, nobleness of features, holiness of expression, majesty of action. Instead of the unmeaning beauty of feature (if even this) by which the best attempts at a *Madonna* were characterized, no one is satisfied without an approach at least to the sweetness, the grace, the purity, and the queenly grandeur, that befit the Virgin-Mother of God. In like manner we now desire and expect to see, in the representation of sacred histories, the simplicity of action, naturalness of arrangement, and power of expression, which enables the eye to read them, and the feelings to apprehend them—the truest test of real religious art. We are alive to that holy, calm, and quiet beauty which pervades the compositions of the older Italian, and modern German, masters, where one can almost divine what each person is saying and thinking, as well as one can see what he is doing.

It may be said that all these observations apply only to Catholics, and afford no indication of a similar taste springing up in the country in general. Perhaps not; although at the same time we sincerely believe that symptoms of it are appearing among the people in general. We shall have more to say presently on the subject. But, first, we are anxious to express our opinion on some matters connected with our topic; premising that we are most anxious to avoid every cause of offence. We must observe, therefore, that we art writing entirely about the arts of design, and principally on painting and drawing, though many of our observations will apply likewise to sculpture and carving. We say, then, that the taste and feeling for

Christian art, to which we have alluded, must not be confounded with the architectural movement, which, however valuable in itself, goes upon different principles, and, in some respects, may be considered as discouraging of what we wish to see revived in art. The *tendency* of architectural movements is to return to given models, and to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the works of other times. This is the case with every sort of architecture. If a man revive Egyptian patterns, he must needs introduce sphinxes and hieroglyphics, though they are worse than absolute nonsense; and the restorers of Grecian architecture give us most punctually the wreathed skulls of victims, the pateræ, and other heathen symbols, devoid of meaning, and of beauty too, when out of place. The better ecclesiological movement which has taken place in England (most happily, we own) has a similar, though better-directed tendency to reproduce the rudenesses, and even deformities, of past ages. It so happened, by a very obvious process, that the various branches of what are called the fine arts did not develop equally in any country; that while architecture, for instance, in England and France had reached its prime of matchless beauty, drawing and painting were not equally advanced: hence, splendid canopies overshadow but indifferent figures, and the few remains which we have of painting generally present but inferior specimens of conception or design. Unfortunately, in copying, as they deserve, the architectural monuments of our forefathers, we have taken to admire, and even to copy, their very unequal embellishments in the way of sculpture and drawing.

But this is not even the worst: we have almost canonized defects, and sanctified monstrosities. What was the result of ignorance or unskilfulness, we attri-

bute to some mysterious influence, or deep design. A few terms give sanction and authority to any outrageousness in form, anatomy, or position; to stiffness, hardness, meagreness, unexpressiveness—nay, to impossibilities in the present structure of the human frame. Feet twisted round, fingers in wrong order on the hand, heads inverted on their shoulders, distorted features, squinting eyes, grotesque postures, bodies stretched out as if taken from the rack, enormously elongated extremities, grimness of features, fierceness of expression, and an atrocious contradiction to the anatomical structure of man,—where this is displayed, are not only allowed to pass current, but are published in the transactions of societies, are copied into stained glass, images, and prints, and are called "mystical," or "symbolical," or "conventional" forms and representations. And this is enough to get things praised and admired, which can barely be tolerated by allowance for the rudeness of their own age. We have seen representations of saints such as we honestly declare we should be sorry to meet in flesh and blood, with the reality of their emblematic sword or club about them, on the highway at evening. And because these were the productions of an *age* eminently Catholic, they are considered as the types of an *art* equally so. But religious art does not look at time, but at nature, which changes not, and at religion, which is equally immutable. To make rude carvings, because the building on which they are placed is Norman, or to make a stiff design because the glass is framed in Early English tracery, may be all quite characteristic, but it is not artistic. The object of all art is to speak to the eye, and, through it, to the feelings; and the object of religious art is consequently to excite, through the sight, religious emotions adequate to the subjects or

persons represented. It is not intended that the spectator should have to say, "How well the Norman style is carried out even in the carvings!" or, "How admirably the glass of Edward the Fourth's time has been imitated!" or, "One could really fancy that crucifixion to have been painted in the thirteenth century!" but it is to be desired and aimed at, that the beholder, antiquarian or simple, scholar or peasant, should at once feel himself penetrated with a sense of the beautifully holy, be enamoured of the virtues which beam from the face, and seem to clothe the form of the figure before him; that from earthly comeliness his thoughts should rise to the contemplation of heavenly charms; that he should at once weep or exult, be humbled or gain confidence, as he gazes—not to study or criticise, but to feel.

While, therefore, we will join to the full pitch of our voice in the cry of condemnation that has been raised against all that is frivolous, trumpery, and trivial in sacred art; while we utterly anathematize all representations of the Immaculate Mother in modern Parisian fashions, and of angels in the attitudes of a posture-master, we are not prepared to admire a figure of the former merely because enveloped in a diapered mantle, nor of the latter simply because he wears a cope. We want more than these accessaries, however valuable; we want truth, according to our noblest conceptions. The devout mind loves to contemplate the Incarnate Glory of heaven as the type of dignified and hallowed beauty—as the "*speciosus forma præ filiis hominum*," figuring in Himself all that humanity could ever contain of outward comeliness as expressive of inward perfection. He was a man—"*in similitudinem hominum factus, et habitu inventus ut homo*"—and therefore he is to be represented with features, limbs, bones, muscles,

and sinews like those of other men. But whether as an infant, or as a youth, or as grown to full manhood —at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, or Calvary— His effigy must be to the eye (so far as art can portray it) what loving thought of Him is to the soul, the combination of all that is nobly beautiful. Even in the agonies of death, even extended on the cross, the eye of faith, and consequently the eye of Christian art, cannot contemplate Him otherwise. We are repulsed, therefore, rather than attracted, by those mediæval representations of Him, which place before us a body painfully extenuated, with ill-proportioned or distorted limbs, and with a haggard, if not an ill-favoured countenance; nor are we gained to admiration by being told, that such an effigy is more mystical or symbolical. For we cannot see how mysticism should require that which is supremely fair to be set forth as ugly, nor how external disproportion or uncomeliness should be the rightful symbol of what is infinite perfection,—

"Quæcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi."

And in like manner, we have no toleration for any intended likeness of His Virgin Mother, which exhibits her other than as the "*tota pulchra Maria*" of the Church's song. Sweet, graceful, maidenly in countenance and carriage we wish to see her ever represented; full of peace, benignity, and cheering joy, whether smiling on her own infant or on us; blending the Mother and the Virgin only by the tempering with majesty of the unfading bloom of celestial charms.

Strange indeed, it may seem, that while the mental type of this unparalleled being should have been so clearly, so sublimely brought out by a Bernard, its

artistic type should have been locked up in the hard and dark delineations of the Byzantine school, waiting as it were for a germ of life to bring them into the warm and bright existence of the Christian school. But this only proves what we have before remarked, that the various arts developed at different periods, and thus the poetry of religion opened into blossom before its painting.

What we have already written may suffice to explain our conviction, that if a Catholic school of art has to be raised in England, it must not only be independent of the architectural school which has been formed, but must rest on principles totally different from those on which this is based. First, it must not set out with the idea of mere reproduction, or of copying older masters, or of having a warrant and authority for everything it does. In other words, a school of Christian art, to succeed, must not be an antiquarian establishment. It must start on the principle that it is essentially a creative art, that it must invent as well as the old masters did, that it must study them and cull out their excellencies, but must not servilely copy them: it may imitate, but not transcribe. Hence we must have no Saxon, or Mediæval, or Gothic, or Cinquecento styles, but a pure Christian style, wherever and whenever it has to be used.

Secondly, the work must begin from the beginning. Till now, we have taken an old brass, or an old window,[b] or an old statue; we have rubbed the one, traced the other, and pressed or moulded the third;

[b] We must gratefully acknowledge, however, that a great improvement has been visible of late in the stained glass, in respect to accurate drawing, breadth, and expression, especially in that designed by Mr. Pugin, and executed by Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham. Still much remains to be done.

and have got artists that could copy exactly. But this is not art. We can thus indeed create clever workmen, and accurate imitators; but we give them no principles, and they can never materially get beyond what they find. The study of Christian art must begin where every other branch begins,—by accurate drawing, by studies from nature, and then by studying and copying the best models, chastening and purifying as it proceeds, the mere animal forms and traits, and drawing out, and learning to embody, those characters, expressions, and feelings, which belong to religion as distinct from nature, and to the inward, rather than to the outward, life.

Now this last can only be done by three different means combined. The first is the study, to which we have already alluded, of the great Catholic masters of every country, particularly of Italy. The second is the use of proper models. Academical models will do well enough for anatomy and attitude; and a lay figure will answer for hanging on drapery; but the living characteristics of Christian art, expression not merely of features, but of form, must be sought among those whose lives exhibit the practice, and consequently whose exterior presents the type, of the virtues to be represented. For, as was intimated above, truth must be the aim of art; and, thank God, in the Catholic Church the type of art is not ideal, in a strict sense, but real. The older artists may have elevated and purified the models which they used, but they nevertheless did not invent them. They found them in the Church, and they formed their style upon them; and in the same place the Catholic artist must look for the same guidance. He will still find his St. Brunos, as Zurbeyran did, among his disciples the Carthusians, and his St. Bernards among the Cister-

cians; and he will be surprised to see again and again, before and round the altar, the attitudes, the arrangements, and even the countenances and bearing of figures and groups, which have appeared to him masterly inventions, when seen in the old masters.

But the third means, and the principal one, by which any one can hope to attain the true principles and practice of religious art, is meditation and devout study of its objects, joined to holiness of life, and the attempt, at least, to realize in himself the character that he wishes to depict. Without this, all other efforts are vain. We wish the full extent of the cost to be known by those who may be gloriously bold enough to bid for this crown. We may easily have a school of religious naturalists, such as interrupted the succession of great artists in Italy, and such as France now has; men who, by combining natural beauty with studied attitude, have fancied, if they thought at all about it, that they were painting saints. Such men may call themselves religious and Catholic artists, but they will never accomplish anything worthy of the name: they will be cold, insipid, and eventually mannered. We have been struck with the character and even appearance of the modern Catholic artists of Germany: no one can know them without seeing at once that they believe in all that they express, that their hearts go with their hands in their work, that they are impressed with the feeling that what they are doing is a holy thing. It would be invidious, and hardly delicate, to mention names: but let any one make the acquaintance of the principal Catholic painters at Rome; or let any lover of the arts, who is making the usual trip of the Rhine, stop to visit the splendid church built by Count Fürstenberg at Apollinarisberg, near Bonn, and converse with the Düssel-

dorf academicians engaged on its beautiful frescoes, and we are sure he will be satisfied, that the work which he admires is the fruit of sincere faith and religious meditation.

But if the artist look back for his models among the great religious painters of the Middle Ages, he will find, not mere piety, but absolute sanctity become the guarantee of success in its perfection. The connection between the two—between perfection in virtue (where abilities are not deficient) and perfection in Christian art—becomes demonstrated, as well as exhibited, in the Blessed Giovanni, or, as he is oftener called, Angelico da Fiesoli. We will quote his character as given by Vasari, whose own style, life, and disposition, were diametrically opposite to his.

"He was simple, and most holy in his manners,—and let this serve for token of his simplicity, that Pope Nicholas one morning offering him refreshment, he scrupled to eat flesh without the license of his superior, forgetful for the moment of the dispensing authority of the pontiff. He shunned altogether the commerce of the world, and living in holiness and in purity, was as loving towards the poor on earth as I think his soul must now be in heaven. He worked incessantly at his art, nor would he ever paint other than sacred subjects. He might have been rich, but cared not to be so, saying that true riches consisted rather in being content with little. He might have ruled over many, but willed it not, saying there was less trouble and hazard of sin in obeying others. Dignity and authority were within his grasp, but he disregarded them, affirming that he sought no other advancement than to escape Hell and draw near to Paradise. He was most meek and temperate, and by a chaste life loosened himself from the snares of the world, oft-times saying that the student of painting had need of quiet and to live without anxiety, and that the dealer in the things of Christ ought to dwell habitually with Christ. Never was he seen in anger with the brethren, which appears to me a thing most marvellous, and all but incredible; his admonitions to his friends were simple, and always softened by a smile. Whoever sought to employ him, he answered with the utmost courtesy, that he would do his part willingly so the prior were content. In sum, this never sufficiently to be lauded father was most humble and modest in

all his words and deeds, and in his paintings graceful and devout, and the saints which he painted have more of the air and aspect of saints than those of any other artist. He was wont never to retouch or amend any of his paintings, but left them always as they had come from his hand at first; believing, as he said, that such was the will of God. Some say that he never took up his pencils without previous prayer. He never painted a crucifix without tears bathing his cheeks; and throughout his works, in the countenance and attitude of all his figures, the correspondent impress of his sincere and exalted appreciation of the Christian religion is recognisable. Such, adds Vasari, "was this very angelic father, who spent the whole of his time in the service of God and in doing good to the world and to his neighbour. And truly a gift [virtù] like his could not descend on any but a man of most saintly life; for a painter must be holy himself before he can depict holiness."—Pp. 195-6-7.

We have given this character by Vasari from Lord Lindsay's work; and we are sure we shall further illustrate our subject by another extract, in which the noble author describes the results of the saintly character, as exhibited on the artist's canvas. The following is his description of B. Angelico's chief excellence:—

"Expression, accordingly—the special exponent of Spirit, as Form is of Intellect, and Colour of Sense—is the peculiar prerogative of Fra Angelico. Ecstasy and enthusiasm were his native element, and the emotions of his heart animated his pencil with a tenderness and repose, a love and a peace in which no one has yet excelled or even equalled him. These are the unvarying characteristics of the Madonna in his paintings. The true theory of her likeness presumes her outward form to have been so exquisitely moulded and etherealized by inward purity and habitual converse with heaven, that Gabriel might have known her among mankind by her face alone, had he been in search of her, with no other token. Subsequently to the Nativity, the mother's love must be supposed to blend with the innocence of the Virgin, and a beauty to result from the union, combining the holiness and purity of both estates, as inconceivable as that union itself was supernatural. Hence, evidently, an ideal for the artist's imagination, impossible of attainment, but which he will ever seek after, whether by spiritualizing the lineaments of her most dear to him, or by appropriating and reanimating some one of the many ancient portraitures of the Virgin,—for there is no one fixed traditional

resemblance, as of our Saviour. Every great painter, accordingly, has his distinctive type, born (for the most part) of his domestic affections, — daughters of loveliness are they, sweet as the rose, pure as the dew, capable of the holiest and loftiest of thoughts, but in almost every instance marked with an individuality which distresses the imagination, while the absence of that individuality as invariably infers vagueness and insipidity. Now the peculiarity and merit (as it appears to me) of Fra Angelico is, that his Virgins are neither vague nor individual,—even while doing nothing, they breathe of heaven in their repose—they are visible incarnations of the beauty of holiness, and yet not mere abstractions—they are most emphatically feminine—the ideal of womanhood as the chosen temple of the Trinity; they are to the Madonnas of other painters what Eve may be supposed to have been to her daughters before the Fall—their lineaments seem to include all other likenesses, to assume to each several votary the semblance he loves most to gaze upon. It was because Fra Angelico's whole life was love—diverted by his vow of celibacy from any specific object, that his imagination thus sought for and found inspiration in heaven. Next to the Madonna, I may mention the heads of our Saviour, of the apostles and saints in Fra Angelico's pictures, as excelling in expression and beauty, as well as those of the elect, in his representations of the Last Judgment; his delineations of the worldly, the wicked, the reprobate, are uniformly feeble and inadequate; his success or failure is always proportioned to his moral sympathy or distaste."[c]—Pp. 191-2-3.

Let us, then, at once draw our conclusion. We must not expect, nor ought we to desire, the formation of a religious school of art otherwise than by the formation of a school of *religious artists;* that is, of men who will do their work with faith and for love, whose outward performances will be only counterparts of an inward devotion; so that what they strive to represent in form and colour shall be the visions of their

[c] One of the most beautiful productions of B. Angelico's pencil is his Last Judgment, in the gallery of the late Cardinal Fesch. Lord Lindsay has described it (vol. iii. p. 187). It was bought in, at the sale of the cardinal's pictures, by his nephew, the prince of Canino; and has just been purchased from him by Lord Ward. This will be a most valuable addition to the small share of specimens of Christian art possessed by England.

own pious meditations, and the fruit of their constant conversation with things spiritual and holy.

We have before said, that a school of Christian art must spring up under the conviction that this is creative, and not merely imitative; and this may call for some explanation here. There is a medium to be kept, not binding on the pursuer of any other branch of art: the one between traditional modes and original ideas. Here, too, we are in danger of being cramped by prejudices in favour of the mere antique. It is certain, indeed, that the first revivers of painting, how much soever they cultivated and perfected design, colouring, and expression, allowed themselves to be severely fettered in composition, by the standard or traditionary manner of representing given subjects; so as to have departed but slowly and cautiously from the stiff and formal arrangement of a preceding period. This is easily accounted for. They painted essentially *for the people*. Let that never be forgotten. Their pictures might be ordered by a prince or a wealthy merchant; but it was never with a view of putting them into a gallery, only to be opened by a ticket or a shilling, but to be hung over some altar, or to adorn the walls of a cloister, or perhaps a public hall. They painted, therefore, so that the people should at once understand their pictures; and therefore, as they had been accustomed to see the subjects treated. To have left out, or violently displaced, figures which always formed part of a subject, would have been to disturb the habitual train of thought, and consequently the devotion of those who came to be edified, and to pray before them. And here let us pause for one moment, to express our feeling, of how glorious a sight must have been presented by one of the churches of Florence

or Siena (and we might add other cities), when the altar-pieces of the old masters, which yet in part adorn them, were all fresh, not merely in their gold and paint, but in that heavenly sweetness of expression which, even in their present faded state, beams from their panels. But, still, the observer will note the formality of composition that gives them a family resemblance, though otherwise belonging to different authors, nay, to different schools and ages. For, from Giotto to Pietro Perugino, the same rules for this portion of art prevailed.

The reason which we have given will sufficiently account for this. At the same time it is clear that every advance in correctness of design, beauty, and harmony of colour, and above all in perfection of expression, would please naturally, even those who could not discover the cause of their emotions, or would only increase and deepen those feelings which the same subject inferiorly treated had before produced. No one would quarrel with a picture because the Blessed Virgin in it was more lovely, or the infant on her knees more divine, or the saints on either side more devout; but many would have perhaps murmured had a change taken place in the ordinary disposition of these figures, and had the mother and child been transferred from the post of honour to one side of the composition, as we find it later in Correggio or Guido. But these traditions of ancient Christian art have been totally broken, and there are no associations in existing monuments around us, and before the people, nor in devotional forms of conception familiar through preaching or meditation, to give them now any particular empire over the affections of beholders, or over the standard rules of

composition. To bind Christian art, on its revival, to the conventional forms of representation admitted in old times, would be a groundless tyranny, and in fact would tend to strangle it in its very cradle. In this respect we think the Germans have given us a useful lesson, and we should be prepared to follow it. We have no hesitation in stating our conviction, that however short the best modern Catholic artists may fall, in giving that truly devout and heavenly character to individual figures, which belongs to the older masters, they have gained upon them (regard being had to the character of our age), in the giving of more action and more varied expression to subjects that naturally require it, in bringing forward as subjects for art, events and circumstances which, for the reasons above given, were not handled by the more ancient artists; and finally, in conceiving new and often most exquisite representations of subjects often before treated. We shall perhaps shock the antiquarian artist by such an avowal; but we shall do no good with art in this country till many prejudices are broken down. We will put one case. Let a modern artist be desired to paint the *Sposalizio*, or espousal of Mary to Joseph, and that for a public church. Would he venture to take the old type, such as Pietro and Raffaello have given it, in their exquisite pictures of this subject, based, that is, on the traditional history of the blossoming rod of Joseph? Would he introduce the youth breaking his barren rod over his knee? If he did, who in a thousand, that looked on it, would understand it? And if a long explanation were given, would that move to piety which is not based on any belief? At the time, and in the country, of those older artists, the history was at any rate known; the tradition was alive, the spectators understood the meaning of each

circumstance. Now and here, the chain has been broken, and would it be profitable to reconnect it? Nay, could one hope to gain any advancement in piety and faith, by endeavouring to revive the knowledge of an uncertain legend? But who could fail to understand and to appreciate, nay to be moved by, Overbeck's conception of the subject; espousals so pure and so unearthly, that no witnesses are there but angels, so that the whole function is one of heaven heavenly, without example and without imitation? We could multiply instances of what will be admitted by all to be purer and sublimer conceptions of scenes in our Saviour's life by modern than by older artists, but we remember having given several in one of our first numbers.[d] Then as to new subjects, not anciently treated, but worked out by meditation and earnest thoughtfulness, the illustrious artist already mentioned and his many followers, among whom Steinle must hold a distinguished place, would furnish us with abundant examples; but fortunately we have one to our purpose nearer home. This year's Catalogue of the Royal Academy's annual exhibition, contains a picture (No. 130), which cannot fail to arrest the eye of every visitor of that collection. It is Mr. Herbert's picture of our Saviour, subject to His parents at Nazareth. It represents a circumstance, which, though not historical, is not merely possible, but highly probable. Some wood, thrown on the ground beside Joseph's humble workshop, has formed a cross. This naturally lights up a train of thought in the mind of the Divine Youth, who stands for a moment as if fixed in a painful trance, while His Mother, who lays up every look, as every word, in her heart, gazes on Him, with work suspended, in intense and loving, and therefore

[d] Vol. i. p. 459.

sympathizing, interest.[e] Here is a subject which every one will at once acknowledge to be worthy of the pencil of any truly Christian artist. To the mere Bible Christian it may appear fanciful: but not so to the Catholic. Long before Mr. Herbert's successful attempt to give it outward life by design and colour, it had suggested itself to the devout meditation of the most tender, the most poetical, and the most sweetly loving of the ancient Fathers, St. Ephrem the Syrian. It will not be long, we trust, before we call our reader's attention to the admirable and most learned translation of his Rhythms, just published by the Rev. J. B. Morris, late of Exeter College, Oxford, and now of St. Mary's, Oscott; but we trust that, in the mean time, no Catholic who can procure the book will fail to feast his devotion on its delightful stores of spiritual refreshment. In the seventeenth Rhythm we meet with this remarkable passage: "Hail! Son of the Creator! hail to the Son of the carpenter! who, when creating, created everything in the mystery of the cross. And haply, even in the house of Joseph that carpenter, with the cross He was busied all the day."[f] Thus we have a Father of the fourth century considering it probable that our Blessed Saviour, from passing his early youth in a carpenter's house, would have the thought of the cross constantly brought before His mind.

[e] [The picture was described in the Exhibition Catalogue by the following verses, written at the artist's request:—

"Perhaps the Cross, which chance would oft design,
Upon the floor of Joseph's humble shed,
Across Thy brow serene, and heart divine,
A passing cloud of Golgotha would spread."]

[f] Select Works of St. Ephrem the Syrian; Oxford, Parker, 1847, p. 164.

Such is the subject on which Mr. Herbert has happily seized, though unconscious of so early a precedent; and the concurrent voice of artists and critics gives evidence of his success. Nothing can be more simple than the composition of the picture: there is no effort at strong effects by combinations. Each figure is apart, detached, so as to claim, and actually receive, separate and successive attention. The attitudes are singularly simple, natural, and unstudied; drawn and painted with a delicate accuracy, not merely of outline, but of fold, feature, and smallest lineament—a precaution absolutely necessary, where the artist invites the eye to the careful observation of each figure in its detail. Nor is there anything in the accessaries to divide the attention. The landscape, copied from the present arid reality of Nazareth, is stern, unvaried, and undistracting: so that the entire attention is concentrated on the figures, and principally on One. The expression of this is, to our minds, a little too overcast with pain; but this is a comparatively slight defect amidst the beauties of the piece. Its great merit is decidedly the direct appeal which it makes, through expression, to religious feelings, while it simply tells its whole history to the observer, and enables him to enter fully into the part acted by each person represented. It requires no book-learning to understand, to comprehend, and to feel it; it cannot make any but one impression, a tender and devout one; it will leave a quiet and calm reflection of itself on the mind, which will not be effaced by the ghastly brilliancy of Turner's incomprehensible dreams, nor by the warm and feeling exhibition of religious chivalry in Etty's noble painting. All this is in accordance with what we wish to see, in a true religious school of art.

But we have almost lost sight of the subject more

immediately in view, at the time that we mentioned Mr. Herbert's picture; though our reason for entering so fully into it will appear just now. We were anxious to impress upon our readers the importance of looking upon religious art as a creative power, not as a servile imitator of what have been called "conventional," or "traditional," forms. This picture we quoted as an instance of the possibility, even in this degenerate age, of finding subjects not treated before, and making them fit vehicles for the conveying to the mind of believers most religious impressions. We repeat, therefore, that to such traditional forms as belong purely to art and not to religion, in other words, to traditions for which there is not any doctrine, or even pious belief handed down by the Church, but merely a practice of copying from an antecedent and ruder period, we do not think that artists should be bound in a country like ours, where the very existence of such traditions has been lost, and where the reproduction could only cause misunderstanding, and would be equivalent to a new creation.

But, as we remarked, it is necessary to keep a medium; so as not to depart too far from certain conventional forms and modes of representation — such, that is, as have a ground in ecclesiastical learning, and have a truth about them that would soon be intelligible. And this, we conceive, would be one of the advantages of a recognised Catholic school of art in England, as it certainly has been in Germany: that many being trained on given principles, they would have their individual fancies checked; and gradually, such forms and characters of religious representations would be established, as would at once be intelligible to all, and yet be conformable to all real traditions, and even to all well-grounded conventions, in matters

where some rule is necessary. Perhaps a few examples will best explain our meaning. 1. We would, then, for instance, have strict regard paid to the symbols of the saints, such as, partly history, and partly tradition, has appointed them. The instruments of their martyrdom, the emblems of their dignity, the representation of some great work (as a church), or an object allusive to their occupation, are fitting modes of giving those holy personages individual character. St. Peter should not be deprived of his keys, nor St. Lawrence of his gridiron, nor St. Catherine of her wheel, nor St. Agnes of her lamb, nor St. Jerome of his lion, by any innovation of art. Such symbolism is at once natural, intelligible, and historical. We believe that these saints, were they to appear in vision, would make themselves cognizable by these, their respective, badges. 2. The same we would say respecting the insignia of office or robes, distinctive of ecclesiastical dignity. Too severe an attention to historical costume would be pedantic, fatiguing, and perplexing. It is true, a bishop of the third century did not wear a cope and mitre of the same form as now are in use; but these have become the well-known emblems and garments of persons in that office, and as such should be given to pontiffs who, though they lived ages ago on earth, are represented to the piety of the faithful as living in heaven now.

In the public square at Milan is a statue in marble, of modern sculpture, representing a person in a Roman toga; and we remember being almost shocked on being told, in answer to an inquiry, that it represented St. Ambrose. We could not give assent to our friendly and learned guide's arguments, that this was the *truer* representation. We could not bear to see the saint otherwise than as a bishop. In like manner, we would

have the raiment of the celestial hierarchy, where they appear upon earth, copied from that of the Church here below. For the angels are represented to us as ministering at the altar in heaven, and our faith teaches us to consider the triumphant and the militant, but as portions of one indivisible Church, and those blessed spirits as fellow-ministers with our visible priesthood. Moreover, the eye of the faithful is accustomed to consider the ecclesiastical garments, used only at the altar, as the most sacred of outward apparel, and more dignified, in truth, than the most splendid distinctions of mere secular rank.

3. We would have due observance of the appropriation of established colours in the draperies of Our Divine Saviour, our Blessed Lady, and other saints. For the eye has been accustomed to the choice, and it is in itself appropriate; and every one would be offended at mixed and fancy colours being applied to such figures. In the same manner, we should never object (in pictures not meant for historical, but for devotional), to a richness being given to these accessaries of a picture, such as certainly never existed. But in this respect too, we would have great sobriety of taste.

4. Where there is no certain belief or tradition to guide us, and the one followed by old artists is natural and devout, we should deprecate departure from this. For instance, in the Annunciation, the Blessed Virgin is always represented as at prayer, or as rising from prayer, when the angel enters. We should be sorry to see an attempt to alter this, and to have the mystery take place, while any meaner or more homely occupation was going on. But we cannot reconcile ourselves to adherence to certain forms, merely because they are old; as our Saviour, at his resurrection,

springing from a coffin which could not hold half His body; or as an infant attended by an ox and an ass of most extraordinary species, not larger than lapdogs; or standing in the air, of which we have specimens at hand. Nor can we tolerate the transit of our Lady made like the death-bed of one whose salvation might be doubtful, where every appliance of anxious piety is made by the attendant apostles, instead of them and us gazing in silent awe and edification at the passage of that sinless soul from its spotless tabernacle to the bosom of its Lord. No amount of precedent even from the most hallowed names, will ever make us submit to such traditionary modes.

Our readers will however see, that our concessions to established usages, are sufficiently ample to secure their being preserved, where intelligible and really good.

Having now discharged our consciences of what perhaps many will not wholly approve, but having at the same time, we are sure, cleared the ground of prejudices, which have stood powerfully in the way of engaging real artists to attempt the foundation of a religious school, we proceed to a more pleasing portion of our undertaking.

We stated, almost at the outset, that we thought there were indications of a rising feeling for true religious art among the people. Though the evidences may appear slight, it is fair to state them. First, the reference which we have made to Mr. Herbert's picture affords us one. It must have struck every one, who follows the course of public opinion on such matters, that this painting has met with universal, and almost with unbounded, praise. Without distinction of religious character, every paper that has

mentioned it, has spoken of it as one of the most beautiful in the exhibition. Nor is this all; it has riveted the gaze, and won the admiration, of the multitudes that have flocked around it; nor have we heard of any feelings expressed before it, but such as proved how completely it addressed itself at once to the minds and hearts of the people. This we own has given us almost our first ray of hope, on the practical possibility of establishing a Catholic school of art. When there is sentiment enough in the people to appreciate so peculiar a subject, treated so quietly, so differently from what they are accustomed to on the walls of the Royal Academy, we have secured to us the basis, the *priming*, if we may so speak, upon which Christian art can work.

But further let us remark, that similar taste has been shown in other ways. Thus we have been struck with the evident manner in which the splendid Francias in the National Gallery arrests the eye of those who visit that collection, although they present neither intensity of action, nay, nor action at all, nor subjects with which the English mind is familiar. But while passing by the awful and stern magnificence of Sebastiano's masterpiece, which few can prize, we see young and old won by the soft and sweet radiance of the angels mourning over the sacred corpse of their Lord, feeling, if they do not fully comprehend, the essentially Catholic spirituality of the scene, and the deep mysteries which it conceals.

We could add some other reasons for our opinion; but it is not necessary.[g] For it would be folly to

[g] [Since this was written, what is called the Pre-Raphaelite school has arisen, and made a progress, which may one day, under the religious influences, which it clearly wants, become the germ of a truly Christian school of art. At present, with some exceptions, it

expect any strong demonstration in favour of a branch of art, which does not as yet exist on a scale to permit it. Not one Englishman in ten thousand has an opportunity of seeing a truly religious painting; not one in ten times that number, of seeing so many and such as can form his taste, and enable him to appreciate this highest department of art. All that we can reasonably expect, therefore, is that, in proportion as opportunities are afforded for trial, the result should be favourable; and the instances mentioned are enough for this. Development must be the work of time. Let us but give to the English public but one such chance of showing its taste, as the king of Bavaria has done at Munich, or is doing at Spire; let us throw open one good church, glowing from its ceiling to its lower panelling, not with diaper and mere colour, not even with single figures in separate compartments, but with a series of large and simple histories, comprising the chief Gospel mysteries and the life of the Blessed Virgin or any other great saint; let expression of the most refined and dignified character reign in every head and countenance; let the tints be harmonious, grave, yet warm and bright; let holiness and calm reign through every part; and we shall soon see, first, whether the English heart is not as fully attuned to the sentiment of the beautiful and delicate in art, as that of any other nation; and, secondly, whether encouragement will not spring up on all sides for this higher sphere of art, enough both to give employment to all formed artists, and to enkindle genius, that otherwise might for ever have wanted life. To expect more than this would be as absurd as to suppose, that a love

stands to real Christian art, as the works of Niccolò di Fuligno do to those of Beato Angelico.]

of naval life and glory could exist in an inland tribe of Africa, that had never seen a ship.

Now comes the great question, Is this practicable? Is it hopeful? How is this first effort to be made? How is this first specimen to be given? We could answer by following up our illustration; and say, "Do as the Romans did when they determined to rival the Carthaginians at sea. They took the wreck of a galley cast on their shore, and copied it, and they trained their future sailors on dry land. Begin by imitating the works of others; take your models and examples from abroad. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili;* try on a small scale, and produce something less perfect to begin with." But this will never do. We must begin with something great and noble at once. Christian art must not come out before the public, for the first time, mean and imperfect. Her unfledged efforts at flight must be sacred, in the retreat of the academy or the *studio*. On the walls of the sanctuary she must appear bright, golden, queen-like, from the first, fit associate for adoring angels and heavenly mysteries. Are we, then, dreaming of some chimera, the brood of an over-heated imagination? On the contrary, we are writing on what we believe—dare we say, intend?—to be a most practical and a most certain result.

Lord Lindsay, at the conclusion of his work, asks this significant question: "And why despair of this" (of painting like Raphael and Michael Angelo), "or even of shaming the Vatican? For with genius and God's blessing nothing is impossible." (Vol. iii. p. 420.) Now to this we answer, that without presumption it may be really said, that the blessing of genius for Christian art is not one which it has pleased the Almighty to give out of the Catholic Church. No Protestant country has yet produced a religious artist

of any sort; every Catholic one has produced a school. Account for it as you please, the fact stands hard and incontrovertible; and as such it has two faces—it looks to the future as well as to the past. Protestantism is barren as to religious art; and Lord Lindsay's book gives us additional proof, if we wanted it, of this truth. We shall not be departing from our subject by a few paragraphs in evidence of this.

Protestantism is essentially irreverent; and Lord Lindsay's work, great as is its merit, shows it. He begins it by a long preface on "Christian *Mythology*." And this is synonymous with "the materials of Christian art during the middle ages." Imagine the possibility of a school of art springing up among a sect, who, while they pretend to copy or rival old art, consider its materials—a *mythology!* Can their artists be expected to look on it with more reverence, or to treat its subjects with more feeling, than they would those of Grecian or of Egyptian mythology? But just let us look at some of these mythologies. The torments of hell, as painted in the middle ages, were suggested by Buddhist doctrines. (Vol. i. p. xxxiii.) The origin of the nine orders or choirs that compose the heavenly hierarchy, from seraphim to angels (though each is mentioned by St. Paul, and from him the order is drawn by the Fathers), "must be sought for apparently in the remote east, among the Chaldeans and Medo-Persians!" (P. xxxiv.) The Nativity and Presentation of the Blessed Virgin (p. xl.), her woes at the foot of the Cross (p. l.) are all mythologies! as is her Assumption! (P. lxii.) The same is to be said of the Discovery of the Cross, of its Exaltation, and of many other historical subjects. But we are not left merely to induction for our conclusion that Protestantism is void of that reverence, which is as

necessary an ingredient in religious art, as oil, or some other vehicle, is in the composition of its colours. Lord Lindsay's language in speaking of these subjects is blasphemously irreverent, nay even to Anglicanism heterodox. He tells us that the apocryphal gospels may be traced to Leucius, a Gnostic heretic, who forged them chiefly "with a view of supporting *the peculiar tenets of the sect*, namely . . . . . *that the Blessed Mary was ever Virgin*," &c. "The *early* Church," he adds, "in rejecting the leading principle of the heresy, and condemning the heretics, sanctioned, or at least winked at, the circulation of the fables devised by them in its support, and these have become the mythology of Christianity . . . . . while many of the dogmas which they were grounded upon have crept into the faith." (P. xl.) The belief therefore in the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Mother of God is, according to Lord Lindsay, a *peculiar tenet* of Gnosticism, which has crept into the Church! Again, "The transfer to her" (the Blessed Virgin) "of the popular veneration for a female deity, whether Diana, Astarte, or Isis, universally current among the Southern nations, is the key to the whole mystery of her various representation in early art." (P. lxiii.) We pass over other similarly afflicting passages; for these will suffice. If the enthusiastic admirer of early Christian art can thus think of all that inspired it, and looks upon it with the irreverent eyes, and speaks of it with the flippant tongue, wherewith he might approach the abominations of heathen fable, what hope can there be that the religion (*sit verbo venia*) which can generate such feelings, will ever give birth to any noble or tender inspirations of that very art? In the next place, Protestantism, as regards art, is essentially unholy. Two characteristics of holiness pervade pic-

torial art, which at once distinguish its figures from those of its profane or secular sister—austerity and purity. The entire outline of body is corrected and etherealized by the former, the countenance is sweetened and irradiated by the latter. Disconnect the idea of holiness from these; assume that a saint is not of necessity a mortified and self-denying character, and that chastity or purity is not the virtue which makes angels of men, and you may indeed have a school of religious painting, that will riot in masses of gross flesh and most unsaintly countenances, like Rubens, but not what Lord Lindsay asks for, men who will paint like Pietro Perugino and Luca Signorelli. Now his lordship, speaking, no doubt, the language of the future patrons of English Christian art, has clearly recorded his own views on the subject of these very virtues. In the passage above quoted, the doctrine of mortification is enumerated among Gnostic errors. But further on, the whole Catholic doctrine of "the ascetic or angelic life" is characterized in terms of opprobrious condemnation (p. civ.), which we will attribute to ignorance of its true nature, rather than to any worse motive. But his attack upon the Catholic virtue of chastity will at once satisfy us of the utter hopelessness of the revival which he contemplates. It is as follows :—

"This fresco needs little comment. I need not remind you that the chastity thus commended is that which brands our wives and mothers with a slur—nor dwell upon the melancholy consequences to human virtue and happiness entailed by the fatal and most unscriptural restriction of the idea, and the term, to virginity and celibacy,—a delusion of most ancient date, and inherited alike by the Mystics of the East and the West, the Buddhists and the Gnostics,—the latter of whom, more especially, referred the origin of sin to the creation of matter, the creation of matter to the evil principle —and identified that evil principle with Jehovah! St. Francis shared

to the full in the agonies of the early ascetics,[h]—it is a subject that can but be alluded to.—May God in His mercy shield us from such horrors in England!"—Vol. ii. p. 225.

Let any artist imbued with these notions sit down to meditate upon the countenance which he would give to a "Virgin-Saint," whose chief characteristic must be the virtue thus unchristianly denounced, beaming from every feature. As to his attempting to depict the Queen of Virgins, to set forth the lily, after he has scorned its whiteness, we defy him.

Furthermore, Protestantism presents no types of Christian art. It has destroyed the types of the past. It excludes as legendary all the most beautiful histories of the early saints: it has quenched all sympathy for the favourite themes of mediæval painting, the Fathers of the desert, St. Benedict, and the great monastic heroes, and still more, the inspirer and the maturer of art, and of its poetry, the glorious St. Francis of Asisium. And as to the present, it allows no communion with saints in heaven, and consequently no interest in having their effigies before our eyes: no loving intercourse with blessed spirits, and therefore no right to bring them visibly into action. All ecstasy, supernatural contemplation, vision, and rapturous prayer, with the only approach to heavenly expression that earth can give; all miracles and marvellous occurrences, with the store of incident which they supply; all mingling, in any one scene, of the living and the Blessed, the past and the present—in fine, all the poetry of art is coldly cut out, nay, strangled and quenched by the hard hand of Protestantism.

And as to the living types which the Catholic Church supplies, where is Anglicanism to find them?

[h] Vita, p. 43.

The Catholic artist can unfold the most noble characters or scenes of the past, by representing them as they would be found now in the Church. He would put St. Cuthbert or St. Thomas in cope and mitre, such as may be seen on any high festival in the church of Birmingham or Oscott; he would place an angel by his side in the alb and cincture which any minister could wear in a church of London or Bristol, and clothe the attendant monks in habits still worn at Downside or in Charnwood Forest. All would be new and yet fully represent the old, as nobly and as perfectly as it can be done. Let an Anglican artist try to establish the same links, and observe the same truthfulness; let him endeavour thus, through the eye, to convince Protestant beholders, that these venerable personages are fully represented by their modern counterparts. Will he venture to vest the Anglo-Saxon bishop in lawn sleeves and wig, or the angel in a chorister's surplice, or the monks in the cap and gown of a university proctor, or Head of a House?

We might further add that Protestantism lacks essentially all religious tenderness and affectionateness. It has no sympathies with the mysteries that touch the feelings. The crucifix is, to it, what it was in St. Paul's time dividedly to Jew and Gentile, both a stumbling-block and foolishness; the Mother of sevenfold grief is a superstition. Meditation on the infancy or passion of our Lord is not part of youthful training in its schools; it has not produced a tender writer on these subjects.

Now from all this, what are we to conclude? Not merely that Protestantism will never give reality to Lord Lindsay's day-dreams, on the revival of Christian art in England, not merely that it is effete for all

artistic purposes; but that Christian art is a noble and a divine existence, not to be commanded by patronage, not to be bought by wealth, not to be coaxed by flattery, not even to be wooed and won by genius. It must spring up, either like the phœnix, from the ashes of its great predecessors,—and this it may do in Italy,—or like the first light, by creation, from the void of a preceding chaos. Protestantism has neither a smouldering spark nor a creative vigour, to quicken it; but the Catholic Church has it everywhere, and therefore here. And this is our answer to our former queries. The time is come; and Catholic art is even now ready to spring into life. We are sure, we know it as a certainty, that there are at this moment in England, artists of the highest name and character ready to lend the powerful guidance of their abilities and experience, towards directing the formation of such a school. We know, too, that there are not wanting youthful artists ready to constitute its body under such guidance; men full of confidence, because full of faith; enamoured of all that the Church teaches them to love as well as to believe; admirers of all that is truly beautiful in ancient art and in living virtue; trained already, and skilled in the mechanism and material portion of their art; and what is more important than all, enured to the exclusively Catholic principle of self-devotion, self-dedication to what is fair, good, and holy, for its own sake. Here is all ready, the materials are compounded; only the quickening touch is wanted, and all will burst into life. Let it not be thought that we are basing our conclusions on vague data or uncertain conjecture; that our wishes are the only groundwork for our assertions. We have carefully weighed the whole matter, we have within reach all that we have reckoned on; we have

every evidence that can promise certain results before us, and we are sure that the Catholic public is but little aware of the number of religious artists existing in the country, of their talents, of their zeal, and of their earnest desire to create and perpetuate a school of genuine religious art. Let only what we have written produce an echo in the Catholic mind; let us feel that the ground is secure under our feet; let us learn that a practical effort to produce and to show forth all that we have promised will be generously seconded and supported, and we will engage that what we have written shall not be a dead letter, but shall mark the era of the rise, or at least the planting, of a flourishing and fruitful institution.

We have till now had occasion to speak of Lord Lindsay's work, more in the way of reprehension than of praise. We should be sorry, however, to dismiss it thus. It is, without exception, the most elaborate, the most intelligent, and the most complete work on Christian art, which English literature contains. Lord Lindsay has travelled through Italy with the eye of a connoisseur and the admiration of an enthusiast. He has traced, as far as possible by his works, the history of each great master, followed his influence through the various schools, and endeavoured to make out the filiations and connections of these. Any one travelling into Italy for artistic purposes, will find this work not merely a useful, but an indispensable, companion. Besides the more serious faults which regard religion, and are painful to a Catholic reader, it has many lesser blemishes and mistakes, which a second edition will probably correct. We have not made any regular note of these, but a few examples may serve to direct the author's eye to others. Vol. i. p. 33, S. Stefano in Rotondo is described as an

ancient baptistery; of which there is no evidence,—in fact, it was originally an open portico, perhaps a public hall. Page 78, the mosaic on the triumphal arch of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, fortunately was not destroyed. It was taken down after the fire, and carefully repaired, to be again replaced. Page 86 (note), we are told that "of the intermediate Dedication" (Presentation) "of the Virgin (her ascent of the steps of the temple when a child) there certainly existed a traditional representation in the tenth and eleventh centuries; but it is very rare and of inferior merit, and was never, that I am aware of, copied by Italian artists." We are writing this almost at the foot of a painting, most probably by Giotto, representing this very subject. Page 89, the mosaic of our Lord's Baptism at Ravenna is said to be probably the original of the traditional representation of this subject. We can refer further back to the painting over an ancient font of living water in the Catacombs, in the cemetery of Pontianus, out of the Porta Portese. Page 92 we have the two usual male figures, engaged in the Deposition from the Cross, described as "Joseph and Nathaniel." In vol. ii. p. 192, the same two persons are called "Nicodemus and Nathaniel." We need not observe that the second name in each enumeration is an error, and that Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea should stand together in both places. Page 159, St. Nicholas of Myra and St. Nicholas of Bari are made two distinct persons, uncle and nephew. But the great archbishop of the East is the same whose body now reposes at Bari, from which he consequently has taken his name.

These, however, are small inaccuracies compared with one which pervades the work—the German theorizing spirit in which the author attempts to explain

the characteristics of different schools, or of different epochs of art, by the greater prevalence of ethnographical influences, the disproportionate intermixture of given races. This is useless as it is fanciful; and in reading a work where one naturally looks for information, for principles, and occasionally for eloquent description or bursts of feeling, one is only annoyed, and almost disgusted, to find the Hindoo, or the Medo-Persian, or the Teutonic element of art brought in to account for results which can have no connection with any of them. Nay, this is carried so far, that we are gravely told that, to understand the reason why the Greek Church turned their churches towards the east, and the Roman towards the west, "we should recollect that Byzantium was a Dorian city, that Roman civilization was of Ionian origin, and that the Dorians and Ionians, the types respectively of conservation and progression, entered their temples, the former from the west, the latter from the east—the former bending their eye for ever on the world they had left behind, the latter pressing eagerly forward in search of novelty and change." (Vol. i. p. 19.) Surely this is but solemn trifling at the best.

We will now draw our remarks to a conclusion. We believe Lord Lindsay's work calculated to do much good; to awake thought, and to excite good desires, on the subject of Christian art. Many passages, too, there are in it which will gratify every Catholic, from the candid testimony which they bear to the privileges, if not to the truths, of his religion. We will conclude with one extract, which will show his opinion on the ecclesiological movement in the Anglican Church.

"I much fear that Mr. Pugin is right—that it is 'as utterly impossible to square a Catholic building with the present rites as to mingle oil with water,' — that 'those who think merely to build

chancels without reviving the ancient faith, will be miserably deceived in their expectation,'—'the study of ancient church architecture' (in such an exclusive spirit) 'is an admirable preparation for the old faith,'—and that 'if the present revival of Catholic antiquity is suffered to proceed much farther, it will be seen that either the Common Prayer or the ancient models must be abandoned.' (*Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, pp. 130, 137, &c.) But what is the alternative? the meeting-house? By no means. The Church of England is neither Catholic nor Protestant—she does not, with the Catholics, exalt imagination and repudiate reason, nor, with the Protestants, exalt reason and repudiate imagination; but includes them both, harmoniously opposed, within her constitution, so as to preserve the balance of truth, and point out the true 'via media' between superstition on the one hand and scepticism on the other, thus approximating (in degree) to the ideal of human nature, Christ Incarnate, of whom the Church is the Body, and ought to be the Likeness and the Image. This, then, is the problem—England wants a new architecture, expressive of the epoch, of her Anglican faith, and of the human mind as balanced in her development, as heir of the past and trustee for the future—a modification, it may be, of the Gothic, but not otherwise so than as the Gothic was a modification of the Lombard, the Lombard of the Byzantine and Roman, the Byzantine and Roman of the Classic Greek, the Classic Greek of the Egyptian. We have a right to expect this from the importance of the epoch, and I see no reason why the man to create it, the Buschetto of the nineteenth century, may not be among us at this moment, although we know it not."—Vol. ii. p. 29, note.

What chance is there for Christian painting in the Church which has not yet raised fitting walls on which it can be executed?

SPANISH

AND

ENGLISH NATIONAL ART.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for Dec.* 1848.

SPANISH

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ART. X.—1. *Annals of the Artists of Spain.* By WILLIAM STIRLING, M.A. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Ollivier, 1848.

2. *Reports of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts; 5th, 6th, and 7th.* London, 1846-7.

THE ignorance about Spain which prevails in every other country of Europe is certainly wonderful. Many regions of Asia have been better explored. That the religious jealousy of its people, and some additional vague fears connected with it, have kept the prying eye of English travellers from its boundaries, we cannot doubt; but even France, except in the shape of a hostile invasion, has seldom penetrated beyond that huge mountain-wall, which sunders—pity it has not done so more effectually — these two neighbouring lands. This utter separation of Spain from the rest of Europe, for several centuries, extends to what might be considered a neutral ground,—the vast domain of art. The first work before us, which fills up an immense gap in our literature, gives, in the preface, abundant evidence of this. In a rapid analysis of the labours of his predecessors, in England and on the continent, Mr. Stirling has shown how little has been known of Spanish painting until very lately, and how inaccurate that little has been. And even at the very

present moment, we should doubt whether many, besides a few professed picture-collectors, have any distinct idea of more than three Spanish painters of eminence, —Murillo, Velasques, and Ribera, under his Italian *soubriquet* of *Spagnoletto*. Yet one single Italian city has produced a greater number of artists, whose names are familiar to all that prate about painting. For instance, the three Caraccis, Domenichino, Guido, Albani, and Guercino, have given a celebrity to the school of Bologna alone, which all the painters of Castile and Andalusia, with Valencia and Estramadura to boot, have not yet procured for the arts of the Peninsula. In addition to the first reason given, of its seclusion from the beat of travellers and collectors, we may account for this on another ground. The patronage of Italian art was much more secular than that under which Spanish art has ever flourished —secular as to persons, places, subjects, and motives. The stern simplicity of Spanish dwellings and Spanish habits, contrasts strongly with the luxurious apartments and splendid galleries of Italian palaces. Hence artists painted for these and for their owners. In other words, the subjects which they too often treated, were in accordance with the voluptuous thoughts of any age or country; and their paintings were liable to all the vicissitudes of other private property, and might be sold, or seized, or exchanged, or pilfered, or turned into securities in a thousand ways, which would transfer them to other owners. The cabinet, or gallery, pictures of Italy have thus travelled over Europe, and have made every lover of art acquainted with their authors. And this had taken place already before the great displacer of men and things—foreign invasion—had made wholesale clearances of palaces and churches. But in Spain it could not be so. From Rincon to

Murillo, with the exception of the royal painters, whose works were not exposed to commercial risks, the Spanish artists devoted themselves almost entirely to the service of the Church. The architect displayed his skill in raising the splendid cathedrals, Cartujas (*Chartreuses*), or other conventual buildings, which formed the glory of old Spain. The sculptor, who, in modern phrase, would be rather called a carver—for wood was his ordinary material — profaned not his chisel by producing lascivious, or even profane, forms, but laboured his life long on sacred images, or the storied panels of a choir, and produced those life-like, speaking representations of holy persons, which strike one with awe in the Spanish churches. And another branch of this art is peculiar to Spain. The silversmiths, or, as Mr. Stirling truly calls them, "sculptors and architects in plate" (p. 159), instead of manufacturing, like Cellini, mythological saltcellars, passed their lives in elaborating those magnificent *Custodias*, or Remonstrances, of which a few yet remain to astonish the traveller, and which are nowhere else to be found.

It required nothing short of sacrilege, carried on by men utterly reckless of its extent, to dislodge these treasures of art; and, unfortunately for Spain, the two most effectual instruments of the crime have been let loose upon her. First, the foreign foe came, not merely as a despoiler, to pillage and ruin, but like a calculating burglar, who, before he breaks into a house, has ascertained the value of the plate and money within, and where it is kept; and so, coolly executes his scheme of plunder. Never before did a picture-dealer go through a province at the head of twenty or thirty thousand men, with his list prepared of what paintings he would purchase, and diffident of the

success of his profession as a soldier, rely upon the security of his trade as a broker. Soult pulled down his Murillos at the head of his troops, but, under the shadow of their bayonets, took care to make a regular deed of contract with their trustees, in which the buyer had the dictation of his own terms. And after the heartless soldier of the Revolution, who cared little for the curses of the poor whom he spoiled, came the soulless politician of the modern continental school, who minded as little for their prayers. The suppression of the religious orders, the sale of church property, and the spoliation and ruin, which followed as a consequence, of magnificent ecclesiastical edifices and establishments, have led to a still further dispersion of the monuments of Spanish art. But there has been one poor compensation in this second and domestic act of Vandalism. The paintings or sculptures thus carried away from their original positions have not been sent abroad, but have been preserved in the country. Miserably placed, badly lighted, wretchedly framed, often horribly neglected, and surrounded with trash of every description, the masterpieces of Spanish art are now to be seen, in the principal cities, collected into what is called a gallery, but what was a church, or a refectory, or a cloister of some convent,—never intended, and therefore totally unfitted, for their reception.

In Italy, too, the same error has been committed, and has been copied everywhere, of tearing away the artist's work from the spot for which he designed, toned, and proportioned it, where it was surrounded by accessories to which it was adapted, or which were made expressly to heighten its effect, and of hanging it on the walls of a hall or gallery, where a painting with colossal figures by Caravaggio is placed perhaps

above a minutely-finished Breugel, because the two fit to the place, but not certainly to the eye, or its laws of vision. But at any rate in other parts of Europe some little care has been taken to make the gallery suited to the specimens which it contains; and often costly buildings have been erected for their preservation. The unsettled state of Spain, which has not yet allowed the roads to be mended, has not permitted this attention, at least in the provinces, to the splendid productions of its artists. And greatly do we fear, that, as prosperity returns to that long-agitated nation, its first efforts will be manifested far more by an ambition to raise cotton-mills and iron-foundries, than to erect *pinacotheks* and *glyptotheks* for its masterpieces of art. Indeed, more important duties of restoration than this, weigh on the national conscience. And bad as is the present position of paintings in what are now called their galleries, besides the convenience for inspecting them which is afforded, we rejoice that the churches are spared the profanation to which the curiosity of the picture-gazer generally subjects the house of God.

But to return. Spanish art is, more eminently than any other, the daughter of Religion; because, unlike the Italian or Flemish schools, she never turned her back upon her mother, nor called down her censures on herself; but to the end remained her child and handmaid, working faithfully for her, and on her own principles. There never has been in Spain a profane, or to speak more tenderly, a *classical* school of art; a school of nudities, that is, of mythologies, of heathenism, and of the vices. Nay, even more. The extra-religious domain of Spanish painting would naturally be the same as of its poetry,—not the classical, but the romantic, world. In a nation which, up to the very

moment when its arts reached a great development, was still engaged in the Christian war against the Moslem, in which the spirit of chivalry had been prolonged by its two chief sources, great courage animated by strong religious feeling, we should hardly have been surprised to see the great deeds of the Campeador and his brother heroes immortalized by the pencil, while Mars or Brutus might have been easily despised, beside real, and recent, and virtuous, feats of war. But even in the face of these more national and noble themes, painting has remained, in Spain, true to her maiden love of the celestial alone; she has given them up to poetry, and she has disdained aught less elevated than the glory of God and His saints.

But Mr. Stirling has expressed all this in language which, as coming from one by no means partial to the Catholic religion, will be more striking and convincing than anything that we can say. We must therefore make room for a long passage from him:—

"Spanish art, like Spanish nature, is in the highest degree national and peculiar. Its three principal schools of painting differ in style from each other, but they all agree in the great features which distinguish them from the other schools of Europe. The same deeply-religious tone is common to all. In Spain alone can painting be said to have drawn all its inspiration from Christian fountains, and, like the architecture of the Middle Ages, to be an exponent of a people's faith. Its first professors, indeed, acquired their skill by the study of Italian models, and by communion with Italian minds. But the skill which at Florence and Venice would have been chiefly employed to adorn palace halls with the adventures of pious Æneas, or ladies' bowers with passages from the Art of Love,—at Toledo, Seville, and Valencia was usually dedicated to the service of God and the Church. Spanish painters are very rarely to be found in the regions of history or classical mythology. Sion Hill delights them more than the Aonian Mount, and Siloa's brook than ancient Tiber or the laurel-shaded Orontes. Their pastoral scenes are laid, not in the vales of Arcady, but in the fields of Judea, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz, and where Bethlehem shepherds watched

their flocks on the night of the Nativity. In their landscapes it is a musing hermit, or, perhaps, a company of monks, that moves through the forest solitude, or reposes by the brink of the torrent: not there

"'Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.'[a]

"Their fancy loves best to deal with the legendary history of the [B.] Virgin, and the life and passion of the Redeemer, with the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of prophets, and the noble army of martyrs and saints; and they tread this sacred ground with habitual solemnity and decorum.....Far different" (from those of the Italian artists) "were the themes on which Murillo put forth his highest powers. After the 'Mystery of the Immaculate Conception,' he repeated, probably more frequently than any other subject, the 'Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva;' and it was his finest picture of that good prelate, inimitable for simplicity and grandeur, that he was wont to call emphatically 'his own.'[b]

"The sobriety and purity of manner which distinguished the Spanish painters is mainly to be attributed to the restraining influence of the Inquisition. Palamino[c] quotes a decree of that tribunal, forbidding the making or exposing of immodest paintings and sculptures, on pain of excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats, and a year's exile. The holy office also appointed inspectors, whose duty it was to see that no works of that kind were exposed to view in churches and other public places. Pacheco, the painter and historian of art, held this post at Seville, and Palamino himself at Madrid.....Another cause of the severity and decency of Spanish art, is to be found in the character of the Spanish people. The proverbial gravity—which distinguishes the Spaniard, like his cloak—which appears in his manner of address, and in the common phrases of his speech, is but an index of his earnest and thoughtful nature. The Faith of the Cross, nourished with the blood of Moor and Christian, nowhere struck its roots so deep, or spread them so wide, as in Spain. Pious enthusiasm pervaded all orders of men; the noble and learned as well as the vulgar. The wisdom of antiquity could not sap the creed of Alcala or Salamanca, nor the style of Plato or Cicero seduce their scholars into any leaning to the religion of Greece or Rome.....After all the revolutions and convulsions of Spain, where episcopal crosses have been coined into dollars to pay

[a] Horat. Carm. lib. iv. 8; v. 5, 6.
[b] Chap. xii. p. 876.
[c] Pal. tom. ii. p. 138.

for the bayoneting of friars militant on the hills of Biscay, and the primacy has become a smaller ecclesiastical prize than our Sodor and Man; it is still in Spain—constant, when seeming most false—religious, when seeming careless of all creeds—that the pious Catholic looks hopefully to see the Faith of Rome rise, refreshed, regenerate, and irresistible.[d] Nurtured in so devout a land, it was but natural that Spanish art should show itself devout. The painter was early secured to the service of religion. His first inspiration was drawn from the pictured walls of the churches or cloisters of his native place, where he had knelt a wondering child beside his mother, where he had loitered or begged when a boy: to their embellishment his earliest efforts were dedicated, out of gratitude, perhaps, to the kindly Carmelite or Cordelier who had taught him to read, or fed him with bread and soup on the days of dole; or who had first noticed the impulse of his boyish fancy, and guided 'his desperate charcoal round the convent walls.' As his skill improved, he would receive orders from neighbouring convents, and some gracious friar would introduce him to the notice of the bishop or the tasteful grandee of the province. The fairest creations of his matured genius then went to enrich the cathedral or the royal abbey, or found their way into the gallery of the sovereign, to bloom in the gardens of Flemish and Italian art. Throughout his whole career the Church was his best and surest patron. Nor was he the least important or popular of her ministers. His art was not merely decorative and delightful, but it was exercised to instruct the young and the ignorant; that is, the great body of worshippers, in the scenes of the Gospel history, and in the awful and touching legends of the saints, whom they were taught from the cradle to revere. 'For the learned and the lettered,' says Don Juan de Butron, a writer on art in the reign of Philip IV., 'written knowledge may suffice; but for the ignorant, what master is like painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books.'[e] The painter became, therefore, in some sort a

[d] "See the able article on 'Spain,' in the *Dublin Review*, No. xxxvi. art. 4, containing an interesting sketch of the present state of the Spanish Church, which, though drawn by the too favourable hand of an enthusiastic partisan, displays that knowledge of the subject in which some zealous Protestant travellers who have lately written books about it, are so lamentably deficient, and the absence of which few of their Protestant readers ever seem to detect."—[Mr. Stirling's note.]

[e] Discursos Apologeticos. Madrid, 1626, 4to. p. 36.

preacher; and his works were standing homilies, more attractive, and perhaps more intelligible, than those usually delivered from the pulpit. The quiet pathos, the expressive silence of the picture, might fix the eye that would drop to sleep beneath the glozing of the Jesuit, and melt hearts that would remain untouched by all the thunders of the Dominican."—Vol. i. pp. 10-16.

But we feel sure that our readers will desire us to expatiate on this topic even further. It is our earnest wish to encourage the feeling, or rather to establish the principle, that religious art will make religious artists, and cannot be carried on without them. It is well known that early Italian art was not only eminently Christian, but either produced, or nourished in holiness, such men as the Beato Angelico, Simone Memmi, and Fra Bartolomeo. Now Spanish art will be found to have done the same. We will begin with an illustrious example. But first we must give some account of the rise of art in Valencia, to the school of which it belongs. Mr. Stirling thus describes it:—

"The city of Valencia, so full of beauty and delight, says the local proverb, that a Jew might there forget Jerusalem, was equally prolific of artists, of saints, and of men of letters. Its fine school of painting first grew into notice under the enlightened care of the good archbishop, [St.] Thomas of Villanueva. Illustrious for birth, piety, and benevolence, and admitted after his death to the honours of the Roman Calendar, this excellent prelate, once a favourite preacher of the Emperor Charles V., became a favourite saint of the south, rivalling St. Vincent Ferrer, and receiving, as it were, a new canonization from the pencils of Valencia and Seville. There were few churches or convents, on the sunny side of Sierra Morena, without some memorial picture of the holy man, with whom almsgiving had been a passion from the cradle, who, as a child, was wont furtively to feed the hungry with his mother's flour and chickens, and, as an archbishop, lived like a mendicant friar, and, being at the point of death, divided amongst the poor all his worldly goods, except only the pallet whereon he lay. These pictorial distinctions were due not only to his boundless charities, but to his munificent patronage of art, which

he employed, not to swell his archiepiscopal state, but to embellish his cathedral, and to instruct and improve his flock."—Vol. i. pp. 353-4.

A saint then has the honour of being the founder and patron of the school of Valencia; and we need not be surprised if it had saints among its artists. One of its greatest ornaments, both in skill and in virtue, was Vincente de Juanes, more generally known by the name of Juan de Juanes. Mr. Stirling shall once more speak for himself, and give an account of this great artist:—

"Being a man of a grave and devout disposition, his fine pencil was never employed in secular subjects, nor in the service of the laity, but wholly dedicated to religion and the Church. Cumberland, in 1782, doubted if any of his pictures were even then in lay hands. With this pious master, enthusiasm for art was inspiration from above, painting a solemn exercise, and the studio an oratory, where each new work was begun with fasting and prayers. His holy zeal was rewarded by the favour of the doctors and dignitaries of the Church. For the archbishop he designed a series of tapestries on the life of the Virgin, which were wrought for the cathedral in the looms of Flanders. He was largely employed by the chapter, and for most of the parish churches of the city; and many of his works adorned the monasteries of the Carmelites, Dominicans, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Jeronymites.....He was also honoured by commands far higher than those of abbots and archbishops, and which were amongst the highest marks of heavenly favour that could be given to the devout artist. On the evening of an Assumption-day, the Blessed Virgin revealed herself to Fray Martin Alberto, a Jesuit of Valencia, and commanded that her picture should be painted as she then appeared, attired in a white robe and blue mantle, and standing on the crescent-moon; above her was to float the mystic dove, and the Father Eternal was to be seen leaning from the clouds, whilst her Divine Son placed a crown upon her head. To execute this honourable, but arduous task, the Jesuit selected Juanes, whose confessor he was, and described to him with great minuteness his glorious vision. The first sketches were, however, unsuccessful: and the skill of the painter fell short of the brilliant dream of the friar. Both, therefore, betook themselves to religious exercises, and to their prayers were added those of other holy men. Every day the artist confessed and com-

municated before commencing his labours: and he would often stand for whole hours with his pencils and palette in his hand, but without touching the divine figure, until his spirit was quickened within him by the fervency of his prayers. His piety and perseverance at last overcame all difficulties; and he produced a noble picture of our Lady, exactly conformable to the vision, which long adorned the altar of the 'Immaculate Conception' in the Jesuits' convent, and became famous amongst artists for its excellence, and amongst friars for its miraculous powers. In Valencia it enjoyed the title of 'La Purisima,' and was widely known by an engraving; after the expulsion of the Jesuits, it remained in their church till the War of Independence; but its subsequent fate has not been recorded."—Vol. i. pp. 356-8.

But Spain has, in the truest sense of the word, given birth to a painter-saint. His life is in every respect so beautiful, that though it occupies a considerable space, we cannot resist the temptation of giving it at length, as abridged by Mr. Stirling; premising only that we do not thereby mean approval of some levities to be found in the narrative:—

"Although Spain has produced many devout artists, clerical as well as laic, to Pedro Nicolas Factor alone have the honours of canonization been accorded. His father, Vincente Factor, was a native of Sicily, and by trade a tailor; and coming to Valencia to seek his fortunes, he there fixed his abode, and married Ursula Estana. The first fruit of this union was a son named Bautista, who afterwards became a grave and learned doctor of law at Xativa; the second was Pedro Nicolas, who was so called because he was born on St. Peter's day, 1520, and because his father regarded St. Nicolas with peculiar devotion. This auspicious birth took place in a house adjoining, and afterwards taken into, the Augustine convent, and in a chamber occupying the spot where the Host was afterwards kept. In honour of the event, the tailor and his wife were wont, in after years, to wash the feet of twelve poor men and a priest every St. Nicolas's day, and gave them a meal, and two reals each in money. The saintly and artistic tendencies of their second son soon began to develop themselves. Whilst yet a child, he took great delight in fasting; his parents' oratory was his favourite haunt, and to make little altars and images of saints his favourite pastime. Neglecting his lessons one day at school, the fact was maliciously

pointed out by another boy to the master, whose leathern thong, which served him for a birch, immediately descended on the shoulders of the future saint, and called forth, not only renewed application, but a display of Christian meekness very rare amongst boys or men: for the sufferer, as soon as the pedagogue's back was turned, instead of doing battle with the traitor, humbly kissed his hand, and thanked him for his good offices. His food and clothes were frequently given to the poor, and much of his time was spent in the hospitals, and in attendance on the sick, especially those affected with leprosy and other loathsome diseases. Meanwhile he prosecuted his theological studies with great ardour; and he also acquired a knowledge of painting, although the name of his master has not been recorded. His father, who seems to have thriven by the needle, wished to set him up in trade as a dealer in cloth, and even offered him one thousand ducats for this purpose; but the monk being strong within him, he resisted the parental entreaties, and entered the Franciscan convent of St. Maria de Jesus, a quarter of a league distant from Valencia, in his seventeenth year. There he became distinguished during his noviciate for his rigorous observance of the rules of the order, and he took the final vows on the first Sunday of Advent, 1538. His life was henceforth devoted to the earnest discharge of all the duties, and to the practice of every austerity which, in the eyes of his country and Church, could elevate and adorn the character of a mendicant friar.

"As soon as he was of sufficient age, he received priest's orders, and was ordained a preacher at the Franciscan convent at Chelva, a house not unknown to legendary fame. In its garden no sparrows were ever seen, although the adjacent walls swarmed with them, because, in former times, a pious gardener-monk, whose potherbs had suffered, and whose soul was vexed by their depredations, had prayed for their perpetual banishment. Amongst the groves, too, of this garden was a cave, called the Cave of Martyrs, because it had been the favourite oratory of two religious, who were afterwards put to death by the infidels of Granada. In these sparrowless shades, Factor spent much of his time; and in this cavern, being unable to discipline himself to his own satisfaction, he caused a novice to flog him until his body was lacerated and empurpled to his heart's content. His zeal for his own flagellation was extraordinary. When he held the post of master of the novices, who were twenty-two in number, in the Franciscan convent of Valencia, reversing the usual position of novice and master, he frequently caused them to flog him by turns, ordering one to give him a dozen lashes for the twelve apostles,

another fifteen for the fifteen steps of the temple, and the rest other numbers on similar pretexts, until he had received chastisement from them all. If compelled to inflict the scourge with his own hands, he accompanied the strokes with a solemn chant. In the choir, at the altar, and in the pulpit, he was equally unwearied in the performance of his sacred functions. Being a good musician, his services were highly valued in the musical parts of worship; and his fame for sanctity attracted many people to the church where he officiated. Whilst engaged in public or private prayer, he frequently fell into ecstasies or raptures, sometimes of long duration, in which he was so unconscious of material things, that sceptical bystanders sometimes thrust pins into his flesh, without exciting his attention thereby. As a preacher, his eloquence and earnestness gained him a high reputation. In the pulpit, his face often became radiant with supernatural light; and, on one occasion, a hen and chickens straying into the church, stood motionless at his feet, as if he had been another St. Anthony, 'which,' says his biographer gravely, 'all men took for a miracle.' His humility was so great, that he would frequently lie down in the cloister, or even in the street, to kiss the feet of the passers-by. His charity was unbounded, and he was rarely seen with any other clothing but his brown frock, because he could not refrain from giving away the under garments with which his friends provided him; and one of his few recreations was to stand, ladle in hand, at his convent door, dispensing soup and '*olla*,' and spiritual counsel to the mendicant throng. No saint in the calendar ever fasted more rigorously; or more rigidly went barefoot, and dieted to bread and water. Like his great chief, St. Francis de Paula,[f] he was a determined woman-hater; but in spite of his labours, his mortifications, and his prayers, he was sometimes, like other holy men, tempted by demons in fair, seducing shapes. His severest trial of this kind took place in his own cell on a St. Ursula's night, when he was in great danger of being worsted, had not that Virgin Martyr appeared in a flood of glory, and scared the tempter away.

"In painting, his favourite subject was the Passion of our Lord, on which he endeavoured to model his own life, and which sometimes so powerfully affected his fancy, that he used to retire to solitary spots amongst the hills, to meditate on it with tears. He painted many representations of this religious mystery in his own convent of Santa Maria de Jesus, where the greater part of his life seems to have been spent. He frequently, however, visited other religious houses, espe-

[f] St. Francis of Assisium.

cially those to which he was guardian, as those of Chelva, Val de Jesus, and Gandia. For these establishments he executed pictures, sometimes in fresco, and not unfrequently illustrated and explained by pious verses of his own composition.

"His reputation for sanctity having spread far and wide, on the establishment of the royal Convent of Barefooted Nuns at Madrid, in 1559, its founder, the Infanta Juana, with the consent of the king, appointed him confessor to the sisterhood. In this nunnery, rich in reliques presented by kings and popes, he executed a picture of 'Christ at the column.' But the ceremonial and distractions of a court-life soon vexed his austere soul, and led him to determine on returning to the quiet of his Valencian cloister. With his staff in his hand, and his loins girded for the journey, he passed the avenues of the Prado and the gate of Atocha, and turned aside to offer up a prayer in the stately church dedicated to the Virgin of Atocha, one of the oldest and holiest effigies in Castile. As he knelt at her splendid shrine, beneath its lamps of silver, where so many crowned heads before and since have bowed, it is recorded that the image miraculously addressed him in these words: 'Fray Nicolas, why dost thou depart, and forsake the brides of my Son?' (Porque te vas, y dexas solas las esposas de mi Hijo?) Amazed and terrified by the portent, the poor confessor remained speechless and trembling until the Virgin, who seems to have spoken merely to try his faith, reassured him by adding, 'Go in peace' (Vete in buen hora), which he accordingly did, and arrived safely beneath the shade of his native palm-trees in the garden of Valencia.

"The remainder of his life was spent for the most part at the convent of Sta Maria de Jesus, where he painted the 'Triumph of the Archangel Michael' in the cloister, and enriched the choir-books with illuminations, and became more and more distinguished amongst his fellow friars for spiritual gifts, frequently holding mysterious colloquies with the image of Our Lady, and 'shining forth in miracles and holiness, like the sun amongst stars.'

"In 1582 he undertook a journey to Catalonia, where he resided for eighteen months, visiting the various convents, and preaching in the principal cities. On his return to Valencia, in November, 1583, he was seized with a fever, which, acting on a frame already exhausted by labours and privation, carried him off on the 23rd of December, in the sixty-third year of his age. On his death-bed he displayed the same humility and devotion, and enjoyed the spiritual distinction for which he had been remarkable through life; his last wish was to be buried in a dunghill, and the midnight before his decease sounds of

celestial music proceeded from his cell. His body being laid out to public view, was visited by the Grand Master of Montesa, many of the nobles, and all the clergy of Valencia; and reliques of the dead friar were so eagerly sought for, that a poor student, under pretence of kissing his feet, actually bit off two of its toes before the corpse was consigned to its sumptuous tomb in the chapel. All his sayings and doings were diligently chronicled; and his friend, Fray Cristoval Moreno, despatched a monk to Catalonia, to collect the particulars of his last journey, which were afterwards recorded in the life published in 1588 by authority of the Patriarch Juan de Ribera. Numberless examples were there cited of his prophetic and miraculous powers, in which he rivalled his friend, Luis Beltran, who likewise became a saint of great fame at Valencia. Hearing a report of the king's death during the sitting of the Cortes at Monçon in 1563, Factor is said to have retired to his cell, and after inflicting grievous self-chastisement, to have received a communication from heaven, that the report was groundless, as it turned out to be. The victory at Lepanto and the death of Queen Anna were announced to him at Valencia, at the very time that these events were taking place,—the one in the Gulf of Corinth, and the other in the capital of Spain. Countless sick persons were restored to health through his prayers; and by virtue of a lock of his hair a hosier's wife at Barcelona obtained a safe and easy delivery, and a rector of the same city was cured of gout in his legs. Witnesses were found to make oath, that they had seen on the friar's hands the stigmata, or marks of the nails, like those of our Lord and of St. Francis de Paula (of Assisium). These and similar prodigies at length obtained for Factor the honours of canonization from Pope Pius VI., who, on the 17th of August, 1786, declared him a 'beato,' or saint of the second order. In 1787, a medal, bearing his head, was struck in his honour at Valencia by the Royal Academy of San Carlos; and in 1789, a small engraving of the new saint was executed by Moles.

"'Factor's pictures,' says Cean Bermudez, 'although somewhat poor in colouring, displayed considerable skill in drawing;' and they were full of that devotional expression and feeling that belongs to the pencil that speaks out of the fulness of a pious heart. Unhappily, none of his works are now known to exist, either in the Museum of Valencia, or in the Royal Gallery at Madrid; perhaps none of them have survived the fall of the convents . . . . . Ponz esteemed the 'Triumph of the Archangel Michael,' in the cloister of Santa Maria de Jesus, as the painter's best work, praising it as worthy of the

school of Michael Angelo, and deploring the injuries which it had sustained both from time and neglect.

"Moreno has preserved some fragments of Factor's writings, both in prose and verse. The former consist chiefly of letters addressed to nuns. There is likewise a curious 'Spiritual Alphabet' (*Abecedario Espiritual*), in which each letter begins with a name or title of the Supreme Being,—as A. *Amor mio*, B. *Bien mio*, C. *Criador mio*, and the like. The verses are devotional hymns on the 'Love of God,' the 'Union of the Soul with God,' and similar subjects."—Pp. 368-79.

Many other instances may be collected of the piety of Spanish artists. Mr. Stirling thus describes Vargas, an eminent painter:—

"Vargas died at Seville in 1568, with the reputation of a great painter and a good and amiable man. To a natural modesty and kindness of disposition, he added that sincere and fervent piety not uncommon amongst the artists of the age, and so well befitting one whose daily calling lay amongst the sublime mysteries of religion, and required him to fix his contemplations on things above. After his decease there were found in his chamber the scourges with which he practised self-flagellation, and a coffin wherein he was wont to lie down in the hours of solitude and repose, and consider his latter end. Notwithstanding these secret austerities, he was a man of wit and humour withal; as appears by his reply to a brother painter, who desired his opinion of a bad picture of 'Our Saviour on the Cross;' 'Methinks,' answered Vargas, 'he is saying, "Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do."' "—P. 313.

Again, Nicholas Borras was not only a painter of great ability, but a religious "of scrupulous piety, and austere habits."[g] Fray Juan Sanchez Cotan was another very eminent religious painter. He was hardly known till his forty-third year, when he became a Carthusian monk in 1604.

"This step," says Cean Bermudez, "greatly aided his progress both in virtue and in painting, and like other holy artists, he found in prayer his best inspiration..... Fray Juan, at his death, which took place at Granada, in 1627, was reckoned 'one of the most venerable

[g] Vol. i. p. 380.

monks, as well as one of the best painters in Spain.' 'He had preserved,' says Palomino, 'his baptismal grace and virgin purity;' his brethren were wont to call him 'the holy friar Juan.'"[h]

One of the strangest characters in the history of art is certainly Alonso Cano, a mixture of cleverness in his profession, eccentricity of conduct, and goodness of heart. He was made a canon of Granada, without being in orders, and the violence of his temper involved him in all sorts of mishaps. But after having been deposed, and reinstated, through royal patronage, never in Spain refused to art, "the remainder of his life was chiefly devoted to pious exercises and works of charity. Poverty and wretchedness never appealed to him in vain, and his gains, as soon as won, were divided amongst widows and orphans. His purse was, therefore, often empty; and on these occasions, if he met a beggar in the street, whose story touched him, he would go into the next shop, and asking for pen and paper, sketch a head, a figure, or an architectural design, and give it as his alms, with direction for finding a purchaser, at a price which he affixed to it. His benevolence of heart being equalled by his readiness of hand, these eleemosynary drawings were rapidly multiplied, and a large collection of them came into the possession of Palomino."[i]

His death-bed was most exemplary and edifying, but not without a dash of his two other characteristics —his artistic feeling, and eccentricity of mind. He would not be attended by his own curate, because he ascertained from him that he had given communion to converted Jews, for whom he had an abhorrence almost amounting to a mania, ludicrous in its manifestation. And when the person selected by him to attend him, held before him, in his dying moments, a

[h] Pp. 436, 439. [i] Vol. ii. p. 791.

wretchedly-executed crucifix, Cano, with his feeble hand, put it aside. The good man was shocked, and reminded him what it was, saying: "My son, what are you doing? This is the image of our Lord, the Redeemer, by whom alone you can be saved." "So I do believe, father," said the dying man, "yet vex me not with this thing; but give me a simple cross, that I may adore Him, both as He is in Himself and as I can figure Him in my mind."[k] No one who has seen Alonso Cano's own representation of the Crucifixion will be astonished at his fastidiousness; we never recollect seeing a picture of it more forcible and striking than one by him at Seville.

But we have in the account of Alonso Cano's death, another trait which we would not gladly pass over. He had been most unacceptable to the chapter of Granada, upon whom he was thrust by Philip IV.: he had been in a perpetual quarrel with them, he was at last expelled by them, and reinstated against their will, and we are told that "he never forgave the chapter for the attempt to depose him." (P. 795.) Yet when he was taken ill, the chapter, as appears from entries in its books, not only voted 500 reals on the 11th of August "to the canon Cano, being sick and very poor and without means to pay the doctor," but eight days after made a further grant of 200, to buy him "*poultry and sweetmeats!*" It surely was not what we call *charity*, but what *is* charity, that dictated this dulcet vote; so very unlike that of a modern corporation in favour of a decayed brother.

Similarly distinguished in the twofold sphere of re-

[k] Page 798. We have changed the neuter in Mr. Stirling's translation into the masculine. The Spanish would be either, but the last clause shows that the words must refer to our Lord, and not to the cross.

ligion and art, were Pacheco, Carducho, Cespedes, the greatest artistic genius perhaps of Spain; and if we may judge from their choice of abode and favourite subjects, Morales "the divine," and Zurbaran. But our readers will be more anxious to know what was the moral and religious character of the prince of Spanish painters, Murillo. We think the inscription chosen by himself for his tomb, as the motto of his life, will, better than many words, describe his principles. It was—

"VIVE MORITURUS."

"Live as one who hath to die." "The friend," writes Mr. Stirling, "of good Miguel Manara, and the votary of the holy Almoner," (St. Thomas) "of Valencia, he practised the charity which his pencil preached; and his funeral was hallowed by the prayers and tears of the poor, who had partaken of his bounties. His story justifies the hortatory motto graven on his tomb; he had lived as one about to die."[1] In fact, his sacred pictures are so many evidences of his deep religious sentiments.

We have not troubled ourselves, in this review of Mr. Stirling's work, with mere artistic details. For these we must refer our readers to the book itself. It contains inaccuracies, where religious topics are concerned; and, like all Protestant works on Spain, there are to be found in it the common-places of "superstition," "priestcraft," "idolatry," and so forth. But the extracts which we have given will show, that in spite of all that prejudice (too vulgar now to have been expected in a refined and warm-hearted lover of art), he fully bears testimony to the high religious and moral tone of Spanish artists, as of Spanish art.

[1] Vol. ii. p. 901.

Independently of this, Mr. Stirling has given us the first work worthy of its subject which English literature possesses. He has not found much that was new, nor was it to be expected. Diligent searchers had gone before him, and had collected valuable materials, which Mr. Stirling has ably digested, and most pleasingly rendered and arranged. The dictionary of Cean Bermudez is a vast storehouse of the literature of Spanish art, and must form the groundwork of any attempt at its history. But besides this, Mr. S. has scrupulously sought out, and diligently employed, every other work, or scattered document, that can further illustrate the style, character, or performances of each great artist. Heartily, therefore, do we recommend his work, and hope to see it, on that very account, purged of those blemishes, which, while they grievously pain every Catholic reader, offend no less against good taste, no mean requisite in a writer upon art.

While we have been perusing Mr. Stirling's volumes, and indulging in pleasing musings concerning them, they have almost unwittingly brought our thoughts to a subject, not unconnected with their theme. Here we see the natural growth of a grand national school of art, starting with great principles, with recognised types, with sublime, but understood, subjects, with defined limits for the imaginative and inventive powers; and by ever adhering to all these, while every accessory changed with time, producing, with due variety, a unity of purpose, of thought, and of effect, which makes it, essentially and exclusively, the school of a people. Here the mind at once seizes upon the controlling and modifying power, that has effected this: the only real unity of thought, and mind, and of the affections—religion. As it is created, so it gave

growth to, Spanish art. It began and it perfected. The principles, the types, the subjects, the boundaries, all were her prescriptions.

Now *we* are about to make a great experiment, in connection with art, upon which posterity will have to pronounce, whether it has been a grand triumph or a most egregious failure. In the first place, we are going to apply to art the power of huge mechanical pressure, the grand discovery of our age. The ancient Roman slowly carved and polished his column out of porphyry, by steel and sand: we should blow it out of the rock by gunpowder, and cut it like chalk with a steam-saw. The Greek patiently sculptured his statues from the obstinate marble; we squeeze ours in *carton-pierre*, or cast them in pottery, and nick-name it *Parian*. We cut iron bars as our forefathers cut paper; we shape anything out of anything—out of glass, or gutta percha, or papier-maché, or iron, or felt, or zinc, or clay; material is nothing, if enough pressure can be applied to it. So far it has succeeded, and we are determined to push our principle into the domain of art. What generations of men did it not require to erect one great cathedral! Its upheaving from the soil was the work of centuries; so that the laws which directed it, became one after the other obsolete, and each edifice stands the built-up chronicle of national architecture, on which, from crypt to spire, are recorded in plain hieroglyphics, the revolutions of taste, and the developments of mechanical skill. But now in a few years of an architect's life, the Thames sees its banks crowned by an edifice of the dimensions of six or more cathedrals, one in plan, in design, in materials, and in execution. The palace of West-minster is a phenomenon such as the world has not seen, since the days of Roman edification. How the

old crane on the top of Cologne Cathedral would stare, could it stretch its neck far enough, at the aerial railways that bestride the English building, project pensile over its loftiest towers; and marvel at seeing a boy quietly raise to the top, and deposit on its exact bed, a mass which would have made its poor sides ache for half an hour to get up, and much more to steer to its destination! Thanks to our mechanical skill and power for this.

Having thus, as if by magic, erected the building, we are going to try if we cannot succeed in the same manner with pictorial art, to decorate it. Avowedly we have no British school of painting. We have probably the first animal painter, and the best marine painter, and some of the best landscape and portrait-painters in Europe. But even so we have no school. Landseer and Stanfield stand alone; our portrait painters make likenesses but not pictures. Our historical painters, though belonging to the same academy, copying the same models, and living in the same city, form nothing that approaches to a school. Let any one remember Herbert's House of Nazareth, and Etty's Joan of Arc, hanging together on the same wall, and say what they had in common. Well—having neglected to form and train a national school of art, we are going to try if we cannot create one. On a sudden our usual process is to be undertaken; vast spaces are to be covered with frescoes, beyond what Italy or Spain ever opened to its artists; and the first manifestation of high art is to be, in our country, not a rude embryo, or a promise of greater things, but a magnificent and finished production, embracing every department of sacred and profane, ancient and modern, sea and land, war and peace, fabulous and historical, from Arthur, Prince of the Round Table, to

Arthur, Duke of Wellington. All this and much more is, in a moment, to be brought into life, there, where Europe, present and future, will be best able to judge us. Can the sudden pressure of ambition, or of gold, produce artistic genius, or at once ripen it, if not before cultivated? Has this ever yet proved a hot-bed plant, and submitted to be forced? This is our first great experiment.

The second, to our minds, is still more serious. In describing, a few sentences back, the range of the subjects adapted for the decoration of the parliamentary edifice, we were obliged to omit one class—the religious. We may truly say that this is necessarily excluded. It is not for a moment our opinion, that strictly religious subjects could have been introduced into the series. But this is our point. It is the first time that an attempt has been made to form a great school of art, by the State and not by the Church, through the agency of the head without the heart, with exclusion of the only principle which can give unity of purpose, or of manner. In other words, no artist (and certainly no school of artists) has ever reached grandeur in depicting the real, who has not deeply imbued himself with enthusiasm from the ideal. And where is this to be found? Greece or Rome found it in nymphs, or Cupids, or Apollos, or other abstract types of beauty and grace. But these cannot now act on the imagination or affection of any, Christian or infidel. The type to us is as cold as the marble, or as dull as the bronze which embodies it.

The Catholic Church unveiled to art a new world of the ideal, in two marvellous unions of what before had been incompatible—the union of beauty with purity, and the union of sorrow with divinity. Upon these art has fed and grown till now, wherever it has

attained true greatness; we are going to experimentalize, whether she can be made to do so now without them. The separation, in mind and imagination, of perfect beauty from all that is voluptuous and earthly, the effort by art to represent this faultless image, this stainless conception, is surely the most refining process through which the mind can pass, in its preparation for giving life to all that is tender, gentle, fair, and sweet. It is the milk wherewith infant art should first be nourished; it should be the youthful artist's dream, as it was Raffaele's when he painted the Madonna of San Sisto. And in her alone, whom he thus portrayed, has this graceful and sublime abstraction of beauty been fulfilled. If this study is necessary for the tender, the other is no less so for the heroic. The perfection of the heroic is innocent suffering. Yet sorrow, bodily pain, and the outward marks of insult, are of themselves but poor subjects for art. They are opposed to the natural estimate of the sublime; they are mean in the hands, and in the eyes, of unchristian art. No *man* could ennoble them. Among the works of the ancients, is there one in which even the effort is made to give dignity—not to deep tragic grief, but to abjection, poverty, or the sufferings of a criminal? The so-called dying gladiator, with the form of a hero, an attitude of consummate skill, and one single wound, comes nearest to the attempt; and yet it is incapable of moving any tender emotion. We admire indeed; then we pass on to another. But, in fact, so unnatural in ancient art is the idea of exciting any feelings at all, by one belonging to the class of a slave, that antiquarians consider the statue to represent a warrior, and not a prize-fighter. Now on the other hand, let us consider what the Christian artist is taught to do. First, he has to imagine wretchedness

as deep as may befal man, poverty, scorn, universal dereliction, calumny; mental anguish, agony, a crushed soul, and a wrung heart; bruises, buffets, wounds, the halter round the neck, the thorns round the brow, the scourge upon the back, and the cross on the shoulder; all these in one person combined; and then he has to depict him, not dignified, not of noble bearing, not raised in mind, by haughty abstraction, over his woes, but looking out from the midst of them upon you so sweet, so solemn, so tender, and so benign, that you weep, and love, and burn, in looking upon Him. The painter must have come up to the conception of the truth, but to his mind the ideal of the sublime in suffering: the extreme of griefs borne as none but God could bear them. Morales has done this, and has been therefore called the "divine."[m]

If the study of the Madonna is the most perfect initiation into the tender, that of Our Lord is the surest instruction in the sublime, in art. But where these are not subjects of thought and of frequent representation, neither can they be modes of training, or exercises of the powers. It is not the study of such subjects in the works of other artists, it is not the abstract belief in such themes, it is not even the mere artistic or romantic enthusiasm respecting them, that will give inspiration; it is only the firm and devout conviction of the reality of our types, produced by their being familiar objects of daily thought, or rather meditation, that will gradually purify the image of all that is terrestrial, and make it the die which impresses our work with its own faithful like-

[m] In the Church of the Capuchins at Bruges will be found an exquisite Morales, given to it by Mr. Steinmetz, of that city, under such conditions as prevents its ever being sold or removed. Mr. Stirling does not mention this picture.

ness. Where devotion is precluded and unknown, towards the two most perfect models of artistic beauty and grandeur, there cannot ever be a school of Christian art. And as there never yet has been a great historical school formed save by this, we repeat, an experiment of a novel character is about to be made, the erection of a national school without the aid of religion.

But there is another difficulty in the way of arriving at anything complete in this new effort to develop art. History in every age comes in contact with religion; and many of the noblest scenes in our annals, as in those of every Christian country, must present many religious and ecclesiastical elements. Yet the traditions which connect the present generation with them have been completely broken, and whatever they contained of the picturesque and the sacred has been ruthlessly consigned to the regions of the legendary and the superstitious. Is this feeling to be persisted in, or is it to be reversed? Let us see the consequences of the former alternative, by two or three examples.

Let us imagine that a great national building in France had to be decorated by the combined genius and skill of its great painters; and that the general scheme was to comprise all that was great and noble in the annals of the country, in men and in events. Could we imagine it possible that St. Louis of France would be totally omitted in the pictorial annals thus designed?—that he would not once appear, whether as the sovereign seated beneath the oak, and dispensing justice or favour to every petitioner, or as the soldier of Christ, taking the cross with his nobles (a splendid scene), or dying of the plague resigned and patient—kingly and saintly in an ignoble death? Now the

place which St. Louis held in the estimation of *his* countrymen, St. Edward the Confessor held in that of *ours*. The laws of good King Edward were the standard of our forefathers' ideas of legislation. His reign was in fact the dawn of peaceful rule. In it was performed the most important and difficult of all social operations, the complete absorption of one race into another, like that of the Lombards into the Italian, or the Visigoths into the Spanish. The Danes, after forty years of intolerable tyranny, gradually, under his mild sway, melted into the population, and disappeared from the eye of the law. But independent of the importance of his reign in a political point of view, the personal character and incidents of this prince afford a merited, and a most hopeful theme for pictorial art. His wonderful escapes in infancy and in youth from the fate of his murdered brother, his mild and wise legislation, the death of Godwin, his death, with the miraculous token that forewarned him, are all admirable passages for the pencil. But there are two which we should still more like. If, as we hope, this national palace is to be accessible to the people, and its walls are to teach them lessons of virtue united with greatness, would not a salutary one be given to noble and to simple, by the picture of good St. Edward distributing his alms, with his own hands, among the poor? Or would the lesson be too stern for the one, and too suggestive of regret for the past in the other? Again, they who have seen in the old frescoes of Italy what a beautiful and solemn scene is the enshrining, or bearing to the tomb of one whom all men have loved in life, and revere, as a saint, after death, will easily understand what a splendid and instructive painting the burial, or later enshrining of St. Edward would make. But really we feel quite

ashamed of ourselves, in the face of foreign nations and of posterity, to see this great and holy king totally omitted in the Walhalla of English royalty; while Queen Boadicea, about whose very reality no one cares a rush, and Raleigh throwing his cloak for Elizabeth to walk on, and the murder of Rizzio, are to figure in the Royal Gallery or the Royal Antechamber.

But connected intimately with this saintly monarch is another important consideration. Here we are building or rebuilding and decorating—what? why his own very palace or abbey. That noble minster to which this edifice will and can be only an adjunct, as its very name testifies, was his foundation, originally built, endowed, and named by himself. Within a few yards of the palace stands his tomb, desecrated without, inviolate within, stripped of its gold and pearls, but rich with his holy remains; by it stands his chair, on which every monarch of this realm has been careful to be crowned, as though anxious to inherit his spirit with his throne; surely as a matter of history and of justice the very founder of the place deserves commemoration. The account of the event furnishes a series of beautiful subjects, illustrative of the manners and feelings of the time. 1. The king announces to his council his intention of fulfilling his vow, made when in distress, to go on pilgrimage to St. Peter's shrine at Rome. The assembled prelates and nobles entreat him not to leave his kingdom. 2. An embassy composed of bishops is sent to the Pope, who substitutes for the pilgrimage, the foundation or restoration of a church and abbey, in honour of the Prince of the Apostles. 3. The king consequently repairs to the small abbey of Thorney, ruined by the Danes, and on its site erects the church which received the name of Westminster. If no other subject is admitted,

surely the commencement of what is growing up into one of the grandest groups of buildings in the world, ought to be commemorated in it.

But this brings before our minds another very important omission in the proposed scheme of decoration. There is not one single picture illustrative of the rise or progress of the very arts here employed, or of literature of any sort. And indeed how could such be introduced, without shocking every English sense of propriety? For you must throw open to the spectator the interior of monastic life. You must show the aged monk in a nook of his abbey-library engaged in writing, or in illuminating the great choral books of his church. You must in another compartment, exhibit the monastic workshop. There the thoughtful and intelligent designer stands with his novices, in the midst of shrines and reliquaries, and pyxes of quaint forms and precious materials; here one is busy engraving the pure gold chalice, there another is fitting the alternate jewels and glowing enamels in the costly reliquary; while the heavier metal work of tomb and altar-screen lies scattered about. In another place you will see the religious artificers conducting the whole manufactory of their glorious glass pictures from the furnace to the window, colouring, drawing, and tinting, with pencils that might have been dipped in the rainbow, figures to which heaven's sun was to give life and glory. Again, the carver should be seen, artfully extracting from the gnarled oak features of graceful sweetness, and forcing the rocky stone to yield the image of compassionate sorrow to stand beneath the rood. In fact, to build these very houses of parliament, every old church has been ransacked for models, and thousands of casts have been taken from the works of monastic hands; and not a throne or a

gate, scarcely even a lock or a door handle, has been admitted, which has not been copied from the metal work of those ages, preserved in collections.

Now surely it would be graceful, if not even just, to make due acknowledgment to those to whose ingenuity we owe the first introduction of every fine art, and to whose industry we are indebted for the abundant monuments of labour and skill by which we are now enabled to perpetuate it. But here the difficulty meets us: must this be done at the expense of three centuries of false teaching of the people, concerning the "dark ages of monkish ignorance," and must we open to the public gaze, fervid with toil and ingenious production as the beehive, those religious retreats, which they have been taught to consider as only the receptacles of lazy drones, who were well smoked out, if not occasionally burnt, with the faggot of Harry's orthodoxy? We fear that this consideration, this very shame of having told lies so long, will deter the nation from admitting the history of art into the very palace consecrated to its development. For our part we should say, let tardy justice be done, and let us not be ashamed to own, that when at last, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Great Britain resolves to erect the most sumptuous public building in Europe, she is compelled, for ensuring perfection to the work, to borrow every detail, as well as every feature and proportion, from those calumniated ages; so that no spire, nor tracery, nor buttress, nor niche, nor canopy, nor crocket, nor jamb, nor panel, nor boss, nor bit of metal-work, has been admitted, which could not be justified by monastic, or ecclesiastical, models of Catholic times.

What we have said of the decorative arts, may be said of every other branch. How will you represent

the rise of architecture (our *Baukunst* rather) better than as Overbeck has done, in his magnificent composition of the arts rising under the auspices of religion? He has introduced the architect of St. Stephen's at Vienna, explaining his plans to his pupils; and how could the same be represented in England, except by some one like St. Edward at Westminster, or St. Wilfrid at Ripon, or William of Wickham at Winchester, planning or watching the erection of our ancient cathedrals, either in their rude germs, or in their grander expansion? How could you show the rise of national music but as the same great artist has done it, or as was done in a picture now in the Royal Academy, only that instead of St. Gregory, we should have St. Osmund, instructing his choristers in his Sarum chant? How should the first dawn of experimental science be exhibited, but by a peep into the laboratory of Friar Bacon? How the rise of agriculture better than by the monks of Crowland draining the morass, and changing it into a paradise? How, in fine, the rise of our great cities more picturesquely than by the good Fathers of Lindisfarne, with their treasure of St. Cuthbert's body, settling on the sedgy banks now crowned by Durham's awful minster? But in fact on every side, in whatever relates to the social, moral, or literary history of England, we are met by the bugbear of religious prejudices, and by the real difficulties of religious art; by subjects for which there is no preparation in the artist's training; no store of images or recollections in his mind, no affection or veneration in his heart. They must therefore be set aside.

We are naturally led, by the consideration of this subject, to say a few words on the work already executed in the new Houses of Parliament; because

it partly affords a test of the truth of our allegations. The central picture in the House of Lords represents a religious subject, the "Baptism of Ethelbert," and has a counterpart opposite in "The Spirit of Religion." These pictures, especially the first, have received high commendation; and it must be observed, that every design having passed the ordeal of a Royal Commission, composed of noble patrons, and acknowledged admirers, of art, they must be considered as sanctioned by authority, and evidences to the world of the public taste in this country. We are not now looking at our subject with a technical eye; we do not speak of the drawing, or the colouring, or the execution as fresco, of the work; Mr. Dyce will meet with far better judges than ourselves in these artistic matters. We deal with the case as one of higher interest. Has the baptism of Ethelbert succeeded as a great work of historico-religious art? In spite of the many excellences of the work, we must answer negatively. It does not come up to the grandeur of the subject. The artist was cramped, for he *could* have done it more justice: but he had the fear of a commission before his eyes. We will not find fault with secondary points—as the king being in an attitude and in an attire which reminds one forcibly of the ancient representations of Henry II., undergoing his penance at St. Thomas's shrine: and yet having on his head his kingly crown, the only part of his royal array that must have been indispensably laid aside, for baptism to be administered, as is represented, by affusion; or as the pontiff, on the other hand, being without his mitre, in an act in which it is expressly prescribed. Catholic eyes seize on such defects easily, and perhaps posterity may again look at paintings with Catholic eyes. But what we really

miss throughout the picture, is "The Spirit of Religion," such as should have dispensed with the composition opposite altogether. The day of allegorical paintings is gone by; the world was surfeited of them by the *seicentisti* and the puerilities of Louis the Fourteenth's artists. They belong to Versailles and *rococo*, not to the palace of Westminster and Gothic compartments. Never was there a more splendid reality embodying "The Spirit of Religion," than the historical baptism of Ethelbert. There is Religion, come several thousand miles over sea and Alp, and through many unsettled regions, to bring to an almost unknown race, the knowledge of her sublime truths, and various learning, and with these the blessing, not of civilization, but of *debarbarization*, the arts of more advanced nations, the virtues of social life, and the beauties of peaceful sway and loving subjection. And this Religion comes, the first unarmed invader of the English shore, yet a bannered host. A band of meek, and black-robed recluses from the ruins of the Cœlian hill, have undertaken the conquest, and have marched into Kent, bearing before them, as Venerable Bede informs us, the image of our Redeemer, and His saving Cross. But chiefly she comes in the person of their leader, the bishop of the picture, on whose figure and countenance should be impressed the training of long years of austerity, the noble bearing of the Roman citizen, and the beaming enthusiasm inspired by the consciousness of the sublimity of his mission, and of his present act. While Religion thus presents herself in the likeness of her highest minister, she comes not unattended by the symbols of her gifts and her authority. From St. Gregory's Epistles we learn how careful he was to furnish his missionaries with all the requisites for the splendid performance of every

religious function; and no doubt on occasion of the first, and a royal, baptism in England, nothing would be wanting to give it solemnity and even magnificence. We have therefore, on the one side, all the barbaric pomp of the Saxon Bretwalda brought forth, to honour a state festival; then the rugged features, the stalwart frames, the gold and steel armour of the Saxon thanes; men who never before experienced awe or deep reverence, now at last subdued in mind and attitude, expressing wonder at the mystic rite, amazement at their sovereign's submission, a half superstitious veneration of the mysterious strangers who so calmly exercise their power, and a subdued curiosity about the rich and novel appurtenances of the new worship. And on the other side, we have the might of Religion displayed in its gentle majesty, subduing yet winning, humbling the pride of race and of rude strength, and the boast of warlike glory, but enriching tenfold by nobler arts and unseen blessings, and opening to the intelligent eye of the barbarian, brighter visions of hope, and sublimer domains of thought, than it had ever before contemplated. By the mysterious rite performed, the king is put in possession of fellowship with the Christian monarchs of Europe, baptism is the gate at once into the Church and into civilization. And all that, by contrast, indicates the superior culture, and the higher refinement of the Roman churchmen, and the messengers of the Supreme Pontiff, should surround them; that array of ministers and those symbolical adjuncts which always accompanied a bishop in so great a function, ought to have been present. Again we repeat, that in the whole range of our history, there is not a scene which, painted, could more perfectly have exhibited "The Spirit of Religion" than this which soars over the

royal throne in the House of Lords. But Mr. Dyce has chosen, or has been compelled, only to record with his pencil, the simple fact, that King Ethelbert was baptized.

Turning now to what is intended to represent "The Spirit of Religion," we must be content to say that we do not understand it accurately. A bishop seems to be instructing a monarch in the Bible. The prelate is certainly of the earth earthly, a solid mundane frame in an inaccurate cope; very different from the sweet and noble, bearded saints that we see in our good old masters. Although the commissioners, in giving the subjects for painting, do not explain what they mean by "The Spirit of Religion," or "of Chivalry," we cannot be wrong in thereby understanding "the principle or power existing in these influences, which, when animating the breast of man, can make him perform heroic and almost superhuman things for their sake." Thus "The Spirit of Chivalry" would nerve the true knight to encounter any risk or danger, and rush upon an entire host of foes, to rescue an oppressed or captive damsel; or to face Mahound and Termagaunt themselves, in obedience to her chaste command, if free; or would impel him to take the cross, and endure famine, and plague, and war, in paynim land, to rescue the sepulchre of his Lord. And thus, "The Spirit of Religion" is that still sublimer inspiration which, for the sake of higher rewards, will make a man brave danger or suffering, or despise greatness and wealth, and urge him on to marvellous deeds. It is the spirit of the martyr, and no less of the humble friar, who alone lands on the coast of Africa to redeem, or free by exchange, his fellow Christian slaves; it is the principle which has made the monarch resign his crown for God's sake. In

Mr. Horsley's picture, the king's crown is not on his head: is it to signify that he has so laid it down? If so, let us be allowed to say, that the symbolism of the power required to effect this is wanting. Never yet has Bible-text, or Bible-comment, acted thus upon the mind and feelings of a royal scholar. No crown was ever yet laid down at the foot of the Bible. If the power of Religion to work this wonder had to be expressed, there *is* a symbol that would have shown at once to the eye, the motive, the power, and the effect. The bishop should hold in his hand, not a book, but a crucifix.

The want of a religious school of art, or rather of a school with religious traditions in concert with the great themes on which it has to be exercised, is thus clearly seen in what has already been done. We may perhaps be glad, in some respects, that such subjects as we have before touched upon should have been omitted, because we could hardly hope that the great body of English artists would give their souls to the execution of them, with the feeling they would require. Hence, the commissioners have been justly cautious not to trench upon the doubtful ground of the Reformation, or other religious crises: and the only pictures which can be called strictly religious (except the scriptural ones in the peers' robing-room) are "The Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons by St. Augustine's preaching," and "The Reformation," symbolized by "Queen Elizabeth receiving the Bible in Cheapside." And if by this latter picture it is meant to convey the impression, that till this event occurred, the Bible was not known in England in the vernacular tongue, it will tell a simple untruth; a thing to be avoided in painting as much as in words.

We have sufficiently expressed our fear respecting

the success of the experiment about to be tried, of suddenly creating a national school of high art, without the aid of the religious element. But we must further express our regret that some of the arrangements made by the commissioners are only likely still further to hamper art, and what is worse, to restrain and limit the great moral results, which might be anticipated from so extensive a pictorial undertaking. We will venture to make some remarks upon this subject.

We assume that the greater part of the paintings will be accessible to the public. The great galleries, and corridors, and waiting rooms must be decidedly so. We do not suppose that an attorney's clerk, carrying a bag for Scotch appeals, or a barrister hastening to argue a peerage case before a committee of privilege, will loiter to look at the pictures; but we hope that the people, women and children too, will be admitted as they are to the Museum, to enjoy a sight of so glorious a national work. If none are to look at it but peers and commons, we certainly grudge its expense. Now, one of the first rules in painting for the public on a great scale is, that all should be simple and intelligible. This should be the case in regard to order and choice of subjects, to composition and to details. The great axiom should never be forgotten, that pictures are the books of the ignorant. Yet, let any one examine the subjects chosen for the various passages and corridors, and see what amount of information or moral impression will be communicated to the beholders by the paintings on their walls. It will not be like the rudely storied bridges of Lucerne, where the peasant can read the history of every remarkable event in his country's history in successive pictures, nor like the more finished portico at Munich similarly decorated; but it will be so many broken

sets of historical matters, not one complete, and each returning back over the same period, so that no unity of plan or object can be discernible. For instance, St. Stephen's Hall has to illustrate "some of the greatest epochs in our constitutional, social, and ecclesiastical history, from the time when the Anglo-Saxon nation embraced Christianity, to the accession of the house of Stuart." (7th Report, p. 10.) The ecclesiastical epochs are the two just mentioned. The others contain some fine subjects, but some that will afford little scope for intelligible impression. For example, "A Sitting of the Wittena-gemot" can present little that is real; nor will it be easy to impress any distinct character on "An Early Trial by Jury." Then, afterwards, the central corridor takes us back to "The Phœnicians in Cornwall," and "A Druidical Sacrifice," and "The English Captives in the Slave Market at Rome." These are chosen by way of contrast with some very modern subjects, "Cook in Otaheite," a "Suttee Sacrifice Stopped," and "Negro Emancipation." But the very key to the selection is too ingenious to be easily grasped by a common spectator, and it will require a Felix Summerly to write a handbook of the paintings in Westminster palace, and a man at the gate to sell it, for the understanding of what a brief inscription and a date ought to make intelligible to every Englishman."

But the taste for contrasts seems to us to have be-

[n] Again, we must go back to "the Norman Porch" for "Canute reproving his Courtiers," a pendant for "Elizabeth at the Sea-side, after the Defeat of the Armada." Now both these, especially the first, are necessarily low pictures. The sea will not admit of a high back-ground, nor of trees to fill up the upper space. Canute must even be seated, and so lower the line of figures. Yet to this subject has been allotted a space 18 feet 2 inches high, by 10 feet 10 inches wide!

trayed the Commissioners into a decided immorality. The "Peers' and Commons' corridors" contain sixteen compartments for paintings, and the subject for this noble and important space seems, to our humble judgment, strangely chosen. The whole is to be devoted to the unhappy and inauspicious reigns of the Stuarts, commencing with the Long Parliament, and ending with 1689. But the selection of the particular subjects is made upon a principle still more difficult to approve. It is expressed in these words: "It will be seen that the subjects have been selected on the principle of parallelism, *and that an attempt has been made to do justice to the heroic virtues which were displayed on both sides.*" (P. 10.) When the Commissioners on the Fine Arts received their appointment, they accepted the office of public instructors, by all that they should bring to act upon the public mind. In every great struggle for mastery there will be heroic *deeds* on both sides, and individual acts of a generous nature; but surely on the one side these will be, at best, the fruit of a mistaken conscience acting honestly in a bad cause; often they will be the result of personal generosity or better impulses, which only lend a false lustre to that cause. But after all, there is a right and a wrong side in the contest; and they should be boldly discriminated. Men should be taught that no amount of heroism, or of individual excellence, can sanction a cause which is wrong in principle, and so vitiated in its very root. Now, let us imagine a Chartist taking his son to the Peers' corridor, to indoctrinate him in the "heroic virtues" of those who expelled "the fellows of a college in Oxford," and beheaded Charles I.[o] He may tell him that the Com-

[o] His burial is the subject given, but this of course intimates his violent death.

missioners of the crown, so far from wishing to condemn the rebels, as they have been called, and give any preference to their cavalier opponents, have expressly aimed in those grand corridors, to put them on a footing of perfect equality, and do justice to the heroic virtues of both. This, surely, is not a principle to be thus publicly avowed.

We have said that genius must be hampered by the plan pursued, because little or no scope is given for the greater faculties of invention and arrangement. There should doubtless be a controlling power; but much more ought to be left to the artist than is now done. Mr. Dyce, by some signal good fortune, is the only one who has had fair play. The queen's robing-room is to be decorated with the history of Arthur and his knights, and the entire management is in his hands, of principals and accessories. This gives a good artist a fair chance. He can select such subjects as will harmonize and yet contrast, and make an epic of his work. This *tocador de la Reyna*[p] will be the only apartment in which unity of idea will prevail. But how much better would it be, if this principle were further extended. In one small room are to be crowded our eight principal poets: how can justice be done to them, by one picture for each? In the Villa Massino at Rome, three German painters were engaged by the late prince, to illustrate by their pencils the three great poets of Italy. Overbeck, Cornelius, and Veith were the artists; but to each was entrusted a separate room, and Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto have space enough, each to display his various charms. The selection and combination of the subjects exhibits each artist's genius even more than his execution. Shakspeare cannot be represented by any

[p] The name of a delicate *boudoir* in the Alhambra.

one picture. His versatility, and immense scope, require a series of paintings to do him justice. He has indeed fallen into good hands; and we are much mistaken if the public does not regret, on seeing Mr. Herbert's Lear, that he was not allowed room enough to display the poet in more than one mood. The artist has not only chosen a grand subject, but he has treated it with a solemnity, a sternness, which almost elevates it to a sacred character. His picture adheres to the wall, as fresco should, not merely by the firmness of the *intonaco*, and the tenacity of the colours, but by its accurate fitting to the space, to its light, to its lines, and to its materials. It is a part of the building: not an easel painting transferred to the wall. In like manner we would much rather give one artist a room or a gallery to himself, and let him plan the paintings that are to adorn it, than follow the present method of crowding several into one room, and producing a patchy and ill-harmonized collection, rather than series, of pictures.[q]

There is one other point to which we wish to draw attention, and we will conclude. It is to the distribution of subjects with consideration of their age. We cannot but think that the eye will look for some proportion between the architecture and the style of art. It is true that we shall never be able to disguise the fact, that we are in an edifice raised in the nineteenth, and not in the fifteenth, century; but even so there will be certain incongruities that will shock too much. For instance, the Royal Gallery will have pictures beginning with Queen Boadicea,

[q] [Since the above was written, Mr. Herbert has had allotted to him a grand work; a large hall to be painted with scriptural subjects, in which his genius will have fair play, and will, no doubt, brilliantly display itself.]

and ending with the Death of Nelson, and the Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo. There will also be the Death of Wolfe, and Lord Cornwallis receiving the Sons of Tippoo. The gallery itself is to be dedicated "to the military history and glory" of Great Britain. If we must needs show forth the glory of our country in the field, by scenes of bloody encounter, why not commemorate Cressy, and Agincourt, and Poitiers, where the mailed warriors and unerring bowmen of old England would agree much better with the rich Gothic decorations of the apartment? The introduction of files of red-coated guards charging with bayonets, or uncoated tars working their guns, would be utterly unsuited to the place. Some of the subjects too have been so vulgarized, by mean representations for years, that they could hardly be brought up again to the heroic standard. But the committee-rooms may be considered as the modern every-day rooms of the building. They are plain square apartments, with immense wall-spaces; with no more than simple decoration; while their furniture, occupants, and purposes, belong to the life of the age. Here modern subjects might be introduced in perfect keeping, and with great effect. There would be room, if one pleases, for the whole Peninsular war, and, what would be still more appropriate, for the commemoration of great legislative measures, which are generally the result of the patient labour of the committee-room. But the Royal Gallery we would have filled with the choicest deeds of true greatness in the annals of our country, in those ages which preceded the architectural age of the building. We would have that apartment, beyond others, to be the gallery of British virtue, whether shown forth in feats of chivalry, or in generous acts of virtue, whether foreign or do-

mestic. Several such have been chosen, as the actions of Alfred, Bruce, and Philippa. But what has the buccaneer Blake to do in such a place, or the marriage of Henry V.? Then, when we get nearer our times, we have nothing but a series of battles fought amidst clouds of "villanous saltpetre," in no less villanous costumes. These will no doubt rivet the attention of the passer-by: but they will not be the instructive lessons of an age of peace. A grand episode in a battle may be made a moral lecture; but the din of war itself, the strife, and the agony, the gashing and the blood-pouring of the field, are not good to be paraded before a nation, which hails a victory not as an arch of triumph, but as the gate of peace. Again we most fervently trust, that this gallery, and indeed every other nobler part of this magnificent palace, may be dedicated to the truly great, the truly glorious, and only to the truly good. Let the history of England be read on its walls, even by the unlettered beholder. Show him nothing but what you would inspire him to imitate, or what at least you would not be sorry to hear him praise. Let the arrangement of subjects be more simple and more intelligible. In rooms particular ideas or points may be illustrated, but the corridors, and waiting-rooms, and lobbies, must be for the people, and brought to their level. If we are making a new experiment in art, we are also making one in its effects. For the first time we are going to instruct by pictures. Let not the chance be lost, by over ingenuity, or complex efforts. A chronological arrangement will give every variety, and be most intelligible.

We know how difficult it is, in England, to obtain a hearing, unless some privilege of name or of position gives one a title to it. We have no doubt the nation

considers the whole matter of the edifice as one belonging to "the Woods and Forests," just as building a new seventy-four does to the Admiralty; and it does not see why it should trouble itself about the painting of the one, any more than about the decoration of the state-cabin of the other. It is somebody's place to look after each, and John Bull's yearly to grumble at the estimates for both. Each may be a failure in the end—the one may lag miles behind its experimental squadron, and have to be cut down; the other may be pronounced by foreigners and good judges an abortive effort in regard to art. However, they have been duly paid for, and there is an end of the matter. We trust, however, that the apathy which has been shown till now on the subject of the national palace, as the great field and monument of national art, will not continue. We sincerely hope that men of intelligence and of public standing will take the matter up, and that artists in particular will give their views openly and boldly. For we are sure that the Royal Commission is formed of men too high-minded to be unfavourably biassed in their award of the commissions still at their disposal, by any candid and open remonstrances or appeals. Their reputation individually, as well as the glory of national art, is at stake: and mistakes, in great works like these, are irreparable. Such an opportunity as the present will not return. If it does, it must, and only can, be by some grand Catholic undertaking.

PART V.

SUPERFICIAL TRAVELLING.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for Feb.* 1843.

SUPERFICIAL TRAVELLING.

Art. VIII. — 1. *American Notes for General Circulation.* 2 vols. 8vo. By Charles Dickens. 1842.
2. *A Visit to Italy.* 2 vols. 8vo. By Mrs. Trollope. 1842.

If we wish to describe two countries standing in strong contrast one with the other, we think they might not unfairly be described something in this manner: the first should bear an impression of antiquity in all its parts; the other of novelty. There, old cities, and the ruins of their predecessors, memorials of people beyond people, back into days of fable; here, all of yesterday, log-houses smoking through the exhalations of a newly-cleared morass, and towns composed of "white wooden houses, sprinkled and dropped about, without seeming to have any root in the ground,"[a] the mushroom growth of a *monumentless* people. In one the arts of refined life should have their home, painting and sculpture, and poetry of every class, a history and a literature perfectly national; in the other the utilities should be supposed to domineer over the graces, and the practical over the imaginative. This one should have its governments right royally established, the monarchical principle consecrated in every way, by venerable descents and by sacerdotal election, illustrated by every variety of name and title, from the imperial diadem to the ducal coronet; and the other should be the very type of

[a] Dickens, vol. i. p. 61.

democracy and ideal liberty—from the fireside at home, to the national government, which should be a great compound republic, containing other republics, and they again subdivisible, according to the laws of matter, into homogeneous particles *ad infinitum*. In fine, not to carry our contrasts on for ever, we should see in one country a religious principle, and one, too, both stringent, practical, and universal, which pervades institutions, customs, feelings, the inside and outside of things, the higher and the lower, the general and the particular; while the other should be perfectly untrammelled by any such bond, and neither law nor usage require the stamp of such a principle to give worth to any act; nor the constitution of the country much distinguish between Turk and Christian, infidel and believer.

Now if we wish to propose such a contrast, it would not be at all necessary to draw upon the imagination for it. We have it in truth, in actual existence; and the two works which we have joined together at the head of our article, do really affect to to describe them. Italy and America present every one of the points of comparison enumerated in the preceding paragraph. And for this very reason it is, that they are the favourite fields of writing tourists, gentlemen and ladies, who perambulate the land, pencil in hand, to the consternation of the inhabitants, and the plague of all quiet people. America is fertile from its very novelty; Italy from its long cultivation. In the former, the traveller, who boldly strikes into its interior, has a good chance of alighting on a new *city* just starting from the mud, with some magnisonant name from Egypt or Greece, which the last publishing traveller (two years before) never heard of; or he may even get within the frontiers of a new

state, only staked out a few months before, but already an infant Hercules, speaking big words, and ready to go to war with all the world, and over head and ears in debt—without, perhaps, much intention of paying it. In Italy, on the contrary, though there is much that would be new to the touring world, if it chose to look for it, no one thinks of going out of the rich beaten path, where all think they can pick up something new, where the herbage is abundant from ages of tillage, and the soil seems inexhaustible, from the very abundance which it yields. Along this beaten path all hurry, one after the other; till at last—neither the words nor application are our own—"the land will not bear a blade of decent grass, or even a thistle, for any stray donkey that may be passing! It must be a bold donkey," continues our lady tourist, after quoting the above from Capt. Hall, "you will say, who, after this, shall venture to bray about Italy? .... But ...." (Vol. i. p. 2.) In truth, the danger is, that such roadsters, with abundance of untouched food around them, will persevere in tossing over and over the provender which hundreds have been busy at before them, or will try to crop and nibble exactly where all has been clean shaved to the root. Almost every page of Mrs. Trollope's work would give us an illustration of this remark.

But why, it may be asked, bring these two writers together under one classification, when the scene of their adventures are so far asunder, and of such different characters? Because, in truth, they both belong to one very common class of travellers; of travellers who skim over the surface of the land, who see it out of carriage windows, and visit its sights by the guide-book, who penetrate no further than the very shell and outside of things, get no deeper than the paint

upon the buildings, or the coat upon their inhabitants; who give us, indeed, often their own notions of things, but not the things themselves; tell us what *they* thought and felt, but can have no serious intention that we should think or feel as they did.

Thus, Mr. Dickens has produced a book, which undoubtedly must be termed *amusing*. It is very pleasant reading; it is lively and clever. But we plodding people look into a book of travels in hopes of making the acquaintance of men and things in foreign lands: we are dull enough to look, among all the amusement, for some information. While he writes for us under his monosyllabic name, we are content to take him for what he professes to be, an amusing writer; a caterer to the monthly craving after a new chapter and two engravings; and when the lunar divisions have run up into a yearly cycle, as the author of a lively and interesting romance. But when he comes forward by his own proper title, and sits deliberately down to write, not a fiction, but truth, what he has himself seen and heard, we begin to look serious, and expect a specimen of his mind, rather than of his imagination. We wish to see how he has looked and listened, as well as what he has seen and heard. We may pardon a smart and witty repartee to a domino, though we know who it is, which we might resent from the same gentleman in his own frock-coat. And so we look for different manners from Dickens than we care about in "Boz." Now, we think the *tour de force* of his travels, the great effort of his genius in the work before us, has been to produce two volumes upon a civilized country, from which we can gather no notion whatever as to whether or no there be in that country any religion, science, literature, or fine arts;

any army or navy; any agriculture, commerce, or trade; any income, expenditure, or taxation; any great men or good men, any professions, or ranks, or states (save those of slave and master); any education (except for the deaf and dumb), moral instruc-struction, religious, or professional; any magistracy, municipal, or provincial government; any codes or forms of law (beyond imprisoning); any progress or decrease in states, in opinions, or in creeds; such things as riches or poverty, success or failure, and in what proportion; in fine, from which has been carefully excluded anything illustrating, or improving our acquaintance with, the geography, the natural history, the productions, the politics, the prospects of the immense and highly interesting country, which he has visited. Something, indeed, we learn; yea, all about some things. We know all about American travelling in great and rich variety, steam-boats and railways, omnibuses and stage-coaches; we know what is to be had for breakfast in each and every sort of travelling; we make acquaintance with a certain quantity of unknown and nameless individuals, generally of a low comical character; we are initiated into the whole mystery of the least sufferable of American peculiarities, the mastication of the "vile weed," and its consequent abominations. We have, moreover, some light and gay descriptions of cities, especially at the outset, which are clever and amusing. And, as a redeeming trait, we must not omit the notice of some charitable establishments at Boston, and some very painful accounts of prisons and houses of correction. The gem of Mr. Dickens's work is in his narrative of a deaf, dumb, and blind girl's instruction and education. Similar cases, we know, have occurred in other coun-

tries, as in Belgium, for instance,[b] but still we are thankful for any account of such interesting matters.

We do not think we have been unjust in thus epitomizing the contents of Mr. Dickens's work: we mean of course with reference to the amount of information which it contains. As a piece of writing we mean not to speak of it. The style is not what we like. An immense quantity of words to express a very simple thought, and a most studiously grotesque imagery, that is, the comparison of one thing with some other the most dissimilar possible, are defects which weary one when encumbering two volumes. We may be amused for once; but simplicity and naturalness can alone carry us through a long string of trifles, and make us interested in adventures of an every-day and every-hour character.

Indeed we always observe that these *outside* travellers have an irresistible impulse to make out adventures from incidents, which those who do not keep journals would never dream of. If one read their narratives (otherwise, that is, than as *travellers'* accounts), one would indeed be warranted in concluding that the public is most ungracious and most ungrateful, in its estimation of their services. To think that Mr. Dickens exposed himself to such terrible dangers as those of twice crossing the Atlantic, of being frequently blown up in high-pressure boats, of being tumbled over precipices on the Alleghany mountains, or of being swallowed up in the quagmires of a Virginian road, not from any ambitious views, nor for the sake of traffic, nor to procure a settlement in the back woods, nor yet from any thirst of knowledge, nor for any other flighty aim,

[b] [With one in the Abbé Carton's establishment at Bruges, I had afterwards full opportunity of becoming acquainted.]

but simply and expressly for the amusement of his English readers: to see how Mrs. Trollope consented to encounter terrible perils on the roads to that unknown part of the world, Vallombrosa (by the bye, she is not the *first* lady, nor the hundredth we suspect, that has got up there); how she could allow herself to be almost broiled alive among the Appenines, or fatigued to death in the desperate attempt to ascend the portico of our Lady's Church at Bologna, or almost drowned in crossing the Po in the public ferry-boat; or, still more, risk to be buried in a snow-drift on Mont Cenis, in the unheard-of enterprize of crossing it, when the couriers could do so; and all this in order to write a book for our entertainment, one cannot but feel that such heroic devotion, not for our interest or good, but for our very idlest amusement, deserves a public crown, or some other attestation of our generous sensibilities. And this feeling ought surely to be enhanced by the consideration, of how, not magnanimously only, but light-heartedly, nay, how thoughtfully of us, such perils were encountered! For if the storms which Mr. Dickens suffered on his outward passage were such as he describes, if the conflict of the elements was so terrific, the writhings and convulsions of the frail bark so like those of a mortal agony as he represents them—perhaps over the silent grave of the hapless "President," itself a catacomb below the waters—one cannot but admire, though unenvious, the thoughts which could be occupied, at such a time, in dressing out its horrors in a playful garb, and which could see, for our sakes, "who sit at home at ease," nothing but the ludicrous and the laughable, in its dismal circumstances. And so likewise one is necessarily led to admiration of the lady's taking care to be "not wholly insensible to the strange

magnificence of the scene," while she was "seriously frightened" (ii. p. 394), and noting down all the terrible adventures of the awful passage over the mountain; although, strange to say, our alarm having been greatly excited, on reading that it was the heaviest fall of snow known for years, "and that the conductor looked sadly pale," and the *cantonniers* refused to say that the road was safe, and uttered mysterious hints about avalanches, and how she heard not a sound while this "race of giants," these "friendly monsters" (the scene is in *Italy*), "set to work" with their "enormous wooden spades," and shovelled our adventurous traveller out of her difficulties, we were much relieved, and brought down to our ordinary scale of nervous tension, on finding, at the end of the narrative, that all the way soldiers were quietly marching on the road, which we had thought almost impassable for horses and sledges, aided by an escort of gentle giants! "Poor fellows!" exclaims our traveller, speaking of the soldiers: "they looked miserable enough! Yet I felt, as I watched them, that they probably felt much more at their ease than I did." (P. 395.) No doubt they did—*they* were not going to publish their travels. In fact, this sort of "romance of travel" is very much cut up by one's knowing that every year, A. and B. and C. have gone just over the same ground, or the same water, or the same snow, and yet have met nothing particular in the way of adventure, but have had a mere ordinary guide-book journey; little thinking how much might have been made of a puff of wind, or a fall of snow, or deep ruts, or—a powerful imagination, in dishing up their tour, had they been so disposed, for the public.

We know not whether Mr. Dickens will follow Mrs. Trollope from America to Italy: they have

served their travelling apprenticeship in the same country, but we hope the ill success of the one, in her further prosecution of the business, will deter the other from continuing it.[c] Before, however, taking leave of Mr. Dickens, with what probably is the extent of acknowledgment which he expects from his readers, that we have been, if not instructed, at least amused by his book, we must express feelings of the most decidedly opposite character, regarding one passage of his work, which is a dark foul blot upon it, an odious contradiction to the general humane and good-natured tone of this, as of his other writings. The passage to which we allude is the following:—

"Looming in the distance, as we rode along, was another of the ancient Indian burial-places, called the Monk's Mound; in memory of a body of fanatics, of the order of La Trappe, who founded a desolate convent there, many years ago, when there were no settlers within a thousand miles, and were all swept off by the pernicious climate: in which lamentable fatality few rational people will suppose, perhaps, that society experienced any very severe deprivation."—Vol. ii. p. 139.

And again:—

"In due time we mustered once again before the merchant-tailor's, and, having done so, crossed over to the city in the ferry-boat: passing, on the way, a spot called Bloody Island, the duelling-ground of St. Louis, and so designated in honour of the last fatal combat fought there, which was with pistols, breast to breast. Both combatants fell dead upon the ground; and, possibly, some rational people may think of them, as of the gloomy madmen on Monk's Mound, that they were no great loss to the community."—P. 140.

So that, in Mr. Dickens's estimation, there is little difference between the ruffian, who murdering is murdered, and the inoffensive recluse who is willing to act as the pioneer of civilization, and devotedly throws himself forward as the forlorn hope of an advancing

[c] [The reader well knows that he did, and with the ill-success here prognosticated.]

colony. Whatever Mr. Dickens's notions may be about "lazy monks," &c., he knows, or ought to know, that the Cistercian, or Trappist order, is essentially an agricultural one; it consists, in fact, of a monastic peasantry, who differ from the ordinary cultivators of the soil, not by less diligence or intelligence, but by their expecting no profit; by their selecting always those very spots from which money-seeking enterprise would turn away in disdain; by their ever feeding the poor around them, and receiving hospitably every stranger; and, in fine, by their sanctifying the labour of their hands by prayer and sacred psalmody.[d] For the "merchant-tailor," who sets up his watch-box on the edge of a noisome morass, Mr. Dickens has not a word of reprobation; for the settlers who go, axe in hand, into the backwoods, and clear them, in order to make a fortune, he has no hard words; but for the representatives of those who, by patient toil, made Crowland from a fen become a garden; who are now, with thankless labour, driving the plough into the granite ribs of the Charnwood Forest, he has no better name than "fanatics," no more sympathy or regrets, than for the double murderer! In humanity's name, let Mr. Dickens never again write anything but fiction. In *that*, at least, he shows he has better feelings.

But now let us return over the Atlantic, and follow Mrs. Trollope over the beauties of Italy. We never read a work which, professing to be gossip, seemed to us to be more an effort than hers. She has, as we before remarked, chosen the beaten track; and yet

[d] The French government is at this moment sending out a community of Trappists into Algeria, as the best way of establishing an agricultural colony. The Sardinian government has taken a similar step in the island of Sardinia.

she always wants to say something new on it. The moment she gets before a statue or a picture, a hundred times described, her mind seems thrown into a working fermentation, out of which issues a world of frothy crudities, generally composed either of exaggerated amazements, or of unexpected disappointments. She owns herself ignorant, very ignorant; her senses are quite bewildered; she trembles, or shudders, or weeps, before the production of art; and words heaped together in every ejaculatory variety of phrase, are all that we, at a distance, can get for our sympathy.

Now, were Mrs. Trollope's peculiar mode of seeing and describing confined to such objects as the Medicean goddess (which, in a manner that to us sounds profane, she compares with a representation of the purest and holiest of Eve's daughters—vol. i. p. 160), we should never have thought it worth while speaking so severely. But when we find her carrying her light and supercilious observations into more sacred ground, and talking of the religion which forms our happiness, at once with ignorance and with flippancy, we must not allow ourselves the pleasure of being lenient, but must speak out plain.

Thus she writes of the sacred temples of the living God:—"*The pleasantest morning lounges now are the churches;* for there, comparatively speaking, the air is cool; and it is possible, when you can stand no longer, to sit down, which *is not the case at the Medicean gallery.*" (Ibid. p. 204.) Again: describing a pic-nic party to the convent of St. Gallicano, she tells us of one young lady who retreated into the church for shade "with such an air of lovely, languid gentleness, that, could the remote shrine have ever possessed *such an image*, a vast deal of pilgrim idolatry must have been the consequence" (what follows is too gross

for our pages); when "two of the cavaliers entering the church after her, the one bearing in his hand a bottle of wine, the other furnished with a crystal cup, sparkling half-way to the brim with the precious treasure of the rocky spring; but ere the tempting draught was mingled and tasted, murmurs anent '*desecration of the church*' made themselves heard from the lips of some stray brother of the much-reduced society, who had seen the somewhat unusual entry of the gentlemen: but an immediate retreat perfectly satisfied the good monk." (P. 325.) Such is her idea, and such her feelings, about a bacchanalian party trying to make a *cabaret* of the place in which those whose property they sacrilegiously invaded, believed that the Holy of holies and the Lord of lords corporally resides! This is the way in which the most sacred feelings of those meek men are outraged and trampled on. Now, if the two gentlemen had been put into the stocks, or the whole party driven down the hill again by a few sturdy peasants, they would not have got more than they deserved. And yet Mrs. Trollope is severe, and we thank her sincerely for *that* part of her work, upon our countrymen who so shamefully misbehave in the Roman churches. Is such behaviour wonderful, when its very censurer seems to think so little of the house of God?

In the same tone does she ever speak of our holiest functions. First, she evidently knows nothing about them: she acknowledges herself unable to appreciate the splendid music of Palestrina. (P. 270.) The matter which seems to have most engaged her attention, in the majestic services of the Papal chapel, was the homage of the cardinals. Twice she speaks feelingly on the subject. Thus, of the Sixtine chapel she says: "I cannot say that I was greatly edified by the pecu-

liar ceremonies of this papal worship (I speak as a heretic), but I could not admire or approve the disproportion which seemed to exist between the time bestowed on prayer, and that devoted to the homage offered by each cardinal to the pope." (P. 270.) And of the high mass on Christmas day, she makes a similar remark: "The religious part of the ceremony," she writes, "bears no proportion to it" (the homage). (P. 365.) What on earth she means we are at a loss to comprehend. If the pontifical mass at St. Peter's lasts two hours, the homage does not occupy above ten minutes, during which the solemn function is *not* interrupted. But manifestly she does not know what the mass is, nor what prayers are recited in it, nor what is the meaning of its ceremonial.

But, besides not knowing anything on the subject whereon she writes, Mrs. Trollope is too manifestly unable to appreciate any religious function. It is not in her way. She can understand a drive in the Cascina at Florence, or eating "ices and strawberries," quite a standing dish with her, or going to a concert or a theatre; but for the truly picturesque, venerable, moving, and holy offices of the Church, she has certainly no sort of feeling. Mass is to her a musical performance; and her judgments pronounced on it are whether it was long or short, and the music good or bad—that is, according to *her* taste.

As to the Papal government and the practical morality of the Catholic Church, all she knows is, that she utterly condemns them. No one can doubt that she was perfectly capable of judging on such subjects, and that she took great pains to collect information on them, when we see how well she understood what was passing about her, and what everybody knows. Thus, she found out that "the

reverend court of cardinals" is "called the *Propaganda*" (p. 274), and that cardinals are not paid up their salaries on account of "the poverty of the *Propaganda* coffers." (P. 367.) And as to cardinals, she makes them at pleasure; for she transforms, by the stroke of her pen, the good Trappist monk, father Géramb, into one (p. 368), and tells us most satisfactorily, that among several new cardinals about to be made was "an English gentleman of the name of Weld" (p. 366); that said "gentleman" having already been cardinal, and having departed several years before, to receive, we trust, the full reward of a most virtuous life. And so, with equal felicity, she elevates the learned principal of the English college to the episcopal rank.[c] (P. 300.) But further, Mrs. Trollope has given us the new and important information that "many Roman families have hereditary rank of bishop in the Church." (P. 366.)

Now, while a person can blunder in matters so palpable and easy to ascertain, it is *not* wonderful that she should slashingly cut to pieces that of which she *could* know nothing. She talks of the ignorance of the people with whom she manifestly never conversed, and of the workings of a system, religious and political, which she certainly never investigated. On her way from Rome to Naples, she, shut up in a carriage, and hurrying on from stage to stage, could see "ignorance and superstition as prominent features that meet the observation of the traveller." (P. 203.) Really! how does this ignorance so clearly show itself? Is it in the faces of the people, or on their sign-boards, that "they who run may read it?" "Of schools,"

[c] [To which he was later raised, as Vicar Apostolic of the Western District.]

she goes on, "I could hear nothing." Does Mrs. Trollope think that schools are to be kept in inn-yards for the especial accommodation of lady travellers? Or did she look out for "National School" on the front of some house, and was disappointed in her search? Now we can tell Mrs. Trollope that she did not pass through a single village (she is speaking of the Papal states beyond Rome) in which there are not a boys' and girls' school, aye, and gratuitous ones too. But on this subject of education she gives us the portentous intelligence, that the pope has abolished at Bologna, and in all his dominions, all "professorships of logic, metaphysics, *morals* (*!*), algebra, and geometry." (P. 28.) And then, after some mysterious points, she adds, "It was from Bologna that professor O—— was banished." One would really imagine that this demigod (for some such thing he appears in the first volume) had been *banished* for teaching some of these dark sciences, perhaps *morals!* But Signor O—— was *not* banished, but most patriotically ran away from Bologna, after having excited his scholars to sedition and rebellion, raised a revolution which brought down misery on his country, formed, we believe, part of its provisional government, and when the hour of peril arrived, acted on the philosophical principle, that the better part of valour is discretion, and disappeared. One thing this worthy junta took care not to leave behind them—the public chest. Such are Mrs. Trollope's favourites in Italy; for while she is a thorough enemy to revolutionary and *sans culotte* movements and parties in England, she worships them in Italy.

Her theories on religious matters are extremely profound. Thus the "idleness" of the Italians is owing to the "eternal recurrence of Popish fêtes and festivals"

(p. 203), on which subject we would recommend her to consult Lord John Manners; and the splendid churches of Venice are not to be wondered at, because "it is natural to expect, that in a Roman Catholic country, where numerous incentives to the love of pleasure are led on by the possession of abounding gold, churches should be built, enriched, and beautified, to atone for the irregularities so produced." (P. 121.) In which theory, we presume that it is the "atonement" that one must consider peculiarly Catholic, not the "love of pleasure" or "the gold," otherwise London or America ought to have the best churches.

But truly never did writer or traveller stuff his or her pages with strange mistakes more fully than our learned lady. Scarcely an Italian word or name is spelled right, scarcely a phrase given (save in quotations) is correct; yet she tells us long and brilliant conversations which she must have held in Italian. She wonders why the *campagna* is not made to produce corn (p. 193); and it so happens that it does, not only to fill the granaries of Rome, but to export it to other countries. She looks for the Clitumnus at Spoleto (not *Spolito*), and marvellous to say, she finds it without a drop of water (p. 171), for the very good reason that the Clitumnus never was, nor will be, at Spoleto. It was full of water when Mrs. T. drove for at least two miles along its banks, and she might have seen it gush out in full stream from under the road, able in its cradle to turn a mill near the village of Le Vene. In her ecclesiastical history she is "sadly to seek." She tells us she was "grilled like St. Anthony" (vol. i. p. 45), scarcely more accurately than elegantly: she has never heard of our Lady's "presentation in the temple," and therefore transforms Titian's splendid

painting of the subject at Venice into our Saviour's presentation "at the age of eleven or twelve" (!) and corrects Mrs. Starke's right explanation of it. (P. 103.) And when she visits the venerable basilica of St. Ambrose, at Milan, she is shown, she tells us, a relic of "the brother of St. Satyrus. Why the bedstead," she adds, "of a saint's brother should be held in such veneration, we were not informed." (P. 384.) Truly not: because you were told no such thing as you tell us. The better informed reader will smile as he sees through the mistake, arising, no doubt, from imperfectly understanding the guide. St. Satyrus was the brother of St. Ambrose, and St. Marcellina, about whom Mrs. T. is equally in the dark, was the sister of both. Among the curiosities of this church, she stumbled upon a very extraordinary one—a coffin! And whose does the reader think it was? for it was "in a dark and obscure little chapel." Why the guide, looking at Mrs. Trollope, "said with a sort of jeering smile, 'it is *only* the body of Monsignore the bishop, who died yesterday, and will be buried to-morrow.'" (p. 385.) See how cheap these good Papists of Milan hold their bishop! However, as his eminence Cardinal Gaysruck still occupies, as he did long before Mrs. Trollope's visit to Italy, the archiepiscopal throne of that city, we will not puzzle ourselves or our readers with inquiring, either how he got into that coffin the day before, or how he got out again the day after, Mrs. Trollope's visit to the church. We will rather lay this to the score of some little misunderstanding.

With such abundant data in her mind for rightly judging of the Catholic religion, we must be greatly beholden to our lady authoress for so kind a judgment as the following:—

"I was left to decide for myself, whether it is not possible for a

person of perfectly enlightened views in politics to be still a faithful Roman Catholic. I have heard many people, and of more nations than one, deny the possibility of this; and declare that freedom of mind, on any subject, was perfectly incompatible with Popish restraint; but I doubt the truth of this doctrine. I see no reason why a Roman Catholic, because he conscientiously believes the creed that has been taught him, should therefore be incapable of forming a rational opinion upon the wisest manner of regulating the affairs of men."—Vol. ii. p. 302.

Truly this is consoling—nay more, it is flattering; and the spirits of such men as Ximenes, Consalvi, Bossuet, Stolberg, Fenelon, and Schlegel, may well be soothed by the doubt, which Mrs. Trollope entertains, whether they *were* really incapable of forming rational judgments.

But we must draw to a close; for we are tired with plucking and arranging flowers, where the whole ground is so rich. Mrs. Trollope herself solves a problem which seems much to puzzle her—the difficulty of getting hold of Italians. Wherever she goes, she meets plenty of English, French, and Germans—but no Italians. (Vol. i. p. 154.) She finds them at Venice quite exclusive. She hopes for them at Rome, but somehow or other they do not come. Yet she courts them, she wants them; and, moreover, she is surrounded by them, she is in the midst of them, night after night, at "Donay's" coffee-house, and at the Cascina; but in vain. Is it wonderful? Mrs. Trollope did not know, perhaps, that they have had enough of note-takers and book-makers among them, from our country, to stand in dread of any more. They *have* admitted English ladies into their society, who have violated the holy laws of hospitality and have held up to contempt the good-natured people who have been civil to them. Whether Mrs. Trollope's American reputation may have helped her in this

matter or no, we cannot pretend to say—we should doubt whether her name is much known in Italy. But burnt children dread the fire; or, as the Italian proverb better expresses it for our purposes, "The scalded man dreads even cold water." English people have been excluded from true Italian society, on account of the liberties which some of them have taken with its reputation. Mrs. Trollope's work shows that in her case they were right. She has contrived to malign their religion and their country with the help of the scanty and blundering materials which she has collected; what would she have done if she could have got at more?

ITALIAN GUIDES AND TOURISTS.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for Jan.* 1839.

ITALIAN GUIDES AND TOURISTS.

Art. I.—1. *Brockedon's Road-Book from London to Naples, illustrated with Engravings by W. and E. Finden.* London, 1835.

2. *Travels in Europe, for the use of Travellers on the Continent; to which is added, an Account of the Remains of Ancient Italy, and also of the Roads leading to those Remains.* By Mariana Starke. Ninth edition. Paris, 1836.

3. *Nuovissima Guida dei Viaggiatori in Italia.* 3a ediz. Milano, 1834.

When a family goes to the trouble of letting or shutting up its house, packing up its furniture, dismissing its supernumerary servants, and crossing the seas for a tour in Italy, it may be supposed that some specific object is had in view, likely to compensate for so much trouble. An Englishman clings to his home till some very strong conviction of propriety, or some very violent impulse of caprice, drives him from it. If it be that the health of some dear member of his family require removal to a more genial climate, our warmest sympathies accompany the travellers, and we, of course, consider them guarded by a sacred fence from all intrusion, whether of impertinent advice, or of critical comment. Their way is sorrowful, the physician is their guide, "*Clarke on Climate*" their road-book; and a balmy air or a cooling breeze is more valuable to them, than the marvels of art or the memory of past achievements. When a chosen spot is the sole aim of the journey; if economy of domestic arrangements, or of good education, have led to the choice of

some provincial city in France or Italy for a place of temporary residence, we easily forgive the prudence which selects the shortest and least expensive road, and looks neither to the right nor to the left, as it hurries on towards such a final destination. And in like manner we speak of many who, with higher aims, have fixed their desires on particular spots; of the ecclesiastic whom devotion, or business of high and sacred importance, sends to the city of Peter; of the youthful scholar who hastens to seclude himself in the walls of some college or monastery; or even of such as, having a limited time of rest from professional duties, prefer devoting it to some more interesting place. To all these we have nothing to say. Their purpose is definite, and they attain it. They have no time for loitering on the way; they have no relish for what can retard or distract them. But with the swarms that yearly cross the Channel, and visit Italy, for the purpose, as they say, *of seeing it*, we have no patience. We can scarcely keep terms with them. What do they mean by this expression? To see its landscapes from their carriage-windows? its cities from the dining-room of hotels? its society in its ball-rooms? its morality in its servants' halls? its fine arts in shop windows? Truly this is no uncommon way of seeing Italy. Or do they mean by Italy two or three of its large cities, — Florence, Rome, and Naples, where months are spent in the same company, in the same amusements, or rather in the same frivolities, as occupy the London season; while the intermediate spaces of rich historic provinces are left unheeded and unstudied? Truly this is the commonest way of seeing Italy.

The great tour of this peninsula, in fact, consists in being shot, so to speak, with the greatest possible rapidity, from one capital to another, with every wish

that the interval between them could be annihilated; and its art is to know and hit the proper moment when each place is in the full bloom of bustle, fashion, and amusement. In the meantime, cities rich with the treasures of art, or abounding with resources of other intellectual gratification, are passed through with no farther notice than the operation of changing horses gives time for; and others, but a few miles out of the beaten track, however remarkable for objects of past or present celebrity, receive no nearer inspection than a pocket-glass can procure of their outward appearance. The only opportunities to be gained of truly knowing the inhabitants of this fine country are thus utterly neglected; for the great cities of all Europe have become almost perfectly assimilated in taste, in manners, and, what is worse, in moral character.

To this method of running through the country, as from the face of an enemy, to the refuge of large cities, we own that our travellers are led by the books which generally guide them through their tour. But before proceeding to any remarks upon this, our proper subject, our readers may very pertinently ask what right we have to constitute ourselves judges in this matter, or to distinguish our own travels from the general class? It is true, then, that we have published no tour of Italy, for which, it would seem, six months' residence there is a sufficient qualification. But what is worse, we have never kept journals of our various wanderings, made at many different times, not merely up and down, but athwart, and diagonally, and circuitously, about the classical peninsula. We keep few or no notes of what we see; first, because we think it one of the follies of travelling to put into manuscript what is already in print; and then because we never yet took pleasure, nor found others take it, in perusing

the written journals of travellers. Such objects as have escaped common observation we may briefly note down; but our storehouse is chiefly within our memories, — for we perambulate principally for our own sakes. Moreover, we make no sketches; we have no album. In our journeyings our fortune is diverse; sometimes we have rolled post-haste in the luxurious English carriage, at others we have jolted for days in a lumbering *vettura;* we have tried, as best suited us, the diligence or the *char-à-bancs;* we have crossed untried paths on stumbling horses or on stubborn mules, and we have not despised the ministrations of a still humbler beast of burden. And when all these resources have failed, we have e'en trusted our fate to such remains of corporal activity as a certain increase of age and weight has left us; for we are becoming elderly. We have seldom been much at a loss about effecting a lodgement. As we have been long upon the road, we know our stations pretty well; and while we accept the cordial reception it is our good fortune to receive from many estimable and distinguished individuals, we can make up our minds to the miseries of a country inn, where the inmates are cheerful, though their larder be not full of good cheer. Where such resources fail us, religious hospitality will not; and we never knew the convent-gate refuse to open on a stranger, nor leave him, on shutting again, on the outside. Furthermore, we have, in the course of our Italian perambulations, tolerably mastered that great key to the hearts of every foreign race, their language. Whereby we mean not the formularies of published dialogues, or the stately diction of books; but that unwritten speech wherein the familiar intercourse of life is carried on, and which varies, by shades almost imperceptible to any but practised ears, from province

to province. Now, without pretending or desiring to catch these peculiarities, we can sufficiently understand them, and chime in with them, to put ourselves at ease with the peasants of any district. *Bolognese*, however, is yet too much for us.

To these qualifications for a tourist, we may add another still more essential. We like the people among whom we travel. We never think of banditti or stilettoes on our way: we trust ourselves fearlessly into their rudest mountain villages. We take with us no patent *travelling chamber-locks* (Starke, p. 503) for our bed-room doors at inns; for, even if they have a lock on, we generally leave it unfastened (we like being awakened betimes). Neither do we often drive bargains about our meals and other accommodations beforehand. (P. 504.) We know the usual prices of things, and are seldom asked more; if we are, we do not give it. We do not set forth on our travels with the idea that all Italians are cheats, or unfaithful, or superstitious. On the contrary, much as we admire the fine country over which we travel, we value more the people who inhabit it, the gentle courtesy of its provincial nobility, and the natural and respectful civility of the poorest country people. We value the facility with which an introduction, prepared or accidental, begets acquaintance, and the ease with which acquaintance ripens into generous and lasting friendship. We have a delight in finding, in almost every small town we visit, some man of letters, or some recorder of his country's fame, whose reputation pervades the peninsula, while he pursues his labours under the sequestered shelter of his old family mansion, which is sure to be decorated with some productions of the pencil worth viewing, frequently an episode of the general history of art, unfolded in the galleries

of the great capitals; for it will contain the series of local painters too little known. We feel an equal pleasure in the society of the intelligent and zealous ecclesiastics whom almost every town contains. Of these the bishop is often the first, at whose hospitable board will be heard conversation on the leading religious topics of the day, not unworthy of a conference held in a university. In a word, the more we travel over the country, the more we discover those finer and more recondite traits of character, which the amalgamations and assimilating processes of society, in large places, have pretty nearly worn away. Yet must we not forget, amidst the pleasures, often unlooked for, of such travelling, the discovery in almost every provincial town of a small domestic colony of wanderers from our own, or some other northern countries, who, by some chance or other, have there found "a peaceful hermitage," and have easily won the esteem and affection of the natives. To these the sound of their dear native tongue is a delicious treat, and no one who speaks it bears the name of stranger. The little comforts and elegancies of a British home spread through the baronial halls of Italian palaces; the successful attempt to draw the reminiscences of an English fire-side round the huge marble gate-way, rather than chimney, which yawns in their walls, and the mystic vessels (as they seem to natives) for the rites of the tea-table, spread upon old-fashioned slabs of massive marble, — these, and many other little nationalities incongruously preserved, bespeak the fond attachment, which an English family never can renounce, to the pleasures of its first home.

But we are garrulous. For, after all that we have written, we must make some humbling confessions. We have no pretensions to be great travellers; that

is, we are far from being able to boast, as many do, that we have seen *every bit* of Italy. In fact, we are not gluttons in this way: we like tasting and relishing what we partake of, and this requires leisure. We do not devour the land. We have yet reserved some delicious bits for future exploration; there are some nice unfrequented nooks, which will one day afford us a delightful repast. Moreover, in spite of our best purposes, we often find ourselves going over the same ground again. We have old favourites, that is, buildings, paintings, and holy shrines, which tempt us importunately out of our way. They are with us like our old friends among the poets. Often, when we take up a collection of them, fortified in our resolution to go through Drayton or Phineas Fletcher, we catch ourselves, almost unawares, gliding, for the hundredth time, through the pleasant pages of old Geoffrey Chaucer, or the charming stanzas of Edmund Spenser. And so it is that the desire of seeing once more some choice fresco or venerable sanctuary, which art hath helped religion to consecrate, doth decoy us out of our intended path, and make us revisit scenes yet fresh in memory. Then our friends about the country seem to think they have a right to a call from us every time we put ourselves in motion, no matter what our direction or purpose; and thus the orbit we had designed alters its figure under the influence of such perturbations. Our friends know our weakness in this matter.

We have almost forgot the books before us, in recalling thus to mind the feast of soul which a tour in Italy ever affords us. We have placed them there more in warning than for commendation, at least the English ones. For the Italian guide, notwithstanding occasional inaccuracies, is far the best; and having

been also published, we believe, in French, will be found the most useful. But English guide-books, so far as we know them, are not only most unsatisfactory, but likely to mislead upon a thousand points.

When a traveller starts on his journey, he is, generally speaking, ignorant of the character and excellencies of the objects which will principally have to engage his attention. In nine cases out of ten, he travels for the purpose of learning, rather than of applying knowledge already acquired. To him the language of art, for instance, is a mere jargon, its history about as familiar as that of Egypt. He has heard of the great men in both; of Raffaele and Sesostris, of Caracci and Amenophis; but he knows very little of the true value of the one or of the achievements of the other; and as for the older history of art, it is like mythology to most. The technicalities of antiquarianism equally baffle his comprehension; and either he mistakes their meaning totally, or he misapprehends their objects, by making them agree with what in modern times bears a corresponding name. To see Italy, without some knowledge of these, and their subsidiary studies, is mere loss of time. But previous application to them is quite insufficient. They must at all times be present to the mind of the traveller, and they are as necessary to him as "the universal dispensary," or "diluted vitriolic acid" (Starke, p. 503); and it is as important to the traveller to know where he may procure information concerning them, as to learn where the best fish sauces and wax candles may be purchased. (P. 573.) In our judgment, a guide-book to Italy should contain a condensation of what is necessary on such subjects. A clear view of the rise and progress of art might be presented in a few tables under the separate

heads of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The last of the three would, of course, require the greatest development. Opposite to each artist of celebrity, the city should be mentioned in which his principal works are to be found, and in another column the precise nature of the subject of the most celebrated of these. The genealogy of art, showing the affiliations of the various schools, and their consequent relations, could be in like manner tabularly arranged. A further improvement, we have sometimes thought, would be the addition of a pictorial map of Italy, divided, not according to political, but according to artistic provinces, whereby the extent of influence exercised by each school would be pointed out to the eye. We are aware of the difficulties of such a performance, but we do not think them insuperable.

With such a systematic guide, a traveller would be able to commence his studies upon art from the moment he entered Italy. In general, it is not till he gets to Florence or Rome, and perhaps reads Lanzi or Vasari, that he begins to understand, that there are schools, and a history, in painting. And if he have taste enough to appreciate the study of them, he has the mortification of ascertaining, that he only changed horses where the masterpiece of one school is found, or slept in another where the first efforts of a master-genius struggled into public notice. The fact is, that the true value of many interesting works cannot be appreciated, in the ordinary system of visiting them, until others have been seen; whereas an historical classification of works of art, such as we propose, would at once prepare the traveller of taste for valuing them, at least in some measure, from the first. Examples will best illustrate our meaning.

When the traveller reaches Rome, he has around

him the superbest remains of ancient and modern architecture, sacred and profane, the ruins, or even the entire edifices of the Pagan, and the churches and palaces of the Christian, city. A manifest connection or relationship he sees between the two classes of monuments, traceable to some extent through the basilicas and other buildings. But if he wish to study the history of this science upon its very best field, and take up a work upon the subject, he finds that he has passed upon the road many, nay most, of the connecting links. Omitting early specimens, it is highly probable that the churches of San Lorenzo and Sto. Spirito at Florence, the foundation-stones of modern Italian ecclesiastical architecture, will have been only hastily viewed, at least architecturally. For, as the ordinary guide-book says no more of them than "the Chiesa di San Spirito, built by Brunellesco, is, in point of architecture, the finest in Florence," and "the Chiesa di S. Lorenzo was rebuilt in 1425 by Brunellesco" (Starke, pp. 71 and 72), and then proceeds to notice their paintings and sculptures, it would never occur to one who had not studied the ancient basilicas of Rome, on the one hand, and the modern churches, on the other, as well as such pointed edifices as Siena, Orvieto, &c., that these two buildings brought back Italian architecture from a disposition to imitate transalpine models, and restored the Diocletian epoch, with such modifications as suited modern times, or were, at least, adopted by later architects. If Mantua had been visited, there could not have been found a single line to direct the traveller to the masterpieces of Leon B. Alberti, the churches of St. Andrew and St. Sebastian, except the mention of frescoes by Giulio Romano, in the former. And the only place, if we mistake not, where this distinguished restorer of ancient architecture

is mentioned, would lead the reader into complete error. It is as follows: "The church of S. Francesco, at Rimini, erected during the fifteenth century, according to the designs of Alberti, is a splendid edifice." (P. 263.) Now, when the traveller enters this truly curious church (supposing this brief notice sufficient to make him descend from his carriage for the purpose), he finds a pointed edifice, all the chapels and windows having Gothic arches, though strangely blended with ornaments and sculptures after the classical models. The intelligent traveller would put Alberti in the list of Gothic architects; but, in fact, the church was *not* erected according to his designs,—he was called in after the *ogival* portion of the edifice had been finished, and his share in the *erection* was to conceal it as much as possible. Now, this interesting work in the history of art is to be found *outside* the church, in the unfinished front, and still more on the side, which, perhaps, no traveller, who had not previously studied the history of art, would ever think of going round to see. There, by a series of arches of Roman grandeur, yet of the simplest design, he has masked the rude wall of the older church, from which, however, it is detached, concealing the irregularity of its windows, without impairing their light. The works of this master form another important step in the revival of the classical orders.

Nor, if a guide-book to the arts of Italy were judiciously drawn up, would the instruction to be gathered from the inspection of these monuments, previously to having visited Rome, be important only from the greater care with which they would be noticed and remembered, for future collation; for it would be easy, under the guidance of such a work, to arrange the tour in such a manner as to view them in their proper

turn. For instance, the part of ecclesiastical architecture which is seldom known or understood by a foreigner till he has been in Rome, is that which refers to the basilicas, or ancient Christian temples. An accurate acquaintance with their style, the type and original of every other, is absolutely necessary for a complete knowledge of Christian art, and the earlier it can be learnt by the traveller the better. Now, Ravenna presents more perfect specimens of it than Rome itself. For, the church of St. Appollinaris *in Classe*, situated at a short distance from the city, is a purer model than St. Paul's without the walls, or almost any other church, in the Eternal City. It has suffered little or nothing from modern additions and appendages, and the sarcophagi of bishops, that surround it, take us back to the flourishing periods of that noble and saintly see. Several excellent roads, not marked in the latest travelling maps, yet equal to any that are, facilitate communication with this venerable city, too much neglected by travellers. One leads from Ravenna to Faenza, another to Forli; and a splendid new road, just opened between the latter city and Florence, makes it an easy day's journey, with the same horses, from the Tuscan capital to the city of the Exarchs. Hence a traveller would not sensibly prolong his tour, though he would most sensibly increase its profit and enjoyment, if he took this on his way from Bologna to Florence, or to Rimini, should his course lead him along the shores of the Adriatic. But Ravenna is one of our favourites, and we shall, perhaps, have to return to it.

What we have thus briefly said of architecture may be still more compendiously illustrated from sculpture. The great works of Michael Angelo are generally the first that awake in the Italian tourist any strong

attention to the Christian department of this art. The most striking of these are in Rome, for those of Florence have more of a profane character. But if he desire to learn, by what steps the art reached that boldness and exaggeration of style, from which the next was necessarily towards decline, he will find it difficult to collect, in that city, the necessary elements for that purpose. He should have seen and carefully studied at Bologna the urn or tomb of St. Dominick, by which Niccolo di Pisa laid the first foundation of the revival of sculpture in 1225; the pulpit at Pisa, wrought by him in 1260; and the other works by his school at Siena and Florence, where Orcagna and others applied to it the correcter style introduced into painting by Giotto. At Perugia he ought to have diligently examined the monument of Benedict XI. in the Dominican church, justly considered, by Cicognara, one of the first works of the revival, and executed by Giovanni Pisano, the son of Niccolo. At Milan, he should have gone to visit the shrine of St. Peter Martyr, in the church of St. Eustorgius, the masterpiece of Giovanni di Balducci, scholar of Giovanni Pisano. It is more than probable, that a traveller, however desirous of making himself acquainted with art, if he have not previously studied the voluminous works of Vasari, Lanzi, D'Agincourt, and Cicognara, and made for himself a chronological digest of them before starting, will overlook in his journey every one of the monuments we have enumerated; for, with the exception of the pulpit at Pisa, not one of them is mentioned in the popular English guide-book. After this, should the lover of art desire to know the entire history of sculpture, at, and after, the time of Michael Angelo, he must return to Orvieto; in the splendid cathedral of which town, he will find the largest and most beau-

tiful collection of statuary, belonging to that period. Among the colossal statues of the apostles, which adorn the nave, there are several by Scalza, Mochi, and Giovanni Bologna, full of grandeur and expression. That of "St. Sebastian," by Scalza, rivals the productions of the Grecian chisel; the altar of the "Adoration of the Magi" has been particularly described by Vasari, as an exquisite piece of workmanship, by San Micheli and Moschino. The group of the "Pietà," or "Our Saviour taken down from the Cross," consisting of four figures larger than the life, formed out of one block, is, perhaps, the grandest piece of sacred sculpture produced since what is called the revival of art; but it exhibits the first traces of that tendency towards mannerism, into which the school of Michael Angelo so immediately degenerated. It is the masterpiece of Scalza. One other statue there will engage the admiration of the stranger, as a marvellous piece of art, but of art unfortunately declined from the purity of Christian feeling—we mean that statue by Mochi, of the Blessed Virgin in the act of being saluted by the angel, which stands by the high altar. It represents her, not as was wont, in the pictures and sculptures of the preceding age, sitting modestly with arms crossed upon the breast, but as having started from the chair which her hand grasps, with a look of majestic indignation, mingled with alarm. But could we abstract from the impropriety of such a representation of the subject, we should not hesitate to pronounce it the masterpiece of the school. The archangel, on the other side of the altar, is the prototype of all that is bad in the school of Bernini.

These are only a small portion of the interesting works of art which make this cathedral a true museum. We need only mention in addition, the sculptures on

its matchless front, by the scholars of Niccolo Pisano; the superb mosaics, on a gold ground, which surmount them; the magnificent reliquary of the sacred "Corporal of Bolsena," representing in silver the front of the church, adorned with innumerable statues, columns, and enamelled paintings, executed by Veri, in 1338;[a] the paintings of exquisite beauty by the blessed Angelico da Fiesole; others by Gentile da Fabriano; and those more celebrated ones of Luca Signorelli, on which Michael Angelo formed his conception of his terrible "Last Judgment." Yet how few even think of visiting this city, remarkable, moreover, for its celebrated Well of St. Patrick, so called from the apostle of Ireland, down which a loaded mule may descend in safety to draw water, at the depth of 275 Roman palms, and for an unrivalled collection of drawings and cartoons in the Palazzo Gualtierio, as well as other works of art. In truth, all the invitation to turn aside to it conveyed in the text of the guide which directs most of our travellers is in these words :—"North-east of Bolsena . . . . stands Orvieto (anciently *Herbanum*), celebrated for the excellence of its wines, and containing a handsome Tuscan-gothic cathedral." (Starke, p. 120.[b]) The wine first, and then the *handsome* cathe-

[a] This splendid reliquary contains 400 pounds of silver. The miracle which it commemorates gave rise to the festival of Corpus Christi.

[b] In the appendix to the later editions, a fuller, though still insufficient, account is given of the places mentioned above, with the addition of Todi and Rieti. But a separate journey is required for following the route there pointed out; whereas, travellers may see all that we have here described, without sensibly prolonging their ordinary journey to Rome. We are at a loss to account for so much useful and interesting information being thrown into an appendix, while, moreover, what is left in the body of the work is almost at variance with it.

dral! Whoever has *seen* it, will pronounce it, in its style, unique. Not even a hint is here given concerning its paintings, sculptures, and mosaics; and what is still more unpardonable in a professed guide-book, not an intimation concerning the roads that would lead a traveller to it. We will endeavour to supply this omission. First, therefore, an excellent road from Monte Fiascone will take the travellers to it in less than three hours, with post-horses, and in less than five if in *vettura*, the distance being eighteen miles, so that he might go thither, spend several hours there, return the same day to Monte Fiascone, and even go forward to Viterbo. This would be a delightful relief to the tediousness of that road. But another, and still more interesting route, is by a new road from Perugia to Orvieto, and so forward to the Siena road, just mentioned. The journey from Florence to Rome by this road will, if anything, be shortened by thus turning off at Perugia, and the traveller will see two most interesting cities, in exchange for the flourishing, but still unadorned, ones which he would go through on the Foligno road. One of these two cities is Orvieto, of which we have spoken, the other is Città della Pieve, the birth-place of Pietro Perugino, which lies about a mile out of the straight road, but is connected with it by a branch. This city, till lately inaccessible in a carriage, well deserves a visit from every lover of art. Almost every one of its churches contains some painting by its citizen Pietro; the cathedral has two, a "Baptism of Our Saviour," and the "Altar-piece," painted for the place it now occupies. In the church of the Servites are remains of a magnificent fresco by him, which has been barbarously cut down, and a belfry built upon it: it consequently cannot be seen without lights and the assistance of a

sacristan. But there is another treasure here in the history of art, rendered so much more valuable by a discovery lately made, that, though we were treating of sculpture, not of painting, we must say a few words concerning it. As our great object is to show that Italy cannot be known without visiting the smaller cities, that its arts cannot be studied without such a plan as will enable the traveller to commence his course of application with his tour, and that the guide-books now in existence are wholly inadequate for either of these objects, we shall not go far astray from our purpose if we dwell a little longer upon this instance. In an oratory belonging to the confraternity of the *Bianchi* or *Disciplinati* is one of the finest compositions of Pietro Perugino.[c] It represents the Blessed Virgin seated in the centre, under an open shed, presenting the infant Jesus to be adored by the Wise Men of the East. The numerous groups are admirably disposed, the distant landscape full of life, yet with all the delicacy of finish characteristic of the school; and the expression of the heads all that Pietro, and none since his time, could make them. That of the Mother of God is so beautiful as to be generally ascribed to the hand of his scholar Raffaele. For many years it was supposed that the house of Pietro was opposite to this oratory, and that he painted this altar-piece while a resident in the city. In the mean time the picture had been sadly neglected, and left without any covering; some years ago it began to be better preserved, and, indeed, in the most interesting parts it has not suffered considerably. Some German

[c] On one of Pietro's finest pictures in the Vatican collection, he writes himself Petrus de Castro Plebis, that is of Castel della Pieve, since declared a city. Mr. Brockedon, writing of Perugia, calls Pietro its *native* painter.—P. 128.

artists, who visited it, suggested, as expedient for its better preservation, that the ground of the sacristy behind it, which was considerably higher than that of the chapel, should be lowered; as the damp had evidently a dangerous effect on the colouring. This advice was fortunately listened to; for the superior of the confraternity, to whom the chapel belonged, Sig. G. Bollelti, was a zealous lover of his country, and the author of its municipal history. He commenced his excavation in 1835, and was soon rewarded for his care by an interesting discovery. After removing some of the earth, the workmen found several earthen vessels, supposed to have contained the colours used by the artist, and with them a small tin case, containing two autograph letters from him concerning the work. The discovery was the more precious as only one small autograph of his was known to exist, which was published by Vermiglioli in 1820. These two we saw with pleasure, on our second visit to this town, framed and glazed in the oratory. To those who understand the original language, we flatter ourselves, we shall do a pleasure by taking this opportunity of giving them the two letters, exactly copied; and, for the sake of our other readers, we will add a perfectly literal translation. The former class will not fail to be struck with the rudeness of the diction and spelling of the two epistles, which, however, place in a favourable light the disinterestedness of Pietro. The letters in italics are effaced in the original.

Letter 1.—"Charo mio Segnore,—La penetur*a* che vonno fa nelle Oratoro de desceprenate ve vorieno a meno duecient*o* florene, Io me contenctare de *cento* come paisano et venticue seubeto. glatre i tre ane venticue lano. et si dicto cotracto sta bene. me mande la poleza et le cua drine et sera facto et lo saluto.—Io Picctro penctore mano propria. Perosci*a* venete de' Frebaio, 1504."

(Outside.) "*Allo Scineco de Descripenate de Chastello de la Pieve.*"

"My dear Sir,—The picture which they wish to have made in the Oratory of the *Disciplinati* ought to cost, at least, 200 florins. I should be satisfied with a hundred, as being a townsman; twenty-five paid down, the others in three years, twenty-five a year. And if this agreement please, send me the indenture and the money, and it shall be done; and I greet you,—I, Peter the Painter, with my own hand. Perugia, 20 Feb. 1504."

"*To the Syndic of the Disciplinati of Castello della Pieve.*"

Letter 2.—"Charo mio Segnore,—Sabito me manne la mula et col pedone che verrone a penctora et fa la poliza pe strencue,[d] florene et cosi calaro venticue florene et niente piu me salutare la chomar et lo saluto."

"Io Pietro penctore mano propria Peroscia, 1 de Marzo, 1504."

"My dear Sir,—On Saturday send me the mule with the guide, that I may come and paint, and make the agreement for seventy-five florins, and so I will come down twenty-five florins, and no more. Salute my god-mother, and I greet you,—I, Peter the Painter, with my own hand. Perugia, March 1, 1504."

The price paid for this beautiful work was, therefore, seventy-five florins of the Perugian currency, equal to little more than £30, which, making every allowance for difference of value between that time and the present, must have been a poor remuneration. Hence, it had been said that he received nothing for his work more than an omelet.[e] But it appears that two years after it was finished, which from the date on it was in 1504, the company was in his debt twenty-five florins, for which they gave him a house of that value—a precious tenement, forsooth it must have been!

All mention of this valuable painting, and of the many others existing in this city, is summed up in the brief notice, that the cathedral contains *one* painting by Perugino. (Starke, p. 604.) What we have written

[d] It is only by conjecture that the meaning of this word can be made out.

[e] Mariotti Lett. Pitt. p. 176.

about this city is in truth a digression from the immediate topic which we were illustrating, that Italy is seen to great disadvantage by the lover of the arts, in consequence of the imperfect construction of the books which direct travellers. We have confined ourselves to architecture and sculpture, because the illustrations drawn from them allow some limits;—we dare not trust ourselves to speak of painting, because the subject would be interminable.

We observed above, that besides the information concerning the arts and their history, which we think a guide-book should contain, so arranged as to enable an intelligent tourist to commence his studies upon them from the beginning of his journey, such elementary knowledge should be conveyed in it, on archæological science, as may assist him in understanding what occurs in the course of the work, respecting particular remains. Many, we doubt not, lose a great many opportunities of improvement, from not having at hand a treatise upon the subject, especially one which is practically applied to the objects that a traveller meets on his way. And in fact, few ever think of applying themselves systematically to the study, till they have found its indispensable necessity at Rome.

But here we may be asked, would it be possible to find room in guide-books, already sufficiently voluminous, for so much additional matter? We reply, very easily, by first eliminating a vast quantity of superfluous matter which they contain, by curtailing much that is exuberant, and by confining the work to its proper and individual purpose. This brings us to the second part of our strictures. It is, therefore, our decided opinion that more than one-half the matter contained in the guide-books should be expunged.

In the first place all that regards Spain, Germany, Northern Europe, and even France, is perfectly useless and out of place. For no traveller in any of those countries could be satisfied with what is written of them in Mrs. Starke's book. Secondly, all that part of the Appendix which details the prices of articles, &c., had much better be omitted; both as being often inaccurate, and still more as establishing in every great town a mischievous and unjust monopoly, in favour of such tradesmen as happen to have gained the author's favour or custom, instead of leaving the matter open to fair competition. As to the requisites for travellers, they would be almost extravagant for a party going to make a tour in Tartary and Siberia. Except for professed invalids, such *impedimenta* as are enumerated in p. 502, must be worse than useless. By all these omissions much room would be gained, but not sufficient. The great space would be obtained by almost entirely cutting out the descriptions of Florence, Rome, Naples, and other great cities. Such a proposition may appear monstrous, yet it is most reasonable. This we are convinced is the great bane of all such works, and causes our tourists to hurry on from capital to capital to the utter neglect of other places. When they arrive at any of the cities just enumerated, they must necessarily procure the special guides published at them, otherwise they will be sadly deficient in their acquaintance with them. Nay, generally speaking, the catalogues of different galleries or local guides to particular excursions, as Baiæ, Pompeii, &c., help to swell the travelling library to a considerable extent. Any attempt to condense the *mirabilia* of Rome into a hundred pages is vain, and therefore is better not made. But to a traveller who is really desirous of seeing Italy, how important it would be to him to

have in one book an accurate guide to the *small* cities on the road, such as either have no particular guide-book published, or if they have, have it in Italian only. To collect all these as you travel, is, we know by experience, a troublesome task: and the result is a great incumbrance to the carriage-pockets. Moreover, a traveller should know *before* he reaches a town what there is really to be seen, so to make his arrangements, as to whether he shall halt or go on. This in our opinion should be the essence, and form the bulk, of a road-book to Italy. To compose it, it will not be sufficient to travel from Paris to Naples, making sketches, and writing a letter-press of inaccurate, superficial, and narrow-minded notes, as Mr. Brockedon has done; nor to fix a residence at one or two favourite spots, to which an undue prominence is given, to the disparagement by comparison of others equally deserving detailed notice. This is Mrs. Starke's great failing.

As to the first, we own ourselves disgusted with the paltry prejudices which seem to seize upon him the moment he enters the boundaries of the papal states. If on his ascent of Monte Somma near Spoleto, where the industry of the poor inhabitants has carried cultivation up every slope accessible to the foot of man, till they have reached the boundary line of vegetation, the poor children with plates of fruit, and cheerful looks (for so they always have made their appearance when we have passed), ask him to purchase their little stock, rather than give them an alms, he describes himself as besieged by a swarm of beggars. Further on, speaking of the temple on the banks of the Clitumnus, he says: "It is an architectural gem, placed in a scene so tranquil and beautiful, that it might seem to be a dream of Paradise, but that the subjects of his

Holiness destroy the illusion: and the observer who has indulged in a delightful reverie [*qu. sleep?* which might account for the ill-temper of the remark] is roused by the piteous clamours of a herd of miserable wretches, more starved, filthy, diseased, and deformed, than are to be found in any other country under heaven." (P. 129.) Bravo, Mr. Brockedon! We have passed and repassed the spot we know not how many times, and never had the good or bad fortune to see what has roused you to such select and eloquent phraseology. A few boys have indeed generally amused themselves by following the carriage at that spot, but a beggar we never saw; the bigotry or the dreams of the artist have supplied the herd and its characteristics. Farther on we have the following note: — "Borghetto [a small mountain village] is a wretched place — an epithet that will apply with justice to nearly all the towns and villages in his Holiness's territory. Situated amidst the finest scenes, the heart sickens in looking upon the degraded state of man under the curse of a government which paralyses his energies." (P. 135.) Thus writes a man who has travelled up to that time, from the frontiers of Tuscany, some fifty or sixty miles on one line of road, and who yet on that line has passed through Perugia, a city abounding in all the elegancies and luxuries of life, rich in museums, galleries, and public institutions, far beyond any provincial town in England; through Foligno, the centre of very considerable trade, especially in wax and other *drogueries*, with every part of Italy; through Spoleto, the cloth-manufactories of which, already very extensive and flourishing, are about to receive the additional impulse of the steam-engine: through Terni, which in addition to its staple of oil, and every other

agricultural produce, of which the great facilities for irrigation enable the husbandman to obtain every year several successive crops, possesses several branches of manufacture. Borghetto is certainly a poor village, but many far worse will be found in any barren and mountainous district, in Piedmont, France, or the British islands: and the cities we have enumerated are more flourishing than what this prejudiced writer must have passed between Florence and the papal frontier. After these specimens of the author's taste and correctness, we shut up his book. Its plates by Finden are certainly worthy of a better text. As to this, we wonder how a respectable publisher, one particularly who has proved himself so intelligent and accurate a tourist, could put his name before so flimsy a composition.

The excellent and amiable authoress, lately deceased, on whose work we have commented more frequently, by no means deserves a similar censure. She is altogether free from narrow prejudice, and there is no doubt, that of the guide-books in our language, hers is decidedly the best. But she has had her predilections which bias her unfairly. Sorrento, for instance, was for many years her favourite summer residence, and the inhabitants would be well justified in erecting to her a monument or inscription. Still it is extolled far beyond its merits, and occupies many pages which worthier places ought to have shared. Again, Pisa occupies nine pages, while Milan is honoured with only three, a disproportion which at once convinces us that a longer residence gave leisure, and excited inclination, to study and illustrate it more minutely.

By thus proposing to all travellers one or two places of sojourn, we undoubtedly do an injustice both to many other places, and to those whom we thus mislead

into the supposition, that what is passed over in silence has nothing to recommend it.

Still more is this the case, when we confine them in an *impasse* like Sorrento, with no road but the sea, and without any resource for taste except a beautiful prospect. On the contrary, it is our humble but sincere opinion, that while the winter may be most profitably spent where it usually is, in the Tuscan, Roman, and Neapolitan capitals, the autumn and summer residence should be so selected as to give a range on every side, of pleasing excursions, which would open to us new and less frequented tracks. This, Sorrento is most unqualified to do; it is a corner; when once there, you have no further to go. But if the sea and its breezes be such an object, the coast of the Adriatic will offer a variety of delightful situations, uniting to these advantages those of most agreeable and highly cultivated society, in which the character of the natives may be learnt; a thing impracticable in the usual summer quarters of our countrymen.

There is, for instance, Porto di Fermo, deliciously situated, with orange-groves as rich as those upon the happy coasts of Naples or Gaëta, in the vicinity of Fermo, an elegant and polished city, with mountains not far distant that are most interesting to the naturalist for their minerals and plants. Pleasing excursions may be made to Ascoli; to Camerino, a city which possesses a good university; to Tolentino, where the church of St. Nicholas will interest the amateur by the paintings of Giottino, and other early masters; and to Loreto, where, even if his religious feelings take not delight, he will find sufficient occupation in the works of art, which the sumptuous church and its adjoining palace contain. Not far too

is Macerata, second to no capital for the information and courtesy of its nobility, the learning of its professors, and the spirit and good management of its public institutions.[f] There, a library will be found, now greatly augmented by the splendid donation made to it, by its reverend and learned librarian, of a copious and choice collection of books, equal to the wants of any man of taste or application.

But this lower part of the coast, supposing this to be an object particularly held in view, will keep the traveller rather too much out of the region of antiquity and art, and consequently he might select to greater advantage a residence somewhat more north. A simple inspection of the map will show the most central position to be at Pesaro, or rather at Fano. For here the principal roads from the north, south, and west, meet, giving facility of communication in every direction. It is a town not only well built and adorned with most handsome edifices, but rich in all that can be necessary for a pleasant, as well as a healthy, residence. Nothing can exceed the fertility and exuberance of the plain in which it is situated, nor the beautiful landscapes opened from the cheerful hills, studded with villas, which surround it. The air is most salubrious, the heats are moderated by the sea air, and abundance of charming walks afford opportunity for exercise. Among its nobility will be found, as in most Italian provincial towns, minds cultivated in all the arts that embellish life, and withal courteous and affable to the stranger, such as make these provincial sojourns charming. Hence it is not wonderful

[f] This city has been the first to publish judicial statistics for its province. We have before us two reports for 1835 and 1836, compiled by the president of the tribunal, the Marquis Accoretti, and arranged in four tables.

that a larger proportion of English should be found resident here than in any other town that we know. Though we only introduced the mention of this place, as of one eligible from its position to be the centre whence to extend a series of excursions into a part of Italy but little seen or known, we will dwell on it a little longer, as no bad specimen of the degree of information which guide-books give concerning what is to be seen in smaller towns. Mrs. Starke writes as follows: "The objects best worthy of notice at Fano are, *remains of a triumphal arch* erected in honour of Constantine; the cathedral, which contains paintings by Domenichino; the public library; and the theatre, which is one of the best in Italy." (P. 265.) There is little enough here in all conscience to tempt any tourist to stay an hour, or even, if in *vettura*, to induce him to make the driver go *through* the town, instead of round its walls; and yet that little is full of mistakes. Nor till the present has there been any new guide of the town, the old one being extremely rare.[g] The triumphal arch states on its front that it was in honour of Augustus, and not of Constantine; who only built an attic, now nearly destroyed, upon it. The library of the Filippini *was* once a valuable collection, but would no longer repay the trouble of a visit. As to the theatre, it is curious as a work of art. Its scenes are real and not painted, and the mechanism is as complicated as that of a cotton-factory. Even in mentioning Domenichino's paintings in the cathedral, justice is not done; for besides *sixteen* frescoes by that great artist, which unfortunately have suffered much from damp and injudicious treatment, there is a painting in the same church by Ludovico Caracci, a portrait on a monument by Van-

[g] One is now preparing for publication by the Count Amiani.

dyke, and another excellent picture representing the fall of the manna, by an unknown author.

All this, however, is nothing, compared to the treasures of art scattered over the other churches, and in private houses; which, if collected together, would form a gallery worthy of a capital. For instance, in the church of Sta. Maria Nuova are two beautiful paintings of Perugino's, one representing "The Annunciation," the other the blessed "Virgin and Child." This was evidently painted by him for the very place it occupies; but above it is a semicircular *lunette*, representing a "Pietà," with St. John and Joseph of Arimathea, by the hand of his immortal scholar, Raffaele; and under it is a *gradino*, painted in five compartments, most probably by the same exquisite pencil, though attributed by some to Genga. Besides these gems, the same church contains a painting by Giovanni Sanzio, Raffaele's father, and a "Madonna" by Sassoferata. Few cities are richer than this, in fine productions of the Bolognese school. By Guercino there are, a splendid "Sposalizio" in the church of St. Paterniano, an edifice worthy of being a cathedral in any city; "A Guardian Angel," in that of St. Agostino, both very beautiful; and a "Magdalen" in that of St. Philip. By Domenichino there is a very fine "David with the Head of Goliah," in the public college. By Guido, the Gabrielli chapel in the Church of St. Peter possesses a glorious painting of "The Annunciation," which many consider his masterpiece, and Cantarini used to pronounce the finest picture in the world.[h] This church is, in fact, worthy of a place in the capital of the Catholic world, for the richness of its marbles, its gildings, and its paintings. The

[h] Malvasia, "Vita di Simon Cantarini, Felsina pittrice," vol. ii. p. 4.

French indeed carried off two beautiful pieces of Guido's and Guercino's,[i] but the frescoes of Viriani they could not remove. They are his masterpieces. By Albani and his scholars there are several works in the church of Sta. Teresa. We pass over many other fine specimens of art, by inferior, though still good, masters;[k] as well as those by the best, which are in private collections, because a residence of some days would be requisite to see them all, and whoever will bestow that time will find easy direction to discover and inspect them.

Here then we have a small provincial city, to the riches of which the traveller's guide-book would give him no key. And we may say the same of the many places within the reach of an excursion. We have mentioned to the north the interesting cathedral of

[i] The extent of French devastation in the fine arts can only be known by travelling in the provinces. Most of the great works carried off from the capitals have been restored, few of those in smaller towns. The "Annunciation" of Guido was marked for exile, but the noble proprietor of the chapel proved, by original letters from Guido, that it was private property. The "Sposalizio" was saved by the same plea.

[k] For instance, in the Capuchin church are the master-pieces of Mancini and Ceccarelli, besides a fine piece by Cav. Calabrese. Perhaps the most peculiarly interesting paintings in this city are the works of the two Presciutti, Bartolomeo, and Pompeo, native artists, who refused to adopt the changes which the art of painting had undergone at that time (1530). "Fa maraviglia," says Lanzi, "il vedere quanto poco curino la riforma che la pittura avea fatta per tutto il mondo. Essi sieguono il secco disegno di quatrocentisti, e lascian dire i moderni. Ne il figlio par che rimodernasse, uscito dallo studio paterno. Ne trovai a S. Andrea di Pesaro un quadro di varj SS. che gli potea fare onore, ma nell' altro secolo." (Storia Pittorica, tom. ii. p. 39; Pisa, 1815.) This circumstance, of a family who refused to depart from the old Christian style, deserves attention. Their principal works are the church of St. Thomas, and St. Michele all'Arco.

Rimini; besides which, though itself worth a journey, there are many other objects of the fine arts in the city; as for instance a grand "St. Jerome," by Guercino, in his chapel, superbly ornamented with paintings by Pronti; and a beautiful Venetian picture in the church of St. Giuliano, celebrated for its altar-piece by Paul Veronese. We need not mention Pesaro, between these two places, because better described in the tours. But Ravenna will afford opportunity for a most interesting excursion beyond both. Whoever loves early Christian monuments, whoever desires to see them in far greater perfection than the lapse of fourteen centuries could warrant us in expecting, whoever desires to study them, unaided by the remains of heathen antiquity, should make every effort to spend some days at least in this noble and imperial city. From Rome it differs mainly in this, that your meditations on its monuments are not disturbed by the constant recurrence of pagan remains, nor your researches perplexed by the necessity of inquiring what was built, and what was borrowed by the faithful. Ravenna has only one antiquity, and that is Christian. Seated, like Rome, in the midst of an unhealthy desolate plain, except that its unrivalled pine-forests cast a shade of deeper solitude and melancholy over it—quiet and lonely, without the sound of wheels upon its grass-grown pavement, it has not merely to lament over the decay of ancient magnificence, but upon its total destruction, except in what religion has erected for herself. She was not in time to apply her saving, as well as purifying, unction to the basilicas and temples of preceding ages; or rather, she scorned to occupy what she could replace, and therefore, in the strength of imperial favour, raised new buildings for the Christian worship, such as no other city but Rome

could boast of. The entire preservation of so many monuments is really wonderful; the mosaics of the time of Justinian are as fresh as if lately finished; and invaluable they are to the Christian antiquary. In the archiepiscopal palace, the chapel used by the present archbishop is the same as was built and used by St. Peter Chrysologus; altar, walls, mosaic ceiling, all are in perfect preservation. The same is to be said of the ancient baptistery of the church of St. Vitalis, singular for its form (being the first *original* plan ever made for a Christian church), for its pictorial representations, and its other works of art; and for the tomb of Galla Placidia, on which, or on any of its accessories, no profaning hand has been ever laid. But space would be wanting to us were we to enlarge upon a small portion of this sadly neglected city; which few but professed Christian antiquaries think of going to see. We have already shown the new facilities of communication, with which the papal government, most liberal in this respect, has lately supplied it.

Another interesting excursion in this direction would be to visit the little republic of San Marino, situated upon a craggy mountain, and counting only 7,000 subjects. There are few objects of art to engage the stranger's notice, unless it be the splendid new church now building. But the singularity of such an institution, island-like in the midst of another state, the severe love of freedom which pervades the little republic, and yet the mildness of its sway, the simplicity of manners in the population, where the councillors prune the vine, and the supreme magistrate tills his own farm, must excite and will amply reward British curiosity. Yet in this little commonwealth there has not been wanting a wisdom of rule which has preserved it, small but entire, amidst the convulsions and

revolutions of larger nations; and when the changes, so unexpected, of the state that encircles it, seemed to defy all prudent speculation as to its ultimate fate, and consequently as to the course to be steered by the little republic, a man arose, with sagacity and patriotism equal to the crisis, who seized its helm, and conducted it safe between the Scylla and Charybdis of two contending powers, each in its turn triumphant. This was Onofri, the father of his country. When Napoleon was at Milan, he had already prepared the decree for the suppression of the republic of San Marino, nor was he a man to be easily averted from such designs. Onofri, however, undertook the task; he spoke with the freedom of a republican, and the warmth of a patriot; and he prevailed. The decree was itself suppressed, and Napoleon, who conceived a great esteem for the ambassador, said to him, "Onofri, we must do something for your republic." "Sir," he replied, "the only thing you can do *for* us is to leave us just as we are." The French government sent a message of fraternization to the republic; through the counsels of Onofri, no measure of reciprocity was taken; and a perfect neutrality was observed by it during all the contests that ensued. Napoleon sent a present of four pieces of cannon, they were disembarked at the custom-house of Rimini, and Onofri would not allow them to be released. When the imperial rule was overthrown, it was warmly urged to the congress of Vienna, to apply its principles, of suppressing or mediatizing small states, to this republic. Onofri sent in a memorial, in which he vindicated his country from every charge, adduced the above-mentioned proofs of his foresight in proof of its blameless conduct, and obtained the confirmation of its independence. But as complaints had been made

by the papal government that the republic was a refuge and sanctuary for all offenders from the neighbouring districts, it was enacted that in future no one should be allowed to settle within its small territories, who had not his papers *en règle* from his own government. Onofri's fellow-citizens would have expressed their sense of gratitude towards him, by continuing him in office beyond the usual time. But this he absolutely declined; and insisted that the law, which required a certain interval before re-election, should be strictly adhered to in his case. He several times afterwards filled the chief magistracy till his death. In this little town resides the learned Cav. Borghesi, perhaps the first antiquarian scholar in Italy; consulted in his retreat by the first archæologues of Germany, for his extraordinary sagacity in antiquarian difficulties, and his vast acquaintance with every department of classical literature.

To the west or inland part of Italy, a traveller who had chosen his summer residence where we have hypothetically placed it, would have a variety of most improving as well as pleasing excursions. Gubbio, for example, celebrated for its valuable tables, known under the name of the Eugubine, would not fail to attract him. But Urbino, the country of Raffaele, has indeed been most unbecomingly neglected by even more enterprising tourists. This probably arises from ignorance of the roads by which it may be reached, though various and most excellent. From the coast there are two, one branching off about two miles north of Pesaro, the other from Fossombrone. From either of these two cities it is half a day's journey with the same horses; and several times a week there is a diligence *en poste* from the former to it. The situation of Urbino is that of a fortress rather than a city;

perched upon the craggy summit of a steep and barren hill, surrounded by rough unfertile mountains, it seemed a place of all others most unfitted by nature to form a nursery of art, or the seat of the most polished court of Europe. Yet such it was under the dominion of its dukes, the lords of Monte Feltro. In speaking of the elements necessary for studying accurately the history of architecture and sculpture, we did not make any mention of that department commonly known in Italy by the epithet of the *Cinquecento*, or the 16th century. It would be out of our province to endeavour to describe or characterise it minutely; it is sufficient to say that it is peculiarly beautiful for lightness of proportions in its architectural members, and still more for the richness of ornament which covers every part, in the form of arabesques, foliage, trophies, and running patterns. Much as is to be admired in this style in other parts of Italy, no true idea can, in our opinion, be formed of it without visiting the magnificent palace of the dukes of Urbino. Immense as are its proportions, countless as are its sculptured cornices, pilasters, doors, windows, chimney-pieces, and entire chapels and alcoves, never is there, throughout, a tendency to the slightest repetition, never do the inventive powers of the artist (if *one*) who designed them, appear to flag, and never does variety of character or inferiority of taste give rise to a suspicion, that there were more than one employed. The most delicate hand has carried these elegant conceptions into execution; and we cannot conceive a better commission to be given, by any academy of ornamental design, to artists, than to take drawings or casts of these beautiful ornaments.

With such a sovereign as Duke Guidubaldo, it

seems surprising that the rising genius of Raffaele should not have found encouragement and employment in his native city. Many hypotheses have been formed to account for this strange circumstance. Some have thrown the blame upon the artist, as though he demanded for his retaining fee the palace of Pier Antonio Guidalotti, confiscated by the ducal chamber. But Father Pungileoni has shown this to be impossible, as the confiscation did not take place till after Raffaele's death. The exhaustion of the treasury when Guidubaldo recovered his coronet, is assigned by this learned illustrator of Urbino's glories, as a more probable motive of the duke's apparent want of munificence.[1] Raffaele painted several small pictures for the family, but has left no monument in his own country worthy of his name. Only in his humble house is a "Madonna" on the wall, supposed to be one of the early productions of his boyish days. Perhaps our readers will not be displeased to read the inscription which points out this mansion to the veneration of strangers:—

"Nunquam meriturus exiguis hisce in ædibus eximius ille pictor RAPHAEL natus est, oct. id. Apr. An. M.CD.XXCIII. Venerare igitur hospes nomen et genium loci ne mirere,

Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et sæpe in parvis claudere magna solet."

Urbino, however, is not without its pictures. In the church of St. Francis is one by Giovanni Sanzio or Sante, into which the artist has introduced his wife and child, the little Raffaele, about three years of age. Within the convent of the Poor Clares, who are obliging enough to hand them out to strangers, are two pictures; one of them attributed to Raffaele, but not his; the

[1] Elogio Storico di Raffaele Sante; Urbino, 1829, p. 41.

other interesting from two inscriptions on the back, written with a pen. One of them is the simple name *Raffaelo Sante*, the other, "Fu compra di Isabella da Gobio, madre di Raffaelo Sante di Urbino, 14..."—"A purchase of Isabella of Gubbio, mother of Raffaele Sante of Urbino." It does not appear from the inscription, which is equivocal, whether she was the purchaser or vender. The picture is by Raffaellino del Garbo. In the Capuchin convent is a splendid Baroccio, an author whose works cannot be appreciated by only seeing the specimens in Rome. Till his "Deposition from the Cross," in the cathedral of Perugia, is seen, no idea of his powers can, in our judgment, be formed. Another of his masterpieces is the "Last Supper," in the cathedral of Urbino, his native city. In fine, there is here a spacious oratory, dedicated to St. John, entirely painted by the school of Giotto, and, in spite of gross neglect, fresh and full of life. At the church of St. Francesco di Paola are two Titians, and in that of St. Joseph a fine "Madonna," by Timoteo Viti, the friend of Raffaele. But no stranger should leave Urbino without obtaining a sight of the treasures in the sacristy of the cathedral: one of the few in Italy which, through the zeal of its guardians, escaped the rapacity of the French invaders. The church plate, almost entirely the gift of the Cardinal Annibale Albani, is of every variety of form and material compatible with good taste and splendour. Porcelain, silver, massive gold, amber, rock-crystal, pietra dura, enamels, and precious stones, of immense value, have been profusely bestowed by that great man upon the cathedral of his native city; most being made out of presents received from foreign courts. To these are added such an array of rich embroideries, without number, as the sacristy of the

Vatican could not display. Having mentioned this princely family, which, by its immense landed possessions, and extensive pin-manufactories, gives employment to multitudes, it would be unjust not to notice the generosity and charity ever displayed by its members, down to the late prince cardinal of that name. More than once, when the crops have failed, we have been assured, by his agent, that he not only refused all rent from his numerous tenants, but sent large sums to be distributed among them, and cut new roads to give employment to the labourers. Yet, when the stupid revolution of 1830 took place, one of the first acts of the new government was, to write a threatening and insulting letter to the benevolent prince, in Rome, then near his ninetieth year, insisting upon his undertaking to build a large palace in the public square, in order to give employment to the poor. He complied with the greatest good-humour, and erected the handsomest modern building in the city. Notwithstanding this unworthy treatment, knowing, as he expressed himself, that it proceeded from "three or four scoundrels, and not from the people," he immediately after accepted the office of legate there, and closed his days among his fellow-citizens.

Should a traveller, having reached Urbino from the east, not be disposed to retrace his steps, but desire to advance towards Florence or Rome, he would have no assistance from his guide-books. We beg, therefore, to assure him that he will find, thence to the frontiers of Tuscany, the most magnificent mountain-road that we know south of the Alps. It has been constructed at the joint expense of the Papal and Tuscan governments, the province of Urbino alone having contributed 250,000 dollars. The *engineering* of the road is

masterly, and the construction quite Roman. It crosses the highest Apennines, and brings the traveller to San Giustino, where he may either turn into Tuscany by Borgo San Sepolcro, or go towards Perugia by Città di Castello.[m] Neither of these frontier towns has been found worthy of a place in our English itineraries, though they will amply repay a visit from the man of taste. Borgo San Sepolcro may be called a city of painters, for none, perhaps, in Italy has produced so many. It possesses to this day many fine paintings by Pietro Perugino, Luca Signorelli, Pietro della Francesca, Raffaele del Calle, and other excellent artists. Città di Castello has the merit of being one of the first cities that encouraged the rising genius of Raffaele, and had, consequently, the honour of possessing some of his earliest works. Most of these have now disappeared. One of St. Nicholas of Tolentino was cut up, having been much damaged; and the upper part was bought at a high price by Pius VI., and carried off by the French. The celebrated "Sposalizio" was stolen from the church for which it was painted, under the French usurpation, and forms the principal gem of the Brera at Milan: a beautiful "Crucifixion" was sold by the family in whose chapel it was, and now graces the gallery of Cardinal Fesch.[n] All that remains of the great painter, are two small standards in the Confraternity chapel of the Blessed Trinity, which had been shamefully neglected, and have lately been most barbarously repaired, if spoilt be not the truer word. In spite of these losses, there

[m] As a specimen of geographical accuracy, we may observe, that the school atlas, published by Dr. Samuel Butler, now on the episcopal bench, in the first map of Italy, places not only this city, but Perugia itself, far within the Tuscan territories.

[n] Lately engraved in admirable style by Gruner, at Rome.

is much left to repay the intelligent traveller's stay of a few days, in this pretty and most courteous city. He will find many works of Luca Signorelli, Raffaele del Calle, Rosso Fiorentino, Pinturicchio, and Pietro Perugino, and of many native artists, well worthy of observation. We do not enter into particulars, as we did of other towns, which have no published guide, because excellent descriptions of both these cities have been published by the Cav. Andreocci, and more at length by the Cav. Mancini.° The gallery of the latter will not escape the notice of the amateur, who will be delighted to find there pieces by the first masters, from Giotto to living masters, including Raffaele.

Towards the south of the central position which we have ventured to recommend as a good summer or autumnal residence, Jesi, Ancona, and Sinigaglia would afford further occupation. But the last-mentioned place has attractions of a different character from what we have till now described—the splendid fair of twenty days, in July and August, which makes a residence near it an object of envy to many Italians. We have before us an animated description of its scenes, from the pen of one of our countrywomen in the habit of attending it, which we regret that want of room, as well as the gravity of our censorious office, does not allow us to insert. From it we learn that its origin may be traced to the year 1200, when Sergius, count of Sinigaglia, married the daughter of the prince of Marseilles, who sent him, as a present, some relics of St. Mary Magdalen. This drew immense crowds to the celebration of her festival on the 22nd of July; and the concourse, as was usual in those ages, led to the establishment of the fair, as it is still called, of

° Two volumes, 8vo. Perugia, 1832.

St. Mary Magdalen. Sigismund Malatesta, some years later, gave it new lustre, and repaired the port, which had been nearly destroyed by Manfredi. When the city came under the dominion of the Holy See, it stipulated for the preservation of its right of fair, with all its privileges, exemption from custom, tribute, and fees. The town is built expressly for the fair: its straight streets are covered with awnings, every house becomes a magazine, and every doorway a shop. Every article, from costly jewellery for the noble, to the coarsest wares for the peasantry, may be met in this universal emporium; tradesmen from Venice, Geneva, Trieste, France, Germany, and the Levant, display their various merchandise; not in small parcels to tempt the casual stroller, but in bales and cases for the supply of the inland dealers. Every dialect of the Italian language, cut into by the rougher tones of the transalpine, or the guttural jargon of transmarine languages, is heard, generating a Babel of sounds. On all sides are greeting of *dear friends*, who only meet once a year at the fair, yet are as loud and hearty in their salutations as though they were sworn brothers. From a semicircle of fifty miles' radius (the city being upon the sea) the population pours in, with serious intentions of laying out their money to some purpose; while crowds of Roman, Tuscan, and other idlers, come to enjoy a lounge through this bazaar-city, or partake of its amusements. In the thoughts of the former, the custom-house officers have a considerable place; for as all the merchandise comes in free, and pays its duty upon passing the gates to enter into the country, many are the schemes and devices for escaping the vigilance of these most inconvenient and inconsiderate officials. Much that is bought is concealed in the town, so as to evade the minute domiciliary visit

which closes the fair, and then is gradually conveyed home. What is in use passes, of course, free; hence troops of countrymen, tanned to the colour of bronze, as they go out of the gates, shade their delicate complexions from the sun with their new umbrellas; and young men protect themselves against the chill of Italian dog-days with well-lined and fur-collared cloaks, wrapped close around them. Dropsies, too, look very common, and pocket-handkerchiefs seem vastly like shawls. A sudden fashion seems to have come in of wearing double apparel, and many can no longer tell the time without at least three watches in their pockets. Yet great is the squabbling, the entreating, the bullying at the gates; and many faint just at that particular moment, and cannot recover unless they drive outside, and feel the country air. In fact, it is an epoch in the year, to which everything is referred; a person is said to have died, or to have gone abroad, before or after the last fair of Sinigaglia; many know only those two periods in the year.

But to turn to more serious topics. The situation which we have pointed out as admirable for any one who wishes to see a most interesting part of Italy, will afford, to those who take delight in such things, several opportunities of visiting the seats of national industry. At Fassombrone, fifteen miles from Fano, the steam-engine is applied to the beautiful process of drawing off the silk, the finest in Italy; at Fabriano are very extensive paper-mills, which supply all the states, and even send considerable quantities across the seas; at La Pengola are large carpet-manufactories, which now begin to copy the English patterns. St. Ippolito, a small village not far from Fassombrone, is a species of Carrara in miniature, where beautiful marble-work is executed at a third of the Roman

prices, and might be shipped for any part of the world at Ancona.

We have shown how much might be made of a few months' residence on the eastern coast of Italy. If the sea be not particularly coveted, Bologna or Perugia would be excellent central points. Both are ancient friends of ours, but the latter has less of the capital about it; and, besides having within its reach many of the places we have enumerated, as Gubbio, Urbino, and Città di Castello, it is the middle point of a school of painting that has for us peculiar charms. There is solid food in this line for many days, and, after that, pickings for weeks of delicious savour. Then there is Assisi near, more like a sanctuary than a city, —the town of which, both Starke and Brockedon write, that it is worth a visit to those that have time; especially to antiquarians, because there is a portico of a temple of Minerva. So says the latter, and he an artist! The former tells us, that "the church of St. Francesco, in this city, contains several pictures of the old school." (P. 475.) Why, it is not *one* church, but three, each enough for one city, piled up one above the other. *Several pictures!* The upper one is ornamented from roof to basement with frescoes by Giotto; and the lower one covered, ceiling and all, by the finest productions of the same artist, and Cimabue, his master, Buffalmacco, Memmi, Gaddi, and other restorers of the Christian art, not to speak of more ancient Grecian works. The Sagro Convento is a thing unique in its kind,—there is nothing like it in Italy, or out of it.

But there is another object of interest to every man of education who visits a foreign country,—its public institutions. Those who go to Perugia should not omit the opportunity it gives them of seeing several

worthy of minute observation. One is the hospital, with its numerous appendages; another, the college, directed by the learned jurisconsult Collizzi. In cleanliness and good arrangement it would be difficult to find anything surpassing it in England; the book of regulations, now before us, shows us that, with severe attention to the moral and scientific attainments of the pupils, is united the greatest care to refine their manners and fit them for society. Their examinations show the extent and variety of the plan of education. This and the college, or academy, at Urbino, directed by the Somaschi Fathers, are, we believe, considered the two best in the Papal States. Having minutely inspected both, we believe they have a claim to positive, as well as to comparative praise. But the asylum for the insane is the noblest establishment in Perugia. Under the paternal direction of Dr. Santi, it has been most successful in restoring, perfectly cured, to their afflicted families a very large proportion of the unfortunate creatures sent to it for relief. Nothing but the kindest treatment is allowed; and a most judicious distribution has been adopted, separating the patients into double classes, of rank or intelligence, and of symptoms. By a report before us, published this year, it results, that in twelve years and a half there have been—

	Admitted.	Cured.	Died.	Remain.
Men.....	202	120	51	31
Women ...	110	56	27	27
Total	312	176	78	58

It is particularly remarked, that of those who have once been cured and have relapsed, there has been no instance of failure in effecting a final and complete cure.

Much more we have to say, especially as we have purposely confined ourselves to a small portion of that state of Italy which is most exposed to the contemptuous neglect, or studied misrepresentations, of tourists and writers of itineraries. We shall be satisfied if we can effect anything, by what we have written, towards inducing our countrymen to see more of the smaller towns and cities of the classical peninsula; and still more, if we shall induce some competent person to draw up such a hand-book for travellers, as shall enable them to do this with profit and delight. It must be no compilation, but the result of actual observation. Dr. Kitchener boasts that he had eaten through the whole of his *Cookery Book;* Hahnemann has taken every dose of homœopathic medicine which he prescribes; the author of such a book as we wish to see must have travelled it all through in person.[p]

[p] [This has been in a great measure done by Mr. Murray's hand-books of Italy. It has been gratifying to me to know, that this article was not without its use, in promoting this object.]

RELIGION IN ITALY.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for July*, 1836.

RELIGION IN ITALY.

ART. VII.—1. *Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism.* By WILLIAM RAE WILSON, F.A.S., A.S.R. London: 1835.

2. *Rom, wie es in Wahrheit ist, aus den Briefen eines dort lebenden Landsmannes.* Von J. GÖRRES. *Rome as it is in Reality, from the Letter of a German resident there.* By J. GÖRRES. Strasburg: 1826.

MR. RAE WILSON belongs to a numerous class of travellers in Italy, who learn their topography from their book of posts, their local knowledge from Quadri, Vasi, or other published *ciceroni;* their acquaintance with the morals and manners of the people, from their dealings with couriers and innkeepers; and their anecdotes and history, from their Italian masters. We know the race well: they may be seen, with pencil in hand, minuting down their slender observations upon the objects of trite curiosity, hanging on the skirts of groups that inspect the galleries with some intelligent guide, or extracting information from artists engaged in copying the masterworks of antiquity. And woe to you, if you happen to tell within their hearing some amusing or interesting anecdote; an introduction and the task of repeating your tale, with the spelling of the proper names, is the smallest infliction you must expect. Much learning is not required; guide-books supply the classical quotations,[a]

[a] We must beware, however, how we rob the school-Horace of its merits. Tibur and Algidus, and the *hospitium modicum* of Aricia,

preceding travellers the feelings, and national partialities the critical remarks. When a sufficient accumulation of notes has thus been made, upon the covers of letters and the blank leaves of books, the precious embryo is either hatched into maturity by the fond assiduity of the parent, or placed in the hands of some man of letters, by whom "gentlemen's own materials are made up," and so elaborated into goodly tomes for the spring consumption of literary England.

All this is well enough; there may be something new in the heap of dulness, or many may have no objection to read the old tale once more. But there is one topic which will secure the patronage of a party at least. What reader of advertisements understands not the catching words on Mr. Wilson's title-page, "with Sketches of Catholicism?" Who, that has attuned his ear to the war-whoop of recent itinerants, promises not to himself, on catching this prelude, a pleasing music? Who does not at once foresee that these "Sketches," though as much out of drawing as the engraved ones which embellish the work, are intended to be its great recommendation with a certain class of readers? But if it were known that, while the author was employed in writing these illiberal pages, he was affecting a kind and friendly feeling towards those whom he so unsparingly vilifies; that while he was calling the community of his Catholic fellow-countrymen "the company of a muzzled hyæna," he was enjoying their unsuspicious hospi-

form favourite points for the publishing tourist. The author of the *Records* seems hardly aware of this notoriety. For when at Rome, describing, on a certain occasion, his tour to Naples, as though it were an unknown land, he observed, "I first went to a place called Albano, and after that I got to another called La Riccia."

tality, and courting their unmerited civilities; that, while he was traducing their religion, as "an idolatrous simulation of Christianity,"[b] he was marked in his attention to some of the very ministers of that worship, and was eager to secure their co-operation on some points; we cannot but flatter ourselves that they, too, will fling by the volume with loathing distrust, and deplore the deluding spirit which can cloak, under a fancied zeal for religion, such dishonourable behaviour.

But we must not fall into the offence which we are thus publicly indicting, nor accuse Mr. Wilson of belonging to the class of superficial observers which we have described, without sufficient evidence. We will take an illustration at random: thus he writes:—

"Although now dedicated to the Virgin, the interior of the Pantheon looks quite as much like a museum as a church, being decorated with a series of busts—not of saints, but of distinguished artists, painters, musicians, fiddlers, engravers, &c."—P. 328.

Were we not right in saying, that Mr. Wilson is one of those who gathers his information from his guide-book, and that, too, from an antiquated edition? For it is upwards of fifteen years since every one of these busts was taken from the Pantheon by Pius VII., and deposited in a new gallery, called the *Pinacoteca*, prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, and much augmented by the great Canova. The Rotonda, or Pantheon, was the church in which a confraternity or society of artists met for their devotions, and there they naturally erected memorials to men celebrated in art.[c] As there are busts in museums, we must suppose

[b] Page 6.

[c] The founder of this confraternity of St. Joseph, a clever and pious ecclesiastic, has long received a homage not intended for him.

that a church with such monuments must look like a museum; but has Mr. Wilson ever been in Westminster Abbey? or in St. Paul's? And was his wrath moved by seeing busts of poets, and those not the most moral, appropriating to themselves a portion of the former? or did he think lieutenant-colonels and lexicographers less "odd associates" with the Deity there worshipped, than artists are, to use his own phrase, with the Blessed Virgin in that temple? But with such reflections we deal not at present; our quotation is only to show our readers how Mr. Rae Wilson, and other such tourists, see what they describe. He speaks of the Pantheon as it was fifteen years ago, as though it were still precisely the same two or three winters back. One of two conclusions we must respectfully request Mr. Wilson's leave to draw; either he never went into the church which he describes, and wrote from books; or else, that when in it, he saw what is no longer there. We will not suggest a third,—that he writes here, as often, without caring much for the truth of what he states.

But we must allow a better artist than ourselves to sketch, in a light *croquis*, the little race of tourists which we have attempted to describe. First, however,

It was his skull which was preserved in the Academy of St. Luke's as that of Raffaele, with Bembo's celebrated distich on it:—

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, quo moriente mori."

Rendered so beautifully into Italian:—

"Questi è quel Raffael, cui vivo vinta
Esser temea la natura, cui morto estinta."

The discovery of the real remains of "the divine painter," has rescued phrenologists from embarrassment, as they had pronounced the old skull to show no symptoms of artistic skill, but rather of cleverness in business.

we will introduce him to our readers. The German pamphlet, which we have almost degraded by the company in which we have placed it at the head of our article, is in fact anonymous, but is edited by one whose name and character receive the homage of respect and admiration from the learned of every religion on the Continent. Of Görres we have had occasion to say a few words in another article;[d] we have only to add, that his abilities, as a profound Christian philosopher, as a learned historian, and as a most powerful writer, are but secondary qualities, when compared to the charming simplicity and unaffected virtue, which render himself, and his family circle, the delight of all who know them. The author of the letter has looked upon Rome, with a mind full of amiable enthusiasm, with a devotedness of affection and a warmth of admiration, which few can appreciate. In a style truly German, he overlooks many of those objects of attraction on which travellers usually dwell, and seems to delight in tracing the beautiful characteristics of the queen-city through its most neglected parts, and finding, in the poverty of its lanes, and even in the instincts of its brute population, the impress of its peculiar features.

In a postscript to this interesting letter, Görres, in a vein of sharp, yet playful criticism, compares the accounts given by German, French, and English travellers of modern Rome. His introduction admirably describes the tourists of Mr. Wilson's mental stature:—

"When the mistress of the seven hills ruled the world, first with the temporal, and afterwards with the spiritual, sword, the hosts of many nations crossed the mountains, to chastise her daring, or to lose their own; and more than once she was taken by storm. This

[d] See p. 440 [D. R. vol. i. July, 1836].

always indicated wrong and confusion in the republic of Europe; but, at least, they were only the strong who then girded themselves to march in war towards Rome; for the empress knew well how to defend herself, and to resist hostile aggression. But since Typhon (the genius of evil) has robbed the Capitoline Jove of his thunderbolts, and buried them deep in the caverns of earth, the race of dwarfs have taken heart; they put their luck-penny into their travelling purse, grasp their little canes in their hands, and march resolutely in troops like mice; and when they have stood before the ancient abode of the mighty, and been courteously allowed to enter, they tramp through all the streets, they creep into every little corner, and sniff up at every object which is too great for their little eyes to take in. When they return home, they are not silent, as that quiet tribe usually is; but they tell wonders about the cave of Cacus,[e] which they visited, and how they found there some of the bones of the stolen oxen, and smelt the smoke of the flames and lightning which he hurled, and found Hercules's club in one corner. Such mean stuff does each book-fair in Germany bring us; for these little folk are very industrious, and keep their journals with great care."

Mr. Wilson's ideas of Christianity and religion are wonderfully comprehensive; all faith, morals, virtue, and piety, depend, in his system, on one only point—the observance of the Sabbath. Paris and Toulon, Rome and Naples, are respectively sentenced upon this head alone; they do not observe Sunday as Mr. Rae Wilson would desire, and therefore they are little better than heathen cities. It is singular enough that throughout the New Testament our Saviour should never speak of the duties of the Sabbath, except to reprove the severity introduced by the Jews in its observance. He cures on that day, on purpose to break through their prejudices, and rebuts their murmurs in consequence; he allows his disciples to do what the Pharisees deemed it unlawful to do on that

[e] The spot where this cavern was, under the Aventine, is one of the show-places of valets-de-place. Of course, not a trace of it now exists.

day, and boldly defends their conduct.[f] It is strange, then, that men who reprove the Catholic Church for a leaning towards the ceremonial law, should place the essence of religion in the observance of that day, according to a Judaic form, reprobated in the New Testament.

That one, so narrow-minded as this author shows himself in every page, should judge in this manner, cannot surprise us. But it is the fault of almost every tourist whom we have ever read, to mistake thoroughly, from first to last, the moral and intellectual character of the Italians. How should it be otherwise? Skimming over the surface of fashionable society, ignorant of the language, jealously excluded from the sanctuary of native domestic life, coming in contact with classes of persons who have shaped their manners so as best to please such strangers, remaining stationary but a few months in any place, hedged round with a prickly array of self-sufficient prejudices, possessing no sympathies of religion or feeling with those whom they observe, how can they pry into the soul and heart of a people, who, ardent and enthusiastic, yield indeed much to impulse, but reserve often a depth of secret intelligence and worth, which a passing stranger will not discover? If the traveller meet with a native on his journey, and receive from him, as infallibly he will, unsolicited courtesy, and, if required, disinterested kindness, he, perhaps, admires that frankness which waits for no formality of introduction, or notes it as a defect of character, as a mark of volubility and dangerous want of caution. But when he finds, as we have experienced, that such casual and apparently transient offices of kindness are sure to

[f] Matt. xii. 1—12; Mark ii. 23—28; John v. 9—18; vii. 9—16.

lead, if opportunity be given for cultivation, to a steady attachment, and perhaps a warm and faithful friendship, the readiness to join the hand will be naturally attributed to a deeper and better feeling than mere good nature, or easiness of disposition. We believe no English families have resided in Italy for a sufficient time to secure their thorough acquaintance with the Italian character, as seen apart from the gay scenes of public society, without its rising in their estimation, or without their discovering how much it has been maligned.

Travellers go forth with a standard formed in their mind upon models at home. The religion of England is the religion of one day in the week. The church is but a useless building on the other six; its bells are silent, and its portals closed; and the religious spirit, whether pent up, or suffered to evaporate during that period, is concentrated upon this one; the thoughtlessness of the week changes, by a convulsive reaction, into a melancholy gravity, and the want of all worship on those days is thought to be compensated by the denial of every recreation and occupation, however innocent, on that day. Well, be it so. But go into a country where every day summons the people to do public service to God, where religion necessarily mingles with the daily duties of life, where its institutions so surround them as habitually to bring it into their thoughts, and, at the same time, provide wholesome checks for total forgetfulness; where the hand of God has planted in their bosoms a heart as cheerful and smiling as their skies, and where education has taught them to feel, that hilarity and joy are the best manifestations of a peaceful conscience; and will you not be unreasonable if you expect, that one day should repress such innocent feelings, and make men violate

all truth of character, or imagine that God is to be honoured on it, with a different soul and spirit from those wherewith they have served him on the other six? Go any morning into the villages of Italy, and see, before the sun has risen, the entire population crowded in the church, and kneeling during the same liturgy as forms the Sunday service, and hear them raise their clear and cheering voices in a choral litany; then watch them, as they depart, from calling down the blessing of heaven on their daily labour, dispersing in merry groups down the hill, to dress the vine, joining with the lark in their shrill *ritornello;* the little ones tripping in joyous haste, before the sober elders, in their picturesque costumes, till they vanish through the side-scenes of mingled vines and olives, to toil through the sultry day. Then when the evening bell tolls, an hour before sunset, and the labour ceases, see them return, fatigued yet cheerful, to enjoy—perhaps some rest at home? No, not till they have once more met before God's altar, to praise him for his daily blessing! And when you have every day witnessed this scene, tell them, who have daily stood before God, and therefore have been joyful, while the sun played fiercely upon them, and the blight nipped their crops, and poverty and want afflicted their bodies, tell them that to-day they must look sad and freeze all innocent joy in their souls, and repress all mirthful expression, because forsooth it is the day of the Lord's rest! They, whom prayer has made cheerful in toil and fatigue, must look, and be, gloomy when it brings them exemption from their yoke!

Or visit one of those beautiful villages on its special festival. In the morning you are aroused from your slumber by the loud peal of the church bells, and the discharge of a hundred small mortars, to which the

surrounding hills reply by their successive echoes, as if to accept, on behalf of their inhabitants, the joyful invitation which the summons conveys. With no fear that any interruption will come from the weather in that delicious climate, you wander forth, through a pure and fragrant air, and admire the preparation of days, on which all the resources of natural taste and practised ingenuity have been expended. The triumphal arch, erected at the gate, in proportions that gratify an artist's eye, covered and festooned with evergreens, so well selected as to imitate the architectural members and ornaments of a more solid building; the draperied inscription, which tells, in a latinity that would shame that of English cathedrals, of the glories of the saint, and the piety of his votaries; the neatly-printed sonnets, warm from the pen of village poets, which are affixed to the door-posts of the church; the band, probably composed of inhabitants, parading in their rich uniform; the little knot of peasants who arrive from the neighbourhood, or issue from their houses, in all the bravery of their elegant and rich costumes; the constant stream which flows from every side into the open doors of the church,—all this, seen under the cloudless canopy of a summer sky, with a back-ground of chestnut-woods, and a horizon of bold mountains just catching the rising sun, will make you feel that the religion of these simple rustics is where it ever should be, deep in the heart, yet overflowing, from its full capacity, into their looks and actions, mingled inseparably with the best and purest of natural feelings; that it must manifest itself towards God as filial love does towards man, and express itself towards the All-powerful and All-wise, even as their own little ones' affections do to them, whom they deem able to help and to direct them. And these feelings will go on

increasing with the day; as you witness the church tapestried and lighted at their willing cost, the most solemn music which the nearest towns can afford, the procession with the several confraternities arrayed in flowing robes, with their banners and crosses, the evening litany, in which the organ is powerless amidst the choral shout of thousands ringing against the lofty vault; in short, the arrangement, conduct, and feeling of the entire scene, will satisfy you that religion humanizes, refines, and, to use a stronger word, ennobles the minds of that peasantry, down to a rank which, in other countries, is rude, churlish, and nearly brutal. The municipal character of the Italian villages, the right of local administration which they all possess, seems to localize the attachments of their inhabitants; and they know not how better to announce these feelings than by displaying their superior taste in all the concerns of their little commonweal; and religion, in a Catholic country, is necessarily the channel through which such a disposition will best be manifested. Those who have witnessed the dignity with which the notables of the place take the lead in all church ceremonies and processions, the good order and respectable demeanour of the poorer peasantry who swell them with their numbers, and the edifying deportment of the poor but pious clergy who officiate; those who have witnessed the one, harmonious, feeling of brotherhood which binds together the entire population on such occasions, and through their influence at all times; they who have heard with what true discrimination the harmonies of the Church-chant are caught up by the old and young without dissonance or timidity, will acknowledge that they have felt themselves drawn, like ourselves, into the swell of feeling which heaved around them; yea, and thought

that they were raised above the dull level of daily emotions, by finding themselves associated in voice and heart with the vine-dresser and the mountaineer. And when thus overpowered for a season by the might of virtuous sympathy, and feeling the practical effects of the great Catholic principle, which causes the individual to be absorbed in the harmonious unison of the multitude, had any traveller of the Rae Wilson cast whispered to us about "the buffoonery" of such religious exhibitions, and "despised us in his heart," as Michol did David, when he allowed the joy of his soul to break forth in signs of extravagant gladness before the people, we should have been satisfied to give that monarch's reply, "Before the Lord . . . I will both play and make myself meaner than I have done, and will be little in mine own eyes:"[g] and to stand by the award of that authority which adds, that "*therefore* Michol, the daughter of Saul, had no child to the day of her death."

But on the character which religion gives to the Italian peasantry, especially in the neighbourhood of Rome, we must let our German speak:—

"This feeling of propriety, which restrains their natural vivacity within the bounds of decorum, renders intercourse with the most uncultivated classes agreeable. The ingenuous and open character of the peasantry has a most becoming exterior, and elevates them far above the rustic manners and uncouthness of the corresponding class in other countries. Their strong natural sense renders them so accurate in their judgment, and so just in their principles, that, if we abstract positive scientific knowledge, which they cannot be supposed to possess, and look only to the relations of society, little more would be necessary to transform them into noblemen, than to change their outward garb."—P. 3.

Again, speaking of the pilgrims who flock to Rome from more distant parts of Italy:—

"You must not imagine to yourself the vulgar gait and demeanour

[g] 2 Sam. vi. 21.

of a motley crowd of rustics. No, truly; a more natural, yet more stately and nobler tread, a more elegant yet majestic mien in every attitude, could not be given by the most able artist to a picture of a patriarchal scene. But what is still more interesting about them is, that the minds of these men are not at variance with their outward appearance, as all confess who converse with them here, and still more in their native country. How could it be otherwise than that the striking expression of a piety so earnest yet so mild, bearing the stamp of the most simple-hearted honesty, the most unaffected disposition, and of the most unprejudiced faith, should be founded on a child-like innocence and truth; for it fails not to affect the soul of any one who attentively observes their behaviour in devotion. You should see a company of these delightful men, when, after a long and fatiguing journey from their mountains, they first enter the longed-for holy city."—P. 21.

We will not give the author's description: we will only send our readers to Mr. Eastlake's charming picture of the scene, in the exhibition of this year,[h] with the commentary, that it is but a correct, unexaggerated representation of the reality.

We have wandered, perhaps too freely, in the rural districts of Italy, recording impressions which can never be plucked from our hearts, and which the narrow-minded misrepresentations of travellers can only restore to fresh vividness and beauty. These are but as the acid poured upon the pages of a faded scroll, which, instead of cancelling what remains, brings back the traces that time and neglect had apparently consumed.

If we enter the precincts of the Eternal City, the power of religion, associated as she ever should be with the beautiful and the amiable, lays hold of our mind and heart, and encompasses us with an inspiring influence which denotes the presence of the spirit of the place. A marvellous combination of splendid natural scenery, with grey and broken masses of ruins

[h] [Well known by its engraving.]

—the emblems of the enduring and of the perishable, of the works of God and of man,—encircles and adorns those sacred temples, which seem to partake of the properties of both—erected of the frail materials composing the latter, yet apparently endowed with the immortal and unfading newness which is the prerogative of the former. Another may prefer to enter by the northern gate, and after journeying in meditative silence over the solemn Campagna, love to rush at once into the tumult of equipages, in the magnificent vestibule to the modern city;[1] though even there the twin-churches which claim his first salute, and the peerless dome on his right, will make him feel that he is already on hallowed ground. We should desire, after musing along the Appian way, in the tone of Sulpicius's beautiful letter to Cicero, after contemplating the total annihilation of worldly grandeur, which seemed necessary to make a fitting pathway to the capital of spiritual Christianity—to enter by the southern gate; for there the combination we have mentioned bursts at once upon the eye. And if we could select our day, whereon to introduce a friend of kindred spirit, it should be the third of May. It is the festival of the Holy Cross; and though no holiday, it would present to him the scene which we shall endeavour rapidly to trace. The moment he enters the gate, the majestic front of the Lateran Basilica spreads before his eye, crowned with statues, and adorned with stately pillars. On an ordinary occasion it looks down upon a green lawn, over which some few religious, clothed in white, and with book in hand, may perchance be straying. But on this day the prospect is very different. Standing on the steps which lead to its porch, you see stretching

[1] The Piazza del Popolo.

before you a triple avenue, skirted by the broken, picturesque city walls, and terminated by a noble church with a huge square belfry, which seems naturally to group with the surrounding aqueducts and towers of the imperial times. This is the great object of attraction; for it is the church which Constantine's mother raised to preserve the sacred relics of Calvary. Though the inhabited city is not even in sight, a countless flood of people, in their gayest attire, pours from every thoroughfare into the open space before you, and, after eddying within it for a time, as though it were its reservoir, flows on in a continuous stream, through the shady avenue, to the place of its pilgrimage. The sun, cloudless yet not oppressive, plays upon the variegated mass, with the richest diversity of gay lights and sober shadows, and now and then glances with a dazzling ray upon the carriage of the prelate or the prince. The left is closed in by the curious and precious triclinium of Leo III., glittering in golden mosaic; then by a bridge of aqueducts, striding over vineyards and their cottages. But on your right, what a view! Your eye leaps at once over the gate by which you have entered, skims over the suburbless plain which succeeds, and guided by the straight unbroken course of tombs or arches which traverse it, rests in calm delight upon the purple hills, dear to those who know them, as were Hermon and Carmel to the Jewish poet. Not sufficiently lofty to contend in majesty with the neighbouring Catillus or the Prenestine hills, yet nobly rising from the plain, they present so bold yet so rounded an outline, such a just proportion of crag, and forest, and cultivation, as allows you not to marvel at the towns and villages, convents and hermitages, which fleck their purple sides with their bright, clean buildings. Every one of

these white groups has a name in story, and recalls the deeds of pagan heroism, or the chastest strains of Roman poesy.

This matchless union of objects, which, single, would form any other city's glory, necessarily works upon the mind of the natives, and must overpower the feelings of the observer. The seclusion of the most stately and venerable sanctuaries from the haunts of men, sheds around them a more soothing solemnity than the groves of old can have imparted to profane temples. There is no artifice, no trace of man's false hand in the austerity which engirds them: when to reach the Lateran church you have traversed the Forum, and passed under defaced triumphal arches, and heard your steps re-echoed from the tenantless seats of the Flavian amphitheatre, your mind has been sufficiently sobered, and your thoughts collected, to harmonize with the appealing Spirit that dwells within its majestic aisles. For, as the Tabernacle was separated from the camp of Israel which surrounded it, and the sanctuary was again alone in the midst thereof, so may Rome itself be considered as cut off from the ordinary dwellings of men by the band of solitude which surrounds her, and then as keeping her sacred places detached and secluded within herself.

But let us descend from this higher point of view, and join the throng. Dense as it appeared, you find it gentle, cheerful, and sedate; no rudeness, no churlishness, no excitement; all seem as but one party, guided by one common feeling towards the same enjoyment. Here you behold the children sitting in a circle on the grass, plucking the wild flowers that grow around them, to deck the hair of the youngest and fairest of the company. There you follow a procession which slowly winds its way through the yield-

ing crowd, to the music of a solemn plaintive chant. And perhaps you will ask what dignitary that is, who, in a simple cassock and scarlet cap, bears a plain black cross at the head of the pious fraternity; and you will be certainly told, for such things are not made matters of parade, that it is a near relative of the Emperor Napoleon, who never fails to lead those brethren on this occasion.[k] And if you inquire who is the matron that, attired in black, heads the sisterhood that follows, you will possibly hear some name which once made the Saracen quail on the plain of Damascus or in the Bay of Lepanto.[l] The nobleman and the peasant walk side by side, whether in the procession or among the spectators, without disdain on the one side or subserviency on the other; for in Rome, as our German observes, "an individual of the lowest class is more unembarrassed and at his ease, when speaking with a cardinal, or with the pope himself, than he would be elsewhere in conversation with the secretary of an inferior man in office. The reason," he adds, "is principally their religion, which makes them all consider in one another only the Christian."—P. 3.

We have dwelt too long upon this scene, otherwise we should have wished to guide our reader with us into the church, which, however altered by ill-judged restorations, yet catches a venerable air of stateliness from the massive granite columns of its aisles, and possesses a matchless charm in the lovely paintings of Pinturicchio on its apsis, and an awful holiness in the treasure which it was erected to preserve. And we would bid him contrast the solemn and impressive devotion within it, with the cheerful enjoyment without, and see if there be not in the breast of the multi-

[k] [The late pious and charitable Cardinal Fesch.]

[l] The Colonnas and Dorias.

tude a religious sense which can draw them to serious thoughts, without disturbing the play of natural dispositions. For our parts, we see much for other nations to envy, and much to admire, in this mingling of religion with the every-day duties of ordinary life; we think this union of devotion and recreation, the walk to a sanctuary so situated in preference to a lounge in an insipid park, a proof not only that the people there are more thoroughly possessed of a religious character than their sabbath-preaching traducers, but that they understand more truly the spirit of Christianity; which Providence has blessed there, as nowhere else, with a power to influence the affections, through such monuments and such scenes.

But this reminds us that Mr. Rae Wilson is lying open on the table; and, though loath to turn to him again, we will try once more if we can find any matter for serious animadversion—topics for commendation we have quite despaired of discovering.

We have discovered him seeing in the Pantheon what does not exist there; we shall find him no less gifted with the power of hearing sounds not uttered. Holy week is a favourite topic with your tourist. He will generally express some enthusiasm, real or pretended, in describing the splendid ceremonial, with its unrivalled accompaniments of music and the arts of design, which occupies the Papal chapel at that holy season. Not so Mr. Rae Wilson; he glories in having found it tedious, and in considering it only "inane pomp." Happy man! to be so elevated above the sphere of other petty mortals, as to find the sublime strains of Palestrina and Albulensis "somewhat monotonous" (p. 319); the procession of the pope and his clergy "something ludicrous" (p. 320), and the *flabelle*, or fans made of plumes, which are borne

beside him, "too singular to be passed over in silence!" (P. 322.) But what can you expect from one who gravely discovers that in Raffaele's "Transfiguration," Mount Thabor is like a haycock (p. 311); "that St. Paul's (of London) is quite free either from the gaudiness of painting, or that of coloured marbles or gilding, so conspicuous in St. Peter's" (p. 303); and more stupendous than all, that the "sole proof" on which Catholics can maintain transubstantiation is—the miracle of Bolsena! (P. 318.)

But as to the specimen of Mr. Wilson's hearing. Speaking of the functions in the Papal chapel on Palm Sunday, he says,—

"As soon as his holiness had taken his seat on a sort of throne by the altar, a *band of instrumental music*, and a choir of singers, struck up."—P. 319.[m]

We thought every child who had been in Rome a month knew that in the Papal chapel no instrument, not even the organ, is permitted; and certainly Mr. Wilson's ears must be peculiar, to mistake the clear, unaccompanied sounds of the human voice, for a band of instruments. Once more, he either did not go to the chapel, or he is a precious observer. Such instances may appear trifling; but they are important to show what faith is to be put in such a traveller and others of his caste, when they even pretend to tell us what

[m] As a specimen of Mr. W.'s accuracy, we shall only observe that the paragraph whence this extract is taken contains no fewer than three blunders. 1. There is no band; 2. The palms blessed in the pope's chapel are not artificial but real; 3. The procession does not take place after, but before, mass. These are all in a few lines; and it only required common eyes, ears, and sense, to avoid them. Was Mr. Rae Wilson, who is so particular about sabbath observances, at his own place of worship, instead of the function which he describes as if present? If not, *why* not? For the two are at the same time.

they themselves saw and heard. What then shall we say of their authority when they only give us, what forms the bulk of their narrative, stories, remarks, and descriptions picked up from others?[n]

Were we to attempt the expression of those feelings which Mr. Wilson's remarks on Holy Week have excited in our minds, we could not keep this article within reasonable bounds. We do not think that any traveller has done justice to its sacred scenes; nor do we deem it possible for even a refined and cultivated mind to appreciate their grandeur, or fathom the depth of their pathos, on a first or second attendance on them. We shall refrain too, for the present, from touching on what forms the truest characteristic of vital Christianity, the institutions for charity and education, with which Italy, beyond every other country, abounds. The evidence before the Irish Committee of Education contains, we understand, details upon one part of this subject, which are calculated to surprise even many who fancy themselves well acquainted with that country. Of the charitable institutions we shall one day speak more at length; and we flatter ourselves that a brighter example of substantial, unostentatious charity cannot be found elsewhere, than what we shall endeavour to display. No dinners, no annual reports, no published lists of donations, no life-governors or patrons are necessary; it is a devotedness of soul as well as of influence, and a dedication of the person as well as of the purse, which constitute there the service of charity. We cannot understand how traveller should succeed traveller, and tour struggle in the press with tour for primogeniture of publication, and yet all should infallibly overlook

[n] We happen to know the inventor of one or two of Mr. Wilson's *piquant* anecdotes.

this new and virgin field, which, to one acquainted with the country, forms its leading characteristic. After the beautiful eulogium of Burke upon Howard, we might have hoped that *religious* tourists, like Rae Wilson, would have wished to tread in the steps of that great man, and spend more time in probing the Christianity of foreign countries to the core, by seeing how that moral precept which forms its practical essence is best observed. Such an investigation would have spared him many violations of its injunctions. On the other hand, the man who, like him, observes nothing in our sublime Church services, but how often dresses are changed, and genuflections made—and who judges of a nation's character by the observance of one legal precept—we know not unto whom to liken, save to one who, standing in the Roman Forum, oppressed with the genius of the place, and finding his mind too full with so "prolific a theme for moralizing," gives vent to his feelings and meditation, by the solemn assurance—that *Campo Vaccino* is a good name for it, because "it looks more suited for a cattle-market than anything like what the [*his*] imagination is likely to conceive!" (P. 333.)

We have confined ourselves only to showing how the religious feeling harmonizes with the rest of the Italian character, and how foolish it is to judge of it on principles which would separate the two. It is, in fact, sectarianism which has soured the temper of the English people in religion, and has led them to imagine that this cannot exist in the heart without a demure and formal exterior. Unity of belief and practice, on the contrary, has an aggregating, harmonizing influence, the natural consequences of which are, mutual confidence, cheerfulness, and joy. While each member of a family is reading his own book by his separate

lamp, there will be little appearance in it of either affection or pleasure, all will seem disunited, gloomy, and demure; but when all are basking together under the same sun, and all attending to their respective occupations by the light of its universal ray, they will group together in closer union, there will be more warmth in their hearts, and a more blithesome glow on their countenances, and the reflection on each of the other's happiness will multiply manifold the joyfulness of the beam.

To those who should desire to see the spirit of true meekness strongly contrasted with the unsparing harshness of English censure, we would recommend the perusal of a little work, which we are happy to see has been just translated into English. We allude to Manzoni's *Vindication of Catholic Morality*;[o] and we particularly direct the attention of our readers to the concluding chapter: "On the objections to Catholic morality, derived from the character of the Italians." In it will be found advice to that people, how to conduct themselves under the lash of bigoted reprovers, worthy of a Father of the ancient Church. We ask no better criterion of the practical Christianity of the two religions, than the comparison between the tone, style, sense, and feeling, to be found in the heavy octavo before us, and in the gentle and humble, and unpretending volume of Manzoni, every page of which is redolent of the purest and sweetest charity, meekness, and devotion.

[o] Keating and Brown, 1836.

ITALIAN GESTICULATION.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for July*, 1837.

ITALIAN GESTICULATION.

Art. I.—*La Mimica degli Antichi investigata nel Gestire Napolitano. The Gestures of the Ancients sought in the Gesticulations of the Neapolitans.* By the Canon Andrea de Jorio. Naples: 1832.

When Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment, in the gestures of their bodies. You never see, among them, two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back, and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they are resolving to oppose a bill in Parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or to protest one in the city. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by his honourable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence, with a statue-like stillness of limbs; unless the right arm escape, to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict, from time to time, a clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy. Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a *café*, in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk together along the noisy street of Toledo, at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each

speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words. See, one of them now is not actually speaking, though the other has ceased; but he has raised his right hand, keeping the points of the thumb and index joined, and the other fingers expanded, and has laid his left gently upon his companion's arm. Depend upon it, his reply is going to open with a sententious saw, some magnificent truism, from which he will draw marvellous consequences. His mouth will open slowly, ere it yields a sound; and when at last "Sir Oracle" speaks, the right hand will beat time, by rising and falling on each substantive and verb of the sentence; and at its close, the two wedded fingers will fly apart, and the entire expanded hand wave with grace and dignity outwards, if the propositions be positive. If negative, the fore-finger alone will remain extended, and erect, and be slowly moved backwards and forwards between the interlocutors' faces. When the solemn sentence has been pronounced, and enforced by a dignified toss of the head, it is the other's turn. But the *dictum* was probably too vague and general to receive a specific reply; and, therefore, reserving his opinion till he has better felt his way, he shakes his head and hands, uttering, you may depend upon it, the monosyllabic but polysemous exclamation "Eh!" which, like a Chinese word, receives its meaning from its varying accent. The active speaker perceives that he has not carried the outworks of his friend's conviction, and addresses himself to a stronger attack. He now assumes the gesture of earnest remonstrance; his two hands are joined palm to palm, with the thumbs depressed, and the fingers closely glued together (for

were the former erect, and the little fingers detached, and especially were they moved up and down, the gesture would signify not to *pray* but to *bray*, being the hieroglyphic for a donkey); and in this position they beat time, moving up and down, while the head is thrown back upon the right shoulder. We can hear the very words too here; they begin for certain with "*abbia pazienza*,"[a] a reproachful expostulation; after which follows a more energetic repetition, slightly varied, of what had been previously urged; and, as the sentence closes, the hands are separated, and fly apart. If the point is not carried, the reasoning is enforced by a more personal appeal. All the fingers of the right hand are joined together with the thumb, and their united points are pressed upon the forehead, which bends forward towards the unconvinced and incredulous listener, while a new form is given to the argument. This gesture is a direct appeal to the common sense of the other party; it is like intimating, that, if he have brains, he must understand the reasoning. Further obstinacy would lead to altercation; and assent is yielded by a slow shrug, with the head inclined, and the hands separately raised, the palms turned downwards. "*E vero*," "*ha ragione*," or "*non si può negare*,"[b] are doubtless the accompanying words.

All this is a quiet, friendly scene: and, indeed, there are one or two more degrees of intensity of expostulation, and energy of gesture, which might be used, but which we pass over for fear of becoming tedious. But when the topic of conversation is more exciting, and the feelings of the speakers are more interested, gesture succeeds gesture with wonderful

[a] "Bear with me," literally—"have patience."

[b] "It is true—you are right—it is undeniable."

rapidity, and with bolder action; the head and trunk shake and writhe sympathetically with the agitation of the limbs, and long before an angry feeling has been expressed, a stranger fancies that they are in a towering passion, and considers their motions as the senseless and unmeaning convulsions of two madmen. Now, all the time not a finger is moved, not a shoulder shrugged, not a lip compressed or curled, but by rule; that is, without its having a determinate, invariable signification.

The book before us undertakes to classify and describe these various gesticulations, with reference to the Neapolitans in particular. But our observation has satisfied us, that, with few exceptions, they may be considered the conventional language of all Italy. We have found them everywhere but little varied; and in compensation for such as may be peculiar to Naples, we have noticed several, omitted by the learned and amiable author, but common in other parts. The Canonico De Jorio is well known to most of our countrymen who have visited Naples, as much by the cheerful courtesy, which his knowledge of our language enables him to exercise towards them, as by his learned works upon the antiquities of that city and its vicinity. The present work is drawn up in the form of a dictionary, and gives, in alphabetical order, the different gestures by which every passion, feeling, and idea, is ordinarily expressed. Considered simply in this light, it is an amusing work to any one sufficiently conversant with Italian manners. But its title suggests that it has a higher aim, and attempts to trace in these modern signs the action of the ancients. In fact, almost every gesture described by the classical authors remains yet in use, with the same signification. But the learned author has sought, in

this conformity between ancient and modern Italians, the explanation of mute monuments, on which the relative positions and feelings of the figures represented, can only be conjectured from the action which they use. Having established that in general the same gestures have always expressed the same idea, he examines under what feelings the action exhibited would now be used, and thus decides its meaning on the monument.

These remarks naturally suggest an interesting question, — to what cause are we to attribute this resemblance between the ancients and moderns? Were these expressive and almost speaking gestures originally invented, and then perpetuated to our times; or are they the result of a natural connection between themselves and the ideas they represent? Are they, in other words, conventional or instinctive? To this we reply, that they are manifestly of both characters. Some are doubtless of the latter class—such as striking the forehead in disappointment, or pressing the heart in protestation of sincerity or affection. Others are clearly artificial, such as the expression of "to-morrow" by a semicircle formed in the air by the forefinger drawn from below upwards. This sign represents a diurnal revolution of the sun, to be completed before the event alluded to takes place. Even here, however, we have a clear reason for the symbol; and it is not difficult to discover one in every other instance. In order to ascertain it, we must observe that these gestures primarily are used with words, and form the usual accompaniment of certain phrases. For these the gestures become substitutes; and then, by association, express all their meaning, even when used alone. Again, these phrases are often metaphorical, and the gesture represents their literal meaning; and

thus becomes, when applied to the figurative, a real metonymy. A few examples will illustrate this observation.

Hunger is expressed by beating the ribs with the flat of the hands. This signifies that the sides meet, or are weak from want of something between them. But hunger is a child of poverty; and hence the parent comes to be represented by the same sign. The connection between the organ of smelling and sagacity is traceable in this latter word, which literally signifies the power of following objects by the scent, as hounds do. The ancients expressed the want of acuteness, or the infliction of a hoax, by reference to the nose;—"*suspendere naso*,"—to hang by the nose, is a well-known phrase in their writings. On the other hand, "*emunctæ naris homo*" signifies a quick-scented acute critic. This connection of ideas, real or imaginary, is expressed amongst us, and in Germany, in the same manner as in Italy. The thumb applied to the side of the nose, with the hand extended, indicates, as Cruikshanks well knows, that the party aimed at is little better than a goose. With us, however, the action has no corresponding phrase from which its signification can have been drawn. This is to be found in Italian, in which even good writers express the idea "he was tricked or deceived," by "*è restato con un' palmo di naso*,"—"he was left with a palm's length of nose." It is manifestly this idea that is expressed by the gesture, which literally describes it, and then follows it in its metaphorical acceptation. The Canonico De Jorio supposes the expression to have arisen from the manner in which the face is thrust forward, with a gaping mouth and staring eyes (illustrative characteristics never omitted with the gesture), when a hoax is discovered. (P. 72.)

Any caricature of cockney sportsmen will suggest a more natural explanation, from the simpleton expression which the countenance has, when its middle part protrudes excessively.

But the same useful organ gives rise to another similar figure. Suspicion is expressed, and you are put upon your guard against a person, by the forefinger of the right hand being placed upon the side of the nose. If you inquire about a person's principles, and are answered, as we remember to have been, by this action, you understand that he is "tainted, not sound;" and the corresponding Italian word "*puzza*" expresses the meaning. On one occasion, when in Italy, we were drawn into a species of altercation, by a person who was generally known to be tiresome and fond of dispute. We were not aware of this trait in his otherwise estimable character; but a friend who saw us getting entangled, walked to and fro before us, but behind the other contending party, making this sign, as though with no particular object. We understood the hint, drew off our forces, and beat a retreat as quickly as possible.

We have seen how the passive participation in a deceit is described; the active voice has also its expression corresponding to an idiomatic sound. To convey the idea that an individual is deceiving you, a friend will simply place his fingers between his cravat and his neck, and rub the latter slowly with the back of his hand. In the Neapolitan dialect the expression is, "*l'a menata dinto allo cravattino*," or "*'ncanna;*"—"he has put it within his cravat," or "down his throat." The expression corresponds to our terms *to cram* and *to swallow;* and the gesture represents, most practically, the enlargement of the œsophagus necessary for conveying the deceit down the patient's throat. Hence,

another symbol of the same idea consists in opening the mouth, and pretending to throw something into it from the united fingers of the right hand.

Almost every gesture may thus be traced to some proverbial or idiomatic phrase, as several other instances in the course of this paper will show. It is indeed necessary sometimes to travel through a long chain of ideas to comprehend a sign. Let us suppose a youth at a window, invited by one in the street to come down and walk, by a beckoning—not as amongst us with the fingers upwards, which would only mean salutation, but with them turned downwards, and repeatedly moved towards the palm. He answers by placing his hand, with all the fingers apart, before his face. What does this mean? Why, he thus represents himself as looking through the barred window of a prison; and so, communicates to his friend, that domestic authority confines him to the house. In the neighbourhood of Naples, your carriage is sure to be followed by a covey of brats, who, well aware that you probably do not understand their slang, trust much more to the graphic language of gesture to excite your pity. For this purpose, they dispose their fore-finger and thumb in the form of a horse-shoe, and apply their points first vertically above and below the mouth, and then horizontally to its corners, alternating the movement with great rapidity. Unfortunately, the ludicrous woe-begone expression of face which accompanies the action, usually destroys its intended pathos, and prevents even an acute observer from penetrating its poetry. It signifies that the mouth has been cross-barred or sealed up; in other words, that the sufferer has had nothing to eat for a long time.

We remember observing a remarkable instance of

quickness in the application of a symbol to a complicated idea, in a ragged little boy at Genoa, whose perseverance in mendicant supplication was rewarded by an Englishman with a *crazia*, a miserable copper-foil coin, half as thin and half as large as a wafer. An English beggar would have, perhaps, at once given vent to his indignation by throwing it on the ground; not so the little Italian. He placed the coin deliberately on the palm of his hand, brought it to the level of his mouth, and, with a roguish look at the giver, blew it away by a sharp puff upon the ground. To blow towards a person or thing is a strong expression of contempt;[c] so that additional emphasis was given to the less refined mode of rejecting with disdain. But, at the same time, the action substantiated its own motive: the urchin most scientifically proved the cause of his discontent—the *lightness* of the present. We believe it had a still better effect; it drew a larger coin out of the amused gentleman's pocket.

To illustrate the extent to which this method of expressing ideas may be carried, we may imagine a question, and see how many ways it may be answered. Suppose, for instance, that we wish to ask after the health of one who lies sick in the next room. The attendant's finger pressed upon the lips indicates the necessity of preserving silence. Well, a toss back of the head, with inquiring eyes, and turning towards the door of the room, sufficiently asks the question, "How is he?" The servant stretches out his hand, with the palm downwards, and the fingers slightly apart, and shakes it from side to side. This means "*cosi cosi*,"—"so, so." If he moved it more, so as to describe a curve in the air, by turning it at the wrist,

[c] De Jorio, p. 129.

the signification would be "*alti e bassi*,"—"ups and downs," that the patient's state varies considerably from time to time. A shake of the head with a smack of the lips, or with a certain indescribable guttural groan, would indicate that he is very ill: both the hands raised, and, as well as the head, agitated from side to side, would denote that there was no hope. If the movement of both were upwards, it would signify a great improvement. In these gestures, however, the expression of countenance, and especially the eyes, would play an important part. Suppose the assistant to place his cheek reclining upon his right hand, with his left placed under the right elbow, he thereby tells you that the patient sleeps. If he raises his little finger, pointing upward, and says, "He is thus," you understand that he is reduced to a skeleton. When at length he answers your inquiry by cutting the air with his hand in the form of a cross, you know at once that further inquiries are useless; their object is no more. And this sign metaphorically expresses the end of a project, the failure of a "concern," the loss of a lawsuit, or any other termination of sublunary affairs.

Ask, now, for example, the character of a man with whom you have to deal, and suppose your adviser to prefer answering by signs:—If he place his finger on his forehead, he tells you that he is a man of sense; if he press his thumb against his temple, leaving the open hand to stretch forward from the side of his face, he indicates his affinity to the long-eared race. If, with his fore-finger, he draw down the outer corner of his eye, he intimates that he is a cunning rogue, with whom you must be upon your guard; literally, that he squints, and you can never be sure which way he looks. To denote that he is an honest and upright

man, he will stretch out his hand steadily, joining the tips of his thumb and fore-finger, as if holding by them scales nicely balanced. If, on the other hand, he hook together the little fingers of both hands, and move these forward, swerving from side to side, and shaking the other fingers, he means to inform you that he is like the crab, which his hands mimic, tortuous in his ways. The thumb pressing on the first joint of the fore-finger, as if cutting it off, means that he is "only so large," a man of narrow ideas and little mind. The expressions for good or bad are more difficult to characterize, as they depend much upon the countenance. The negative shake of the finger with a face expressive of aversion, will mean the latter; the hand thrown upwards, and the head back, with a prolonged "Ah!" the former. If you ask what is become of one whom you have not seen for some time, you may be answered without a word, should the truth be disagreeable. The hand placed forward, and stretched out, with the little finger towards the earth, and so moved up and down, as if cutting the air vertically, signifies that he is gone away; and the frequency and deliberation of repetition denotes proportionably greater distance. But if the hand, instead of being before the breast, be brought round to the left side, and so make the motion edgeways, directed behind the speaker, it means that he has run away stealthily and escaped. If, placed before, it descends smartly and obliquely, as if cutting something, towards the left side, the meaning is, that he has been punished in some way: if the fists be clenched, and the two wrists crossed over one another, you understand that he is in prison.

We will only put one more case, which concerns the most engrossing of all conversational topics,—money.

You will ask if a man be rich or not, by an inquiring glance and nod towards him, at the same time that you strike your pocket, or rub the points of finger and thumb, as though counting out money. Your silent friend, by the proper nods, looks, and motions of the hands, tells you "no," or "so, so," or "exceedingly," which last is expressed by a toss of the hand and head, and a half sort of whistle, or something between that and a hiss. Well, suppose the latter; you ask by word or by look, how he has become so. Your informant, with his thumb, rubs his forehead from side to side, to signify that it was by the sweat of his brow, his industry and application. But perhaps he does not raise his hand so high, but takes hold of his cheek between his thumb and closed fingers, shaking the hand. That informs you that he has made his fortune by bribery and peculation.[d] He may come lower still, and, doubling up his hand, put his thumb, bent like a hook, under his chin; and you shall understand that he has taken advantage of others' necessities for his profit, having placed a hook in their jaws. Or, the two clenched fists are pressed strongly upon the chest, which means that he has been avaricious, or, analogously to the action, "*close-fisted.*" In fine, the fingers are drawn in and closed, beginning with the first, and so to the last, making a species of curve, and the signification is, by theft and robbery. Should the answer have been unfavourable to the person's pecuniary condition, and you inquire the reason, as he was

[d] [This alludes to the Italian expression for this mode of enriching oneself. If a person in office, or in favour, receives what are called *douceurs*, it is said of him, "*mangia*" (or more vulgarly "*magna*"), literally "he eats;" and such extortions are called "*mangerie.*" The strongest phrase to describe such abuses is "*mangia l'osso del collo,*"—"he eats up a person's neck-bone."]

known once to have been rich, the reply may be no less varied. For instance, your informant, joining all the fingers of one or both hands together, as he wishes to be more or less emphatic, brings their tips near his mouth, and then, blowing on them a long deliberate puff, with swelled cheeks, withdraws and throws them open, as though they were blown asunder and scattered by the breath. This naturally indicates that the fortune of which you asked has been dissipated one hardly knows how, but by general inattention. Should he close up his fist, and, throwing back his head, point repeatedly with his extended thumb towards his mouth, he will assign drink as the sad cause. Should the same gesture be made with the united points of all the fingers and thumb, more solid extravagance, by eating, will be denoted. In fine, if, closing his left hand before his breast, as if holding something tight between its thumb and forefinger, he, with the same finger of the right equally shut, appear to draw that imaginary thing out with difficulty, the meaning is, that gambling has been the ruinous practice; for the action represents a trick which gamesters have in drawing out a card from their hand.

These examples are sufficient to prove how extensive, accurate, and useful this system of signs must be. It will be easily understood that every passion and its consequences,—love and hatred, pleasure and grief, menace and imitation, hope and despair, — has its graphic symbol, as have all the ordinary relations of things, time, space, and circumstance. There are, too, a thousand mimic signs, which are more purely imitative, which the occasion suggests and analogy assists to interpret; for the metaphorical gestures cannot be varied. In Naples, too, there is one class

of them which we have omitted, because they would have led us aside into a curious and not unamusing, but certainly irrelevant, subject; that of the belief in *Jettatura*, or the evil eye, of which these gestures are the counteracters.[e] It is evident that a people possessing a language literally at their fingers' ends, must express themselves with wonderful vivacity on all occasions, and possess a resource for communicating their ideas under many circumstances where speech is impossible, and where Englishmen must be silent, or spell words on their fingers by the alphabet of the deaf and dumb. A curious example occurred of this utility of gestures some years ago. When old Ferdinand, the darling of the Neapolitans, returned to his capital after the foolish revolution of 1822, he presented himself at a balcony, to the assembled multitude of repentant and delighted *lazzaroni*. Neapolitans never speak, they always shout; and, in newspaper phrase, to obtain a hearing was, on this occasion, out of the question. The king, however, was a thorough Neapolitan, and understood the language of the fingers, if he did not that of flowers; so he made his address, for we cannot call it a speech, in it. He reproved them for their past naughtiness, he threatened them with greater severity if they again misbehaved, and, after exhorting them to good conduct, ordered them to disperse and go home quietly. Every gesture was understood, without a word, amidst the most deafening sounds. Now, how useful would such an art be upon the hustings sometimes. We fancy we could easily compose a *manual* address to a boisterous constituency; in which, spite of all clamour from the rival party, we could express the usual routine and common-place effusions of patriotism and zeal: could

[e] See De Jorio, pp. 89, 120, 155-159.

satisfactorily prove on our fingers that our competitor was unworthy of all confidence; and, with some aid from the nose and cheek, establish an undoubted claim to preference. A little sleight-of-hand would thus place the most asthmatic candidate on a level with the most stentorian demagogue.

But in Italy this dramatic system need not be taught, it is learnt spontaneously with the language. We have seen little girls of seven or eight repress the forwardness of a younger companion, with a dignity of attitude and correctness of action, which would have become an Electra or a Lady Macbeth. Nay, we have been still more puzzled by seeing a blind man, the appearance of whose eyes convinced us that he had never enjoyed sight, make the very gestures which we have described, as correctly as if he had learnt them by imitation, and not by intuition. Often the gesture is not perfectly made, but only indicated by approximating to the attitude it requires. It is thus better concealed from those who are not meant to perceive it, and forms a sort of *demotic* to the hieroglyphical expression, in which the symbol is rather hinted than actually represented. But the part which the eye plays in this noiseless loquacity is most important, yet most indescribable. In Sicily, indeed, it is so powerful as to supersede all other means of communication; for long and complicated interviews may be carried on without any other aid. It is believed that the Sicilian Vespers were concerted, throughout the island, without the exchange of a syllable, and the day and hour for the indiscriminate massacre of the French fixed by interchanges of looks, and perhaps a few signs. Thus we may say, that if the Italian communication by gesture is a species of telegraph, that of the Sicilians resembles more a

system of signals by lights, equally complete, though more difficult to describe.

In discussing this subject we have drawn more upon our observation than upon the Canon's book, which, however, has ever been at our side, to form a corrective, when necessary, to our recollections. There is another part of his task in which we would gladly follow him more closely, did room permit: in the application of modern gesture to the illustration of ancient art. But we know not how we well could do this without copying his plates, which are almost necessary for fully understanding this part of the subject. Suffice it to say that his researches prove the system of action to have been identical in ancient and in modern Italy. The different positions of the hand described by Quintilian, Apuleius, and other classic authors, are yet in use; the figures painted in the celebrated Vatican *Terence* represent the very action which would now be employed with the words they utter; and the scenes on Greek vases, or reliefs, tell their own story to an eye practised in the mysterious language of gesture.

This, we apprehend, is enough to give some real interest to what we have treated in this article as matter of mere curiosity. For it must be as important to the antiquarian to decipher this symbolical speech, as the crabbed legend, over which he may pore for hours, till he fancies he has made a plausible conjecture. But there is another aspect under which this subject may be viewed, of still more general interest; we speak of its utility in understanding and appreciating later Italian art. On this point De Jorio has naturally said nothing, because it regards foreigners rather than his own countrymen, who understand it. We could easily give instances of this application of

Italian gesture to works of art; we will content ourselves with one drawn from a real master-piece, the most *speaking* picture probably ever painted. Universally admired as Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" is, one of its principal beauties will be overlooked if the action of the figures, as expressive of their words and sentiments, be not understood. Take, for instance, the figure of Judas. The Gospel gives us two characteristics of him,—that he was a thief, and carried a purse.[f] The latter mark was easily seized on by every painter, and meant as emblematical of the first. Yet the sacred text represents the two as distinct. The genius of Leonardo alone contrived to keep them so in painting. In his right hand the traitor holds a purse; but his left is extended and slightly curved, in the very position we described as denoting theft, which in reality is imitative of the pilferer's act in drawing to him, and inclosing within his hand, the thing which he steals. The painter too, by a clever device, left no doubt of the import of the action. For while all the rest of the bread on the table is of a coarse quality, he placed one white loaf just beyond Judas's hand, as the object towards which it was tending. By this simple expedient, he not only defines the action, but gives us the most contemptible and detestable idea of the avaricious wretch, who could thus take advantage of the confusion which his master's home-driven declaration of a traitor's being among the company, made to pilfer a miserable morsel of finer bread. And in fact his attitude seems to represent him as looking round to see whether all are so engaged, that his hand, moving in an opposite direction from his eye, may perpetrate the theft.

If from this perfect incarnation of baseness we turn

[f] John xii. 6.

to the principal figure, the purest and sweetest expression imaginable of superhuman excellence, we have the attitude and action exactly required in loving expostulation; the hands thrown down with the palm upwards, and the head bent forward and inclined to one side. No other action could possibly so well express the words: "One of you is about to betray me." It was a master thought of the artist's to select this moment for the subject of his picture of the last supper. Generally the institution of the blessed Eucharist is chosen, which allows no room for the play of human passions, and must unite the expression of all the countenances in a common sentiment of love and adoration. But the moment here chosen, immediately after our Saviour had uttered the words just quoted, admitted every variety of expression, and a greater action. On His right we have St. John in the deepest attitude of affectionate grief, -- that is, with his hands crossed into one another.[a] But Peter's predominant feeling is fervid zeal; pressing upon the back of Judas, treading upon his brother's foot, he urges John by the most energetic gesture to ascertain exactly who the traitor is. Any Italian would at once understand this upon seeing the fore-finger pressed upon John's breast. At the same time, his right arm akimbo, with a knife in its hand,[b] too well expresses a determined purpose of defending, if necessary, by violence the life of his master. Another of the apos-

[a] De Jorio, p. 203. "Palmulis in alternas digitorum vicissitudines connexis, ubertim flebam," says Apuleius, p. 43. St. Gregory attributes the same attitude to St. Scholastica, when her brother refused her request that he would stay with her: "Insertas digitis manus super mensam posuit," -- the very attitude of John in the picture.

[b] See De Jorio, p. 200. It has been sometimes supposed that the knife is a later addition, when the painting was restored; but it is given in engravings anterior to the oldest retouchings.

tles, however, meant for James, seizes his shoulder to draw him back, while of the two other figures on that side, Andrew raises his hand in an attitude expressive of astonishment mingled with horror; and Philip, standing up, leans forward to ascertain the cause of a commotion, which his distance has not allowed him to hear. On the other side of our Saviour there is equal expression: one apostle is in the act of asking earnestly who is the wretch, and Jude, beside him, no less earnestly protesting his own innocence. His head leans on one side as he presses his hands to his bosom, appearing at the same time to open his vest, desirous to lay it bare before his master. The last figure on this side manifestly expresses that he considers the thing impossible, the position of the hands and head are such as, in Italy, would signify such a doubt; and the person standing up, by pointing with both his hands to our Lord, while his head is turned towards his incredulous companion, no less plainly answers him, by appealing to the express declaration of their Redeemer. Another between them is more calmly assuring him of the fact.

We have dwelt upon this sublime work of art, and selected it from a thousand others, both on account of its truly eloquent character, and because it is better known than most pictures, through the many prints and even medallions published of it. It is evident that an artist who wishes to paint an Italian scene, or who desires to rival the expressiveness of the great masters, should be fully acquainted with this language of signs, as practised in their country. Instead of the dry and almost inanimate colloquies held among us, every knot of talkers there presents a group with varied attitudes, expression, and gesture ready to be drawn. It is the "pays de cocagne" of artists, where,

if the streets are not paved with gold, living pictures run about them, seeming to call out, "Come and sketch me." A study of its peasantry is worth a thousand abstract treatises upon action and expression.

But we think such a study would be generally beneficial both in private and in public life. In the first place, it would rid us of the elegancies of our present elocution in both. It would annihilate the race of button-holders.[1] An Italian has no hand left for this "argumentum ad fibulam;" he wants all his fingers to himself, without one to spare for thus grappling you, as the Romans did the Carthaginians in their first naval engagement. There would be an end too of all string-twirling, by being deprived of which it it has been said that celebrated pleaders have lost important causes; and what Addison somewhere describes in hustings eloquence, as "cheapening beaver," by turning and displaying, to gaping spectators, all the phases of a hat, its crescent-shaped rims, and its full rotundity of top. But seriously speaking, we do think that our pulpit eloquence would be greatly improved by a study of Italian gesture; of action, not considered as the poising of limbs alternately or by given laws, the stretching out of the right hand at one member of a sentence, and of the left at another, as silly books on elocution describe, but of action considered as language addressed to the eyes, which as definitely conveys ideas through them, as the words do through the ears, and which consequently rivets the spectator as much as the auditor, and makes men

[1] We recollect to have heard of a celebrated professor of experimental philosophy having suspended an address to a philosophical society, by turning to the attendant with the words—"John, fetch me my *lecturing-stick*." Armed with this baton the address was no longer a failure.

long to *see* the orator. The oratorical action of Italy is substantially the same as the colloquial, only performed with greater deliberation, dignity, and grace. Hence it is not the result of study, but matter of attention. It is perfectly dramatic, and often represents the action described by the words. If, for instance, a book be appealed to, the left palm is displayed, while the fore-finger of the right appears to trace the lines upon it, or the entire hand strikes upon it to express defiance joined to the appeal. The speaker will appear to listen to a heavenly concert, when he describes it; or to look down with horror into the place of torments, if he draws a picture of its woes. To a stranger there seems to be often exaggeration in all this, and we own that we sometimes have seen representative action carried to excess. But the good taste of the natives is disgusted by such exhibitions, except perhaps in ruder districts; and on the whole, we should say that the action of the Italian pulpit is as removed from vulgarity or caricature on one side, as it is from tameness and insipidity on the other. The fingers, indeed, which are of little use to an English speaker, whose action is chiefly in the arm, are in constant use, especially in enumerating or dividing a subject. This is the sort of gesture which appears most offensive to Northerns; yet it is the one given, by the immortal artist before mentioned, to his exquisite Christ, now in the National Gallery, and the one that can be most accurately traced to classical times, through the descriptions of their writers.

The more indeed that we compare ancient and modern Italy, the more we discover the minute analogies between the two, and the resemblance of character, habits, and feelings, between their inhabitants. We

have been occasionally surprised and delighted to discover this in the ordinary manners of the people, in actions or phrases generally overlooked by travellers. We remember, for instance, being at a loss to explain the custom of visitors, who, finding your room-door ajar, are not sure if you are within, opening it with the salutation "*Deo gratias*,"—"thanks be to God." An officer of the Roman custom-house, who reached an English gentleman's apartment, after thus exclaiming at every door of the suite, was supposed by the gentleman to be announcing his own name, and used to amuse his friends by telling them, how through the whole interview he was politely addressed as "Signor Deogratias." We used to think it a rather inappropriate salutation, as more in the form of an answer than of a first address. But we were soon reconciled to it, on finding in St. Augustine, that the ancient Christians always saluted with the same words, and were ridiculed for it by the Circumcellions, who substituted the formulary of "*Deo laudes*,"—"praise be to God." The holy father enters into a long vindication of the Catholic salutation.[k] Thus has a familiar little custom been jealously preserved in social intercourse from the fourth century at least, and probably from a still remoter antiquity.

But we must really put an end to our unintended garrulity; for we have seen the phantasm, or "simulacrum," of our reader, for some time back, drawing its closed fists towards its breast, and throwing its body back, as if pulling in a runaway horse, to signify to us that we must stop, or must go on without him. Or we may have reason to apprehend, lest some one who has long since noticed these matters, should put his thumb to his chin and wag his expanded hand

[k] Enarrat. in Psalm. cxxxii. tom. viii. p. 630, ed. Louv.

before it, perhaps tacking to its little finger the thumb of the other equally left pendulous, by way of telling us that all we have said is but an *old* story; or (what we imagine still more probable), lest a great many may let their arms hang listlessly down, and heave a sigh which only escapes in a puff through the half-closed lips, all which we should unerringly interpret to the effect, that we have inflicted on them that untranslatable species of the genus BORE, "*una solennissima seccatura.*"

EARLY ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for July*, 1837.

EARLY ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

Art. VII.—*Mémoire sur la Détermination de l'Echelle du Thermomètre de l'Académie del Cimento.* Par M. G Libri. *Annales de Chimie et de Physique.* Par MM. Gay-Lussac et Arago. Vol. XLV.

It has been fashionable to treat the Catholic religion as hostile to the pursuit of physical science. What motives it can be supposed to have for such hostility, heaven knows. It surely could not fear that, from the study of astronomy, any objections could be drawn against transubstantiation, nor that chemistry or geology could overthrow its belief in purgatory. It is evident, in fact, that wherever any plausible charge has been made against it upon this head, it has not been connected with any supposed relation to *Catholic* dogmas, but only to the more general evidences of Christianity. In the painful transactions affecting Galileo, the solicitude of the parties concerned was, not to prevent conclusions from his principles contrary to any point of doctrine held exclusively by Catholics, but to silence objections against the inspiration and veracity of the Bible. They took up the cause, not of Rome, nor of the Holy See, but of Christianity in general; and, however mistaken they were in their opinions, it would be most unjust to charge them with any feeling, that doctrines contested between us and Protestants should be protected from the test of philosophical observation.

It is, however, upon the strength of Galileo's case, distorted and misrepresented as it has almost always been by Protestants, and often by Catholics, and worse explained and defended as it has been by others, that this species of accusation remains bolstered up against Rome. It is not our intention, on the present occasion, to enter into its merits; because it deserves a more minute examination than the immediate subject of this paper will permit. We will only remark, that, putting aside that single and singular case, in which one particular opinion, and not any science, was censured, it would be impossible to allege any ground for imputing to Rome any aversion to the prosecution of natural studies, much less any apprehensions of their results. At the very time of Galileo, Castelli, his favourite pupil, and Torricelli, the discoverer of the perfect vacuum, received every patronage; and the latter could with difficulty be induced to quit Rome for Florence, to stay there, after Galileo's death. On the treatment which Borelli and others of the same school received in the Holy City, our subject will lead us more directly to treat. The elder Cassini, who succeeded Cavalieri, the preparer of the way for the infinitesmal calculus, at Bologna, was most honourably treated, and employed by the Pope; as was, at a later period, Bianchini. The former was allowed to draw his splendid meridian in the church of St. Petronio, in Bologna, the latter in Sta. Maria degli Angioli, at Rome. The learned Jesuit, Boscovich, pursued his studies and gave his public lectures, not merely unmolested, but honoured and employed, particularly in the examination and repairs of St. Peter's cupola, when it threatened to give way, in consequence of imprudent alterations in its buttresses. His *Theory of Natural Philosophy* (1758) has formed the base of

many excellent works on the Newtonian Theory. But his contemporaries, the learned Fathers Jacquier and Leseur, of the order of St. Francis of Paul, in Rome, have certainly the merit of having published the best commentary on the illustrious English philosopher's works. (1739-42.) Jacquier was only twenty-eight years of age when the first part appeared; and he held the situation of Professor of Scripture in the college of Propaganda. This proves how little jealousy was felt of the philosophical or astronomical systems, held by an expounder of Holy Writ. Jacquier continued to receive tokens of peculiar kindness from the enlightened pontiffs, Benedict XIV. and his successors, to Pius VI., under whom he died.

Nor has there been, since his time, any want of learned and judicious philosophers in Rome, who have freely pursued their researches in every branch of science. Sir Humphrey Davy, it is well known, had several dear friends and associates in his chemical labours at Rome, where many of his experiments on the combustion of the diamond were performed. The operation of transfusion of blood, from the veins of one living person to another, was, we understand, first tried in the same city. The present pope has laid out very large sums in the construction and furnishing of new museums of natural history, in the Roman University. Every branch of science is conducted in the public schools of that city, upon the most modern and most enlarged plans. Perhaps the only class-book, into which Cauchy's latest researches into the Calculus of Remainders has been admitted, is that lately published by Father Caraffa, for the Jesuits' public schools at the Roman College.[a] But of these things, more

[a] [The late Jesuit, F. De Vico, is well known to all scientific astronomers. He received the highest honours from the learned

on some other occasion; let us now to the matter more immediately on hand.

Upon the revival of letters, a rage seized the whole of Italy; innocent, though extravagant; useful, perhaps, although often absurd. This was in favour of academies, which sprang up in every town, and gloried in giving themselves the most ridiculous names. The purpose of these voluntary aggregations seldom rose higher than the composition, recitation, and occasional publication, of sonnets, pastorals, lyrics, and the other infinite species of rhymed effusions, in which Italians abound; things, in general, of that standard which neither "gods, nor men, nor the columns" approve. Some, like the *Crusca*, at Florence, have indeed turned their verbal lucubrations to some better purpose; but even on this, the absurdity of its name, which literally means the *Bran Academy*, and the homeliness of its symbol, a bolting mill, were calculated to throw ridicule. Two academies, or as we should now call them, societies, were, however, formed in the course of the seventeenth century, for a more useful and nobler purpose—the prosecution of science, by the combination of talent directed to different pursuits.

These were the Academy of the Lincei (*Lyncæi*), at Rome, and that of the *Cimento*, at Florence. The history of one bears a considerable resemblance to that of the other. Each was planned and directed by one person, whose talents and influence enabled him to bring around him, and keep together, men of rare abilities; and, after a short duration, both came to

Academies of every country in Europe, for his valuable researches. He was expelled from Rome, at the last revolution, came to London, thence proceeded to America, and on his return, died, yet young, in London. It need hardly be stated that Galvani was a professor in the papal university of Bologna.]

their end, by the removal of their respective founders. During their brief existence, both gave proof of indefatigable ardour, of sound views, and of encouraging success, in the pursuit of natural science. The name of the "Cimento" (*Experiment*), sufficiently explains the principle on which it planned its pursuits; the other, in choosing its title, allowed itself to be more tainted with the pedantry of the times; but still, in drawing it from the most sharp-sighted of animals, the lynx, wished to intimate that the constant observation of phenomena was the foundation of all natural philosophy.

The essay to which this article refers the reader, treats of the thermometers invented and used by the Florentine Academy. We notice it entirely on account of its containing the accusation, to which we alluded in the outset, founded on the history of that academy, that Rome was cruelly, nay brutally, hostile to the pursuit of these studies. To understand the writer's attack, it may be necessary to premise, that the *Academia del Cimento* was formed and supported by Leopold, brother to Ferdinand II., fifth Grand Duke of Tuscany. He opened it solemnly, on the 19th of June, 1657. The members met at his house, being mostly, as well as himself and his royal brother, disciples of Galileo. They invented and constructed many valuable instruments, and made very interesting researches, communicated in papers published at the time, and afterwards reprinted by Targioni, in his history of the academy.[b] After it had enjoyed nine years' existence, Prince Leopold accepted the cardinal's hat, and the academy was dissolved.

The causes and history of this dissolution, are pretended to be stated by the writer before us. He tells

[b] "Atti e Memorie inedite dell' Academia del Cimento," 4 vols.

us that "political motives induced Prince Leopold of Medici, Protector of the Academy *del Cimento*, to solicit the hat; that his request was granted only on condition that he should sacrifice the academy, over which he presided, to the implacable hatred which the court of Rome bore to the memory and to the disciples of Galileo. Consequently the Academy of the Cimento was dissolved, and Borelli was seen begging in the streets of Rome; and Oliva, with his bones half broken by torture, saved himself by suicide from the fresh torments prepared by the Inquisition. Many original writings of Galileo and his disciples were committed to the flames." In another passage, the writer thus proceeds: "The proscription which fell upon the writings of the great men of Florence, did not spare their instruments. Those which were saved from destruction, were chiefly apparatus for show, of which little use was ever made. But those small thermometers, made with spirits of wine, and divided into fifty degrees of which the academicians speak as agreeing perfectly one with another, were nowhere to be found." (P. 354.)

We hardly know how to characterize the condensation of mis-statements and calumnies which crowds these lines. Their author is an Italian, who declares that he has turned his attention most particularly to the history of science in Italy.[c] He quotes no authority for his assertions; he makes them with the bold assurance of a man who is either only repeating well-known facts, or is entitled to full credit, as treating of

[c] [It is with sincere regret that we write thus of so able and learned a man; but through all his works the same hostile and rancorous feeling against the Church appears. We will not imitate him by joining his calumniators; but we heartily acquit him, after examining the evidence, of the grievous charges made against him in France.]

matters within his peculiar sphere of information. And yet, from first to last, there is not a word of truth in what he speaks. We are anxious to prove this to the full, lest some of our over-zealous adversaries should be blindly led to adopt and repeat these foolish untruths, as they have done so many others.

And first, as to the imaginary cause of all this persecution—"the implacable hatred of the Church of Rome towards the memory and disciples of Galileo." It is observed that the academy most religiously abstained from maintaining those opinions which had embroiled Galileo with the Inquisition, and confined itself chiefly to experimental philosophy. At the time that this hatred of Rome is represented as exercised even against inanimate apparatus, Father Kircher, a Jesuit, was busily engaged in that city, in constructing instruments; and even Galileo's invaluable invention, the telescope, not only first received this name in the same city, but was best manufactured there, by Guiseppe Campani, Umbrian from S. Felice, and Eustachio Divini, from S. Severino, whose lenses and telescopes were sent to Florence, and even to Paris. It was a long way to go, as far as the banks of the Arno, to wreak vengeance on the memory of Galileo, by breaking scientific instruments, when the task might have been more easily accomplished nearer home.

But this charge of hostility to the pursuit of science falls, unluckily for this author, upon two popes, whose characters can best repel it. The first is Alexander VII., during whose reign the academy was founded and flourished. He was a man, as Giordani writes, "of mild manners, and an elegant Latin and Italian scholar;" or, as Botta describes him, "prudent, and a lover of learning." (Vol. vii. p. 136.) But Targioni has more completely let us into his character, as it

interests us on the present occasion. He calls him "learned, a man of good taste, extremely fond of mechanics, and of experimental philosophy." He informs us, and proves, by authentic documents, that Prince Leopold occasionally sent presents of apparatus to him. (Vol. i. pp. 66, 264, 465; ii. part 1, p. 337.) Again, whom should Leopold choose to revise the Essays of the Academy, but Monsignor Michelangelo Ricci, a Roman prelate attached to the personal service of this pope and his successors, and a regular correspondent of the academy; and Megalotti, born, educated, and living in Rome? And before the work was quite printed off, the sheets were sent, through the learned Octavius Falconieri, member of the academy, to Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino, one of the pope's most confidential friends, who wrote that he had perused them with great delight. (*Targioni*, i. 416, 455.)

This intimate connection and correspondence surely looks more like a good understanding between Rome and the academy, than implacable hostility on the part of one against the other. The pope who bestowed the purple on Prince Leopold was Clement IX., a Tuscan no less than his predecessor Alexander; and the accusation must be still more harmless when made against him. Both before and after his promotion he was a devoted friend of the Medici, and consequently not likely to feel such hatred, as has been described, against the academy which they so much cherished. But where was it likely that he should have imbibed this mortal antipathy to the memory of Galileo? For his philosophical studies had been made at Pisa, under the direction of the celebrated Benedetto Castelli, the dearest friend and scholar that Galileo ever had, and his successor in that university.

The pope, moreover, was the protector of Cassini, and of Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Ricci, whom we have already named. This reasoning, however, may appear to amount to no more than a plausible argument; positive confutations will be easily found.

Monsignor Angelo Fabroni, in his *Life of Clement IX.*, assures us that he had originally believed the story of the pope's having stipulated for the dissolution of this academy when he granted the cardinal's hat to Leopold. But the perusal of the original correspondence upon the subject, between the Holy See and the Tuscan minister, Montanti, completely satisfied him that it was false. For there was not even a distant allusion to any such stipulation. Indeed, so far from Leopold's having solicited the purple, from political or any other motives, and consequently having to submit to any conditions, Clement was the first to write to the duke, that he had reserved a hat for one of his brothers. And having learnt that Leopold and Matthias both aspired to the dignity, he offered to bestow it upon both, as their virtues and acquirements rendered them both worthy of it. Hence, Targioni, who is ever inclined to suspect enmity to the academy from every quarter, and who in the first volume had expressed a suspicion that the elevation of Leopold had contributed to its extinction, in the subsequent part retracts his opinion, and expresses his conviction to the contrary.

How then, it may be asked, did this useful institute so soon come to an end? We answer, from natural and evident causes. It was never formally closed or dissolved, but fell into decay. In the first place, its principal and most active members, Borelli, Oliva, and Rinaldini, spontaneously abandoned Florence about the same time. This Leopold assigns as a

cause of the decay of his academy two months after his promotion, though he speaks of it as still existing. (*Lettere inedite d' Uomini illustri*, i. 462.) Rinaldini had been an engineer in the service of Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent X., and preceptor to the Princes Barberini, of the first-named pope's family. He afterwards occupied a chair at Pisa, and then became preceptor to the heir-apparent. In 1667 he requested permission to quit Tuscany on account of his health, and retired to Padua, whence he returned to his native city, Ancona, where he died. Now, Targioni informs us that his departure "greatly displeased Prince Leopold, because it *thwarted the progress* of the academy." So far were they from any idea even then of dissolving it, though the negociations about the cardinalship must have been then completed. In the two following years the cardinal himself made journeys to Rome; and this still further led to the disorganization of the body. Indeed, before he accepted the hat, he complained, and Megalotti, in his preface to the *Transactions of the Academy*, confirms the complaint, that the prince's numerous occupations had, for some time, prevented him from interesting himself as he wished, in these his favourite pursuits. (*Targ.* i. 424.)

In fact, so little aware were the most intimate friends of the Tuscan prince, that the academy was to be dissolved, that Megalotti wrote to him from Antwerp, proposing a new member, a learned convert, in place of one of the three who had left it. "Truly," he says, "in the present dispersion of the academy, by the departure of Borelli, Oliva, and Rinaldini, nothing could be more desirable; and if the other two places could be equally well filled up, we should be pretty well consoled for our loss." He then observes

that Borelli, though possessed of splendid talents, was "a capricious and almost intolerable man." (*Lettere inedite*, i. 295.) In fine, as late as 1669, Borelli speaks of the academy as still existing, nearly three years after Leopold's promotion. (*Historia et Meteorologia Incendii Etnei Pref.*) So that, although the academy may be said to have virtually expired three years before, it is evident that it cannot be affirmed to have been suppressed by the pope, nor by any one else.

Hence, Botta, no friend to the papal see, attributes its dissolution to the discord among its members, and to the elevation of Leopold. But he expressly observes that it was not molested by the court of Rome, under Alexander. The suppression then is all a fable, as is its alleged motive. So far from any hatred existing in Rome to the memory of Galileo, we should rather say that it was held in veneration. In the first edition of Borelli's great posthumous work, *De Motu Animalium*, now before us, printed at Rome in 1680, with all the usual approbations of the ecclesiastical authorities, we find that the learned editor, Father Charles a Jesu, general of the order of the *Scuole pie*, boasts of one of his body as having been "*Galilei clarissimi viri auditor:*" an expression which does not betray feelings at all akin to hatred or hostility.

So much, then, for the barter of a cardinal's hat against the suppression of a scientific society. Next comes the more odious charge of Borelli's beggary, and Oliva's broken bones. It does not require great sagacity to ask the question, what on earth could have taken these two men to Rome, if such a lot awaited them? Supposing their academy to have been suppressed by an act of papal bigotry, can we imagine them, if sane, to have thrown themselves personally within the reach of the hatred, that had shown itself

so implacable towards them, as disciples of Galileo? For it is not pretended that, like their master, they were summoned to Rome, or commanded even to quit Florence. The truth is, that the whole is a fiction, like the torture of that illustrious man. A brief account of their history will fully explain the matter.

Borelli, after having studied mathematics in Rome, under Father Castelli, taught the sciences at Messina, whence he was invited by the Grand Duke, into Tuscany, in 1656. Two years later he travelled to Rome for the purpose of studying Arabic, as he wished to translate, from that language, the books lost in Greek of Appollonius's Conic Sections. For this end he took lessons from Abraham Echellensis, a learned Syrian, author of several valuable works. In March, 1667, while Alexander VII. yet sat, and consequently before there was the least idea of Leopold's elevation to the purple, much less of any conditions to be made upon the occasion, Borelli requested leave to quit Tuscany, and return to Messina. (*Lett. ined.* i. 133. Targ. i. 215.) Redi, in one of his letters, tells us, that the prince was exceedingly displeased at his departure; and Fabroni has given a letter from the duke to his brother, in which he complains of Borelli's conduct, and says that the fickleness of his disposition, and the restlessness of his brain, and not his health, were the motives of his departure. (Vol. i. p. 135.) Marini has recorded a gross insult which Borelli and Oliva received from some drunken guards at the palace, which may have contributed to their wish to leave. (*Nelli, Saggio Letterario*, p. 116.) At Messina, Borelli lived in some splendour, till 1674, when he thought proper to take an active part in the insurrection that happened there. He saved himself from justice by flight, and arrived at Rome in great distress.

The patronage and liberality of Christina, queen of Sweden, enabled him to pursue his studies, till her circumstances became embarrassed; and at the same time a worthless servant robbed him of whatever he possessed. In all this there is no sign of any papal persecution; nor would it be easy, for the most ingenious tracer of cause and effect, to establish a connection between his sufferings, and hatred at Rome of the scholars of Galileo. But even at this period, Borelli was not reduced to the necessity of seeking alms. He accepted the invitation of the Fathers of the *Scuole pie* to live in their house, and teach mathematics. Here he gave himself up to a life of edifying devotion, charming every one by his cheerfulness and amenity, till his death, which happened in the last hour of the year 1679. His work *De Motu Animalium* appeared the next year, through the bounty of Queen Christina.

Such is the simple narrative of Borelli's history; Oliva's presents a sadder picture of human frailty and misery. When young, theological secretary to Cardinal Barberini, from whose house he was expelled; next a captain of freebooters in Calabria, he came from prison to teach medicine at Pisa. In 1667 he quitted Tuscany with an indifferent reputation for morals, as Targioni observes (i. 227), and came to Rome; where, instead of being seized by the Inquisition and stretched on the rack, he was engaged to attend, in quality of physician, Don Tommaso Rospiglioso, nephew of Clement IX. (*Grandi, Risposta Apolog.* p. 176.) Tiraboschi informs us that he had easy access to several pontiffs (*Storia Letter.* Ed. Rom. viii. 210); and, according to Targioni, he held a situation in the palace. During all this time we have no traces of any animosity against him, for having been

a member of the Cimento, or a disciple of Galileo. After the death of Innocent XI., he was discovered to be deeply concerned in a society of a highly immoral character, and was imprisoned. While led to examination a second time, he slipped from his guards, threw himself headlong from an open window, and died in three hours. Romolini speaks severely of the evil life and death of Oliva, and quotes Marini to the same effect, and for the narrative we have given. (*Ragionamento sulla Satira*, in *Mencini's Satire*, p. 84.) As to any torture, it seems a pure invention of the liberal Italian, whose essay we are examining.

Two charges yet remain, and we will handle them more lightly. And first, what truth is there in the story of Galileo's manuscripts being destroyed? It had indeed been asserted, long ago, that on the death of Father Renieri, who possessed Galileo's papers, his study was visited, and all his papers, as well as that philosopher's, seized; and the writer gives it *as a report*, that this was done by the inquisitor. (*Lett. ined.* i. 74.) But then all this must have happened, if it ever did, in 1648, nearly *ten years before the foundation of the academy*, and consequently can have nothing to do with any papal stipulations about its suppression. The account, moreover, must be inaccurate, as Renieri's own papers served Targioni for his history, consequently cannot have been destroyed; and it is certain that he did not possess all Galileo's. Some of these are said to have been burnt by his nephew, in a fit of scrupulous alarm about his uncle's orthodoxy. But the essayist informs us that other writings of the Florentine philosopher were "turned to the vilest purposes." We suppose he alludes to the following circumstance: — Many of Galileo's manuscripts were placed in the hands of Viviani, who had

undertaken a magnificent edition of his works, and was much encouraged in the project by Cardinal Leopold. (*Grandi*, p. 66.) Upon his death they came into the possession of the Abate Panzanini, and, upon the decease of the latter in 1737, were so far neglected, that a servant visited them from time to time, and carried away many of them

> "In vicum vendentem thus et odores,
> Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis."

A certain Cioci, celebrated for his savoury wares, having been favoured among others with a parcel, and having used some for wrapping up his sausages, which enjoyed a great reputation, the discovery was made, and the remnant preserved from destruction. (*Targioni*, i. 124.) This, unfortunately, has been the fate of too many valuable papers. Within these two years, we have heard that the Barberini library at Rome has been plundered precisely in the same manner of important documents, which were discovered by the very same means. We ourselves are sufferers in a similar way; as are several of our friends, whose fires have been kindled for successive months with old records, carefully laid up, but considered, by the sagacity of servants, as put by for their especial use, in the process of domestic calefaction. Prejudice must have run high in our author's mind, to make him connect this sacrilegious larceny, perpetrated by a valet and a cheesemonger, seventy years after the dissolution of the academy, with this dissolution, and lay it, moreover, to the score of popes, long before gathered to their fathers. The papers belonging to the academy remain safe in possession of the Segni family, having been left them by the Senator Alexander Segni, first secretary of the academy.

Secondly, as to the destruction of the philosophical apparatus, we beg to observe that it is as true as the remainder of the narrative. It would, indeed, have been matter of small surprise, if even all the instruments had been dispersed, and gradually lost or destroyed, after the society which used them had been dissolved. But this was not the case. The collection remained where Cardinal Leopold had always kept it, till Florence became subject to the emperor. It was then deposited in the house of the imperial machinist Vayringe; after whose death, a part was sent to Vienna by order of Francis I., the greater part were placed in two rooms adjoining the library of the Pitti Palace, where Targioni saw them. Some also were preserved, in his time, in the mathematical room, as it was called, of the Ducal Gallery. But what makes this accusation still more intolerable is, that in 1829, the Cavalier Antinori, director of the Museum, discovered a chest in which were several instruments, and among them a number of thermometers with a scale of 50°, which form the subject of the accuser's essay. (*Antologia di Firenze*, Oct. 1830, p. 141.) There is no more truth, therefore, in the broken instruments than in Oliva's broken bones; the whole account is a disgraceful perversion of facts, for the purpose of holding up Rome to reprobation as the persecutor of scientific studies.[d]

[d] [An instance of real destruction of most valuable apparatus has unfortunately occurred lately at Rome. During the late revolutionary state of that city, the Roman College, occupied by the public schools, conducted by the Jesuits, and one of the most splendid buildings in the city, was set on fire, with evidences of fore-planning, which left no doubt of its being the work of an incendiary. The most combustible spot was chosen; where, instead of vaulted ceilings, timber had been used in the edifice. Had the fire not been promptly extinguished, by extraordinary energy (for a diversion had

We have had sufficient experience of the frauds published in our own country for the same purpose, not to have used our humble endeavours to prevent this being added to the stock in trade of our controversial travellers. It would make a pretty appendix to Galileo's history. We doubt not but it would be greatly relished in Exeter Hall, where every atrocity is fondly credited which can inspire a nursery horror of the pope. We verily believe that if the story were served up with some additional contemporary relish—as for example, that the present pope had renewed the war against science, and had sent forth an army of Jesuits through his dominions, with orders to spike every telescope, and to dismantle every voltaic battery, the whole, tail and all, would be swallowed by the gaping mouths of the audience in that precious conventicle.

We mentioned, at the beginning of this article, the Roman academy of the *Lincei*, as devoted to the same

previously been made by a fire out of the walls, which had drawn away all the engines, especially those stationed near the Roman College), the loss would have been irreparable. The magnificent library, with a most valuable collection of Chinese MSS., would have perished. As it was, it suffered serious damage, from the confusion that occurred in carrying out the books, contrary to the wishes of Father Secchi, whose admirable coolness, and care to exclude officious enemies, probably saved the building. As it was, the magnificent hall in which prizes used to be distributed, with its most valuable, and to many of us, truly dear, frescoes, was destroyed, by the falling in of its ceiling. Over this was a series of cabinets, containing a large collection of apparatus, unique, perhaps, from the rich historical series which it embraced; for it began with the rudest and earliest specimens, and came down, unbroken, to the latest refinements of scientific invention. This collection almost entirely perished. In addition, the rooms of St. Aloysius suffered grievous damage. No doubt any amount of barbarism and destruction of scientific apparatus is justifiable when committed out of hatred to Jesuits, by a liberal faction; and no denunciation of the deed has come forth from learned republicans.]

purposes as the *Cimento;* in fact, it was its model, and hardly deserves less fame. Yet it has been comparatively overlooked. On the present occasion, however, it is forcibly recalled to our minds, not merely by the resemblance we pointed out between it and its more celebrated successor, but still more by its giving a proof that the Holy See felt no jealousy of such institutions. For, when we see an academy consisting of a few philosophers, united under the patronage of a prince, for the ardent pursuit of the same studies as the Florentine, counting, which the other never did, Galileo himself among its members, yet not only unmolested, but patronized by the pope and his family, we can hardly conceive it possible that Rome should ever have felt a hatred against science, which could go so far to display itself.

But, to our minds, there is a deeper interest attached to the brief annals of this Roman academy. They are interwoven with the amiable, virtuous, and heroic character of its youthful founder, so as to possess all the stirring interest of a romance. They display, beyond almost anything else we ever read, the purity of purpose, the chastity of mind, the nobleness of soul, which a devotedness to the study of nature, when sanctified by religion, can bestow. They exhibit all the meek courage of the martyrs, in the humbler, but dearer, sphere, of domestic persecution. We repeat it, the history of this academy, with its Prince Federico Cesi for the hero, would present ample materials for a romance, full of incident and spirit, and rich in the most varied characters.

Federico Cesi, son of the duke of Acquasparta, was born in 1585. In 1603, when eighteen years of age, he laid the foundation of his academy, being already in correspondence with some of the first philosophers of

the age. His first companion in his plan was Francesco Stelluti, who possessed an equal ardour for science, morals equally pure, and a piety equally fervent. Having heard of John Eckius, or Reckius, a Hollander practising medicine in the little town of Scandriglia, in Sabina, a man deeply versed in every branch of philosophy, they invited him to settle in Rome, attached to the Cesi family. Finding the want of order and system in their studies, they arranged the plan of an academy, and, to complete it, added to their number Anastasio de Filiis, a young nobleman of Terni, who had a particular turn for mechanics; and, being a relation of the family, lived in their house. On the 17th of August, 1603, the academy was inaugurated by its young *prince*, as he was henceforth called. Its meetings were to be quite private; and in their researches were to embrace every branch of natural and moral philosophy. By the 22nd of October they had finished the construction of a great planisphere, on which were drawn the ancient and modern systems of astronomy. They met three times a week, and had five lectures at each meeting; and the subjects treated show how active each member must have been in his pursuits. Persecution, however, soon disturbed their tranquillity. The morals of the academicians were irreproachable; and their statutes prescribed virtue as the first duty. Among the numerous dependants of the duke were many who, instigated by jealousy or worse motives, poisoned his ear, and filled him with suspicions against his son. He made every effort to separate him from his companions, and to wean him from his studies, but in vain. With his mother, a woman of sincere piety, and who to the end was kind and affectionate to him, they endeavoured to prevail, by insinuations against his moral character; and at

length succeeded so far as to render her uneasy in his regard. On Christmas-day, when the very existence of the academy seemed precarious, the prince assembled it, and, after a touching speech, invested each member with a gold chain. They agreed to a new code of laws; among which was one, that every meeting should be opened by prayer. St. John the Evangelist was chosen patron of the academy; and, forthwith proceeding to his church, they implored his intercession in their difficulties.

But the duke was a man of haughty, overbearing disposition, dark in his plots, and inexorable in his resentments. To such an excess did he carry his enmity, that his son was obliged to fly from his house, and was pursued by him with an armed band. Stelluti was compelled to return to Fabriano, and De Filiis to Terni, surrounded by emissaries, and threatened by the bravoes of the stern old lord. Yet, when so dispersed, they continued to correspond, and even to meet in the country, at the risk of life. Eckius, obliged also to conceal himself, had his apartment broken open by the duke's orders, his furniture demolished, and the collections and instruments destroyed. But the wily tyrant wove around him a darker mesh. He affected kindness and respect towards him; and, having drawn from him the names of his sworn enemies, suborned them to make the vilest accusations against him before the ecclesiastical authorities. His life was threatened, on Holy Thursday, by an assassin; and, after having lain concealed and almost starved, in young Cesi's apartment, for many days, with sentinels at every door, he was obliged to surrender at discretion, and was escorted by a band of hired ruffians to Holland. On his way, he wrote his observations on natural history, with admirable drawings on the

margin, which he sent to Rome. They were preserved, with the diary and other papers of the academy, in the Albani Library, till the French invasion. His guards left him without money at Turin; but he proceeded to Holland, and thence to England and Scotland, on which he likewise wrote his observations. Cesi retired to Naples, where he still, pursued his studies. Eckius returned to Rome in 1606, as appears from a letter written by him to the celebrated Kepler; but new persecutions obliged him again to fly, till 1614, when, for the last time, he returned to the Eternal City.

The annals of the society are silent till 1609; a year remarkable in the history of science, for the invention of the telescope. The news of the accidental discovery at Middleburg, which suggested the idea of that invaluable instrument to Galileo, reached Italy in the spring of that year; and we have a letter of Della Porta at Naples, to Cesi, dated August 28, in which he gives a drawing of a telescope, with a reference, for its principles, to his work on optics, published in 1589. When we consider that Galileo did not exhibit his in Rome till 1611, it will seem probable that Della Porta was guided by his own sagacity to divine the nature of the new invention. One thing, however, the historian of this academy considers pretty certain; that the names "telescope" and "microscope" were first devised by Federico Cesi. When Galileo came to Rome, he became a member of the academy, at whose expense some of his works were printed. Indeed, by the year 1612, it had extended its reputation very far; had undertaken the publication of several works, among the rest, the observations of Hernandez on the natural history of New Spain, with notes by the academy; and had formed a plan for branch societies, with a college at Naples. The work of Hernandez

did not, however, appear till 1651 (2 vols. fol.); and it has prefixed a brief, dated 1627, of Pope Urban VIII., the very pope under whom Galileo was condemned, in praise of the academy. To the same pope, Cesi dedicated his microscopic observations on the bee; and his nephew, Cardinal Barberini, entered his name among the members of the academy.

But, in the mean time, new domestic troubles had gradually withdrawn Cesi from his previous undivided attention to the interests of this society. He had married; and, in addition to the cares of his own household, had to undertake the management of his father's property; for the old nobleman, extravagant as he was imperious, had fallen into considerable embarrassment; and, reserving an annuity, made over his estates to his son, who engaged to pay all creditors. Cesi was obliged to reside upon the estate of Acquasparta, upwards of a hundred miles from Rome; and, at the same time, his father's waywardness and tyranny wore out his spirits, and undermined his constitution. The duke died on the 24th of June, 1630; and, on the 2nd of August, his son followed him to the grave, at the age of forty-five. He seems to have been the idol of all that knew him. His portrait exhibits a mild, and thoughtful, and noble countenance; and every record proves that, while in moments of danger and difficulty, he could display the greatest courage and dignity, yet, when contending with the capricious tyranny of his father, he never, in word or act, transgressed the duty of an obedient son. He was well versed in every class of literature; seems to have been a proficient in Arabic; and, when Cardinal Bellarmine consulted him upon some points of natural history, his answer, though written in the country, contained so much learned discussion upon the doctrine of the

Fathers, whose passages he quoted on the subject, that the eminent theologian affectionately chid him for such an unnecessary display of learning. This correspondence is given by Scheiner in his *Rosa Ursina*. Cesi was one of the first to make accurate observations on fossil woods, and to discover the system of propagation of ferns. Brown has accomplished what the Lincei were anxious to do, to commemorate his name in science by conferring it on some plant. His class of *Cæsia*, in Australian botany, is called after him.

After Cesi's death, the academy languished on for twenty years, when it became extinct. His death, indeed, was so sudden, that he did not make a will; and thus his museum, with its curious collections and instruments, became the property of his family. Bianchi, who wrote a history of the academy, endeavoured to revive it, but failed.[e] At the beginning of this century it was renewed. Pope Leo XII. gave it apartments in the Capitol, and built for it there an observatory, now under the direction of its president, Scarpellini. Its apparatus is very complete; and we have now lying before us an able paper lately read in it, by the learned Father Pianciani, containing some new experiments and results upon electro-magnetism. The present pope[f] pays an annual visit to this establishment.

We might have added to this sketch the history of other scientific academies, as that of Bologna, which

[e] For our account of the Lincei we are indebted to Prince Odescalchi's work upon the subject, 4to. Rome, 1806.

For a correct account of the state of natural philosophy in the middle ages, and an exposure of many erroneous opinions of modern writers as to the supposed hostility of the Church to scientific pursuits, see cap. vii. viii. and ix. of Mr. Digby's admirable *Ages of Faith*, book viii., recently published.

[f] [Gregory XVI.]

succeeded the Cimento, and reached its glory under Morgagni; for it never experienced anything but countenance and protection from the sovereign pontiffs; but what we have written is sufficient for our purpose, which was to disprove the assertions of Libri, and at the same time, to show the slight grounds of plausibility on which they rest.

SENSE V. SCIENCE.

From the DUBLIN REVIEW *for Dec.* 1849.

SENSE V. SCIENCE.

ART. VII.—1. *Report on Quarantine.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. London: 1849.

2. *Report of the General Board of Health, on the Measures adopted for the Execution of the Nuisances' Removal, and Diseases' Prevention Act, and the Public Health Act, up to July,* 1849. London: 1849.

WHEN Swift, in his voyage to Laputa, described a nation of philosophers, the exaggeration was so manifest, that the real point may be said to have failed. Could he have foreseen, and described with his own matchless simplicity, what was to take place a hundred years later; the strangeness, the incredibility of what he wrote, would have been equally great, and his narrative would now read as a vision rather than a dream. Had he informed his readers that the sages of that country conversed by means of a wire at the distance of five hundred miles, with a perfect annihilation of all relations between time and space: that they dashed on at the rate of fifty (he might as well have said a hundred) miles an hour, drawn by a mechanical horse impelled by the same power as Sancho Panza's, and liable to the same little accident of blowing up: that the towns were not lighted by oil, or any adipose substance whatever, but by flames without wick, lamp, or candle, coming up from under-ground: that artists there made use of sunbeams, without the necessity of bottling them, for drawing-materials; in fine, that

noblemen of highest rank, and baronets of high degree, spent much time in detecting, analyzing, regulating, and utilizing the perilous stuff that flows unsavoury in sewers; we think he would have provoked more smiles of incredulity as to the possibility of such a nation's existence, than he has by any of his own excogitations.

The last half-century has indeed distinguished itself, more than any other corresponding period in the world's history, by great and practical applications of science. In fact, every science may be said to have undergone a revolution within this space; and the new principles and powers which have been discovered, are becoming, every day more and more, the regulating, or motive, agents of material existence. In zoology, living and fossil, the researches of Cuvier, Lacepède, and Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire; in chemistry, organic and inorganic, the accurate observations of Liebig, Davy, and Faraday; in physiology, the *acute* experiments of Bell and Magendie; in geology, the noble investigations of Humboldt; in ethnography, the scarcely inferior developments of his brother and the Schlegels; and in mechanics, the results of application of countless labourers, which may be said to equal the creation of a new science; these, and many other combining efforts, are justly thought to have worked a complete change in every department of scientific knowledge, and to place the first half of this our century, at the head of a new era, which (whether for the good or the evil of succeeding generations, time only will unfold) will scarcely leave anything to the uncertainty of skill, or the chances of experiment. Everything from henceforward must be struck with the die, or cast in the mould, of science, must be predetermined by calculation, and created by a process.

In all this, the mechanical element, that is, the lowest of all the scientific powers, is prevailing, even to the contempt of every other. It is the constituent, dominant power of the age, its tyrant; its restless, agitating, unsparing ruler. It embodies itself to our imagination (a faculty likely soon to be smiled out of existence amongst us, as much as in the sage island of Laputa) in the form of a huge engine, which sends its shafts along every stage of society, and its gear into every department of each, and keeps up a perpetual whirl, grating and jarring, with a ceaseless worrit and fever in every head and mind, by its own monotonous uplifting of its giant arms, sending everything into every most opposite and conflicting motion; here pumping and there draining; here lifting, and there ramming; here raising into air enormous iron tubes, that could have coffined ten Titans, there drilling through a needle an eye which a microscopic insect could not creep through; here battering into a compact anchor-fluke a mass of iron which all the Cyclopses could not have lifted, and the very candescence of which would have burnt their eye out, there gently riveting its head upon a pin; here violently twisting together the strands of an "endless" wire rope, there actually drawing through flame, without burning it, the thread scarcely thicker than the cobweb's, which has to weave the finest cambric; here voraciously lapping up the liquid mud of the streets, with its pebbles and brick-bats, into a capacious stomach, there with patented mechanism uncorking the bottle of turtle-punch, to crown the civic duty of indigestion; here with the slow, deep, and monotonous burr of "the drum," producing nothing but wind (though quite a gale of it), there impelling the mighty ship to breast the towering billows, and face the storm in its very teeth; and then

as subservient to intellect and to intelligence, here whirling round every morning the cylinder inscribed all round like an ancient pillar, but here paradoxically with other "columns," and imparting to thousands of outspread sheets the indelible impression of the *Times;* there setting in motion for the comfort of one ingenious mechanic, in his humble quarters at Manchester, an escapement that lights his lamp, cooks his breakfast, awakes himself, and disturbs all his neighbours.

The scientific genius or Daimon (a letter here makes a great difference) pursues you into your domestic life, with an unwearying pertinacity. Your tailor advertises himself as "anatomical;" your shirt-maker as acting "on scientific principles;" towels are labelled in shop-windows as "electrical" (we only wonder why eel-pies are not); plasters, by a strange perversion, as "mechanical." And within doors, your foot-boy cannot any longer think of cleaning knives, unless you procure "Kent's knife-cleaning machine," and your cook declares she cannot make your dinner without a cooking "apparatus." Every conceivable application of the lever, the spring, and hydraulic pressure has been made, to the very simple purpose of ascertaining the postage of a letter; and many a man who has run it rather fine by clipping margins, and sparing wax, to keep his machine below the penny-stamp mark, has inflicted fourpence on his correspondent, simply because the post-office officials will stick to the old-fashioned, unscientific way, of weighing things by scales and weights, instead of by machines. Nay, we have seen the most wonderful little contrivances made, and probably "registered," if not sold, for attaining the desirable object of damping postage-stamps; whereby, having cut off your "queen's head," you place it in a box connected with a hydrostatic apparatus,

which has previously to be supplied with water; then, by the application of leverage, proportioned to the operation, the apparatus aforesaid is pressed upon the gum of the stamp, and made to act upon it, affording the requisite degree of humectation; and, this accomplished, the box is opened, and the little penny bank-note is taken out ready for use; having gone through as much process, as at the Bank transforms a bit of paper into £1,000. Now we, not being given to mechanics, use a very unscientific mode of applying the stamp to the paper; and the contrast of the two methods powerfully reminds us of the old well-known story of the Frenchman, who sold powder for destroying insects, of the class called "industrious" among our shilling exhibitions. This was to be done by catching the delinquent, opening his mouth, and inserting the infallible poison. "Mais si je l'écrase?" asked an unscientific purchaser. "Ma foi," responded the vender, "ça lui serait également désagréable."

When a nation or an age gets upon a hobby, it is just in as much danger as an individual, of riding it to death, or of breaking its own neck. This has happened before. The revival of classical literature in the fifteenth century, carried the age, through heathenism, into heresy. The scientific and mechanical mania of the present, may drive it into materialism, or, if one may coin a term, into *corporism*. We are not indeed going now to look at this higher moral view of the matter. But we think that a sensible observer will see, that all the energy of inventive genius, so marvellously awakened in our time, is bent upon bettering the bodily condition of men, and increasing what is called their happiness, that is, their comfort, their enjoyment, their complete contentment here below, by improving their animal existence, and

multiplying their sensations of corporeal pleasure. It is clear to any one that intellectuality, and abstract truth, are totally unheeded, and even contemptuously undervalued. We may truly say that mental philosophy is becoming almost wholly unknown, and unthought of, in England.

Who thinks of instructing "the people" about their souls, their minds, their ideas, their relations with another world? Who thinks of entertaining them about creation, a first cause, God, in fine? The mechanism of the body, the mode of preserving its health, the avoiding of excesses that hurt it, all this forms now the study of man; and when "mechanics' institutes," or "young men's societies," have been well lectured on these subjects, and on sobriety, and other healthy virtues, it is thought that sound morality has been taught them. Let any one read the annual speeches which benevolent noblemen, and learned M.P.'s and popular bishops, make to such institutes, in great manufacturing towns, and see if they aim at a higher object than that of proving that scientific pursuits will render their hearers good men, without any antidote being required for the deteriorating tendency, of all that binds men, beyond what their passions do, to earth? The bishop of —— in one of these speeches to the middle classes, seemed actually to say, that the mechanical inventions of the present age stood in the place of the miracles of the early Church, as the *engine* for converting nations to Christianity; that the missionary going out with the steam-engine to a savage tribe, would by it establish his intellectual superiority over its members, and consequently his right to be listened to; as though religion were only civilization, and miracles only personal titles to human respect. And if moral and

mental philosophy have ceased to be numbered among the sciences, or to be known even by name; surely the cultivation of the imagination, and the relish for poetry, are nearly as much despised and discouraged. In fact, we are in real danger of seeing the next generation brought up in the ideas of many of the present, that man is a machine, the soul is electricity, the affections magnetism; that life is a railroad, the world a share-market, and death a *terminus*.

The reason of all this is, we fear, too deep and too serious to be treated in an article, especially one so limited as it is in our power to give; and therefore we will confine ourselves to the danger that exists on all sides, of our resembling, yet more, the inhabitants of that sage philosophical country which constantly returns to our view, by overlooking common-sense suggestions in our scientific, and certainly magnificent, designs. It is here that we think our forefathers, back to a very remote period, stand so advantageously before us: they could not do things so cleverly as we do, but they did them more completely; their methods may have been less neat, and less according to principles of science, but they were effectual and durable. We undervalue their lessons, and make great improvements, as we think, upon them; but we certainly do not attain what they did; yet we never suspect that there was wisdom in them, that could compensate for their want of knowledge.

Let us take a very practical illustration. We are now deep in the preliminaries of a great sanitary movement; one so gigantic that we have no faith in its being accomplished. It has been known for years, that the quarters where the poor congregate in London, and perhaps in other large towns, are the closest, most filthy, most dilapidated, most unwholesome, most

fever-haunted regions of the earth. There has been no end of visiting societies, tract-distributors, Bible-readers, home-missionaries, in addition to local clergy, who have all been witnesses to this state of things. The Catholic priesthood, indeed, has been more intimately acquainted with this state of misery; but whoever thinks of consulting *them* upon any public matters, or employing them to furnish information, or suggest measures? But now that cholera has paid us a second visit, and has not found our house swept and garnished, and therefore has quietly settled and made itself at home there, we are all in arms, and in alarms, for fear of a third call, and have loudly cried out for a change; as though this state of things were of sudden growth, and all the cellars, courts, alleys, slums, bone and rag houses, and other unsavoury dealings with offal, had suddenly sprung up, by a fungoid theory reduced to practice, and had not been long growing and strengthening, accumulating and concentrating all their hideousness and pestilence, without the least notice or care on the part of the public. The poor had been suffering the penalties for years, and no one troubled himself: but the noxious nuisance has gone forth and assailed the rich, and the mischief has been inquired into. A complication of causes has been discovered, a terrible array of symptoms; and remedies are being sought.

It is now discovered, as if for the first time in the world, that a great cattle-market in the middle of the city is most unhealthy; that slaughter-houses are pest-houses; that cattle kept in cellars and close courts yield poison instead of milk, and carrion instead of meat; that bone-crushing, tallow-melting, fiddle-string manufacturing, hide-dressing, &c., are most ruinous trades to all but their pursuers; that church-

yards swelled into embankments cannot long restrain the surging of death, which is pent up within them; that the mighty Thames is a huge ditch, and nothing better; that London is shockingly ill-drained, worse ventilated, and miserably supplied with water. These are all either simple truths or plain facts, which have been acknowledged for centuries, or known for years; but they take the public by surprise, especially because they come before it wrapped up in a haze of scientific preliminaries and deductions, which give the air of a grand discovery of the age. There are statistical details, occupying whole columns of newspapers, as to population and deaths, to establish the fact that more people die in a crowded neighbourhood near ill-buried carcases, than in open squares; there are measurements of the mileage of sewerage existing, and calculations of the gallons or tons of materials that flow through them; there are all sorts of subterranean and subaqueous mysteries unveiled to the public in awful terms; as "noxious gases, decomposition, miasma, effluvium, subtile poison, animal substances," &c. &c., and this is mixed up with disquisitions whether the principle of cholera be a mushroom or a fly, whether it be endemic or epidemic; till we are all delighted to think how scientific the age is, what an amount of research and knowledge is brought to bear upon an important question; at the same time that we stand aghast to find that we breathe infection, drink poison, eat corruption, and carry on our commerce through a fetid sewer, and luxuriate on white-bait taken out of a sink. Yet ages ago every continental city, in which there is a decent police, had banished unwholesome trades to a distance, especially the very ones mentioned; long ago abattoirs were established outside the gates, with officers to inspect every joint

that is for sale; and those wants which we so much deplore, were fully supplied in countries which we speak of as semi-barbarous.

To go a little more into detail; a scientific traveller will, perhaps, sneer at the clumsy aqueducts which bring water to Constantinople; or a learned lecturer will describe the aqueducts of Rome as stupendous monuments of ignorance of the laws of hydrostatics. "A child now knows," he would say, "that water finds its own level" (here he proves it by an inverted siphon), "and had the conquerors of the ancient world possessed but the science of the reader of one of Pinnock's catechisms, they would have known, that they might have conducted the stream of water through pipes from the hills to Rome, and that it would have risen again to its original level, and so have been easily distributed over all the city. In this manner immense sums would have been saved. Similar evidence of ignorance will be found in the aqueducts of modern Rome, Caserta, Cordova, &c. How great an advantage then do we possess over the greatest nations of former times in that science, which is now so universally diffused, &c." Now, for our parts, we should prefer to have the water universally diffused, rather than the science. For it comes to this, that be the anciently known methods scientific or not, their application was at least directed by common sense. Those cities had everywhere an abundant supply, of the only thing which becomes a luxury in proportion to its abundance. They had, or have, enough water for drinking, for washing, for baths, for irrigation, for water-power, for refreshment of the air and streets, and for waste; the poor and the rich had it equally, at home and abroad; not from pumps with padlocks, not from turncocks' daily measurement, but

in ceaseless flow from jet and fountain, sparkling, and bubbling, and dancing, in marble basins. The gigantic aqueduct, bestriding half a province to reach its destination, if not a scientific, was an efficient and a beneficent, construction. *We* say, "if *we* had to carry water twenty miles, we should do it much better;" and in the mean time, we have to carry it, and we don't. Which is better, the good sense, which seeing the importance of an abundant supply of good water, makes use of the best means which is known to obtain and convey it, or the science which scoffs at the method, boasts that it knows one a thousand times better, and yet wholly neglects to employ it? Now, if the two must be disjoined, we own that we prefer the former. But why should they be sundered? Why should not the sense of ancient times inspire and direct the science of the modern? We should not then longer hear of the dreadful beverage of the poor in London; of water filtered through graveyards, and tanked in impure reservoirs, fit neither for cleanliness nor for refreshment, and enough of itself to drive those doomed to it to the beer-shop, or the gin-palace. Only here, where science boasts of her resources, is the supply to the metropolis of the first essential of health, at least after fresh air, left to private speculation, and, consequently, placed beyond the reach of the poor. And yet so, it has now been discovered, that even the water, which companies supply, by their scientific machinery, is insufficiently filtered, abounds with animalcules, and ought to be boiled or re-filtered at home, before being drunk. So much for the boast of what science could do, but does not; but which good sense was able to do without it.

It is only now that the scientific discovery is being made, that there ought to be in London, and other

great cities, a good supply of water; and that this cannot be, so as to benefit the poor, as long as it costs several guineas a year per house. But this necessity we humbly, because unscientifically, think, ought to have long since shown itself another way. There is no topic become more familiar to the public of late than that of drainage. In the country it has become almost as fashionable a pursuit for gentlemen, as preserving game and shooting it. But in town, it is the anxious occupation of noble and gentle commissioners, backed by a staff of engineers and scientific men. In fact, it is become a science, and all manner of experiments, we read, are being made in it. Yet in spite of all our proficiency in the art, and of our many resources, it is acknowledged that nothing can be fouler than the sewerage of London; that through the gratings lately opened into them, in obedience to some law of science, there comes forth a most noisome and poisonous vapour, and that, melancholy to relate, five persons fell victims in one day, this year, to the pestilential breath of one of these scientific receptacles. Here again is one almost deluded into fancying, that we have fallen upon quite a modern discovery, and that no one dreamt of the importance to health of this expedient, or knew how to accomplish it, till modern science taught its rules. Yet scarcely had Rome been settled by the squatters from neighbouring tribes, scarcely had she begun to take the forms of a government, when the drainage of the city was known to be of primary importance, and the *Cloaca maxima* (the very name of which proves that it was only the main sewer, into which greater and lesser drains ran) was built by royal direction, and became a monument of Roman greatness. Now we are tempted to imagine the old king who built it, called, in his shade, before a

committee of either house on the subject of sewers and drainage; and to hear, in fancy, the strange unphilosophical answers, which the rude Etruscan would make. They might run thus:—

* * *

"1259. By Mr. Bore. Of what materials was your sewer constructed? Entirely of stone.

"1260. Bound no doubt by *Roman* cement? No, by no cement. I got huge stones half as long as myself. I brought them fifteen miles from the Alban hills, and I made a solid self-supporting vault, which you may see yet standing at Rome.

"1261. What engineers or scientific men directed the work? None but myself. We did not know much about such learned things in those days; we were plain people with a little common sense, and managed the matter by ourselves. I had plenty of good, strong, and willing fellows to labour under me, so we set to work, and managed it very easily.

"1262. By what instruments did you take your levels, and determine your fall? I do not much understand you; but if I do, I can only say, by my eye, and a careful inspection of the natural lie of the ground. You will, of course, remember that we, in our simplicity, made our drains before we built; as we had not science enough to wait till all the ground was covered with buildings, and then to take levels above them, and make drains under them.

"1263. What system of trapping did you follow? I do not understand you.

"1264. What was your plan of flushing? I do not comprehend you.

"1265. What disinfecting agents did you use when your sewer had to be cleared and repaired? None.

"1266. Were not lives lost on such occasions? No: and for one good reason, it never required either. I built it large, and lofty, and solid, from the beginning. Men had not to crawl on all fours through it. Mecænas went down it, in a boat mind you, and found it clean, savoury, and after six hundred years, in thorough repair.

"1267. How could a boat float in the garbage and mud of a sewer? The purpose of a sewer is not to contain these things, but to carry them off. Mine was so constructed as to do this.

"1268. By Mr. Sense. How was this effected? By a plentiful supply of fresh water to the city, which, running all day and night through fountains, and public reservoirs, and so into the drains, kept

up a constant, powerful, living stream, which diluted all impurities that entered in, and carried them at once out, without suffering them to stagnate, obstruct, and ferment.

"1269. Then you think no drainage can be complete without a perpetual flow of fresh water into a town? No more than in the animal economy, the impure blood will be propelled forward without fresh blood being sent into the vessels. To think of purifying a sewer by driving through it accumulated impurities may be more scientific, but we preferred the more simple and natural mode suggested by our common sense.

"1270. Only one question more. You made the Tiber your main receptacle into which all your sewage flowed. Did this not tend to pollute and infect the stream? No; because, first, we had no tide in it, but a rapid current to the sea; and secondly, because I took care to carry my sewer into the Velabrum, below the inhabited part of the banks."

We are of opinion, therefore, that we are beginning at the wrong end, in scheming how to expel, without providing an expellent power. We must bring in what is wholesome, if we wish to displace what is noxious. Liquids act differently from solids. The latter must be clean removed for others to occupy their place. The former will themselves displace, if exit be allowed to what is before them. This is the principle to be followed, with water as well as with air. Introduce a current of fresh air, and under proper arrangements it will purify, not by dilution, but by expulsion. The same ought to be done in drainage, and there will be a double gain.

There is one author, who, on all occasions, brings sound sense to bear on his scientific researches, and again makes science carry out the suggestions of sense. We allude to Dr. Arnott. His theories on the subject of ventilation to which we have just alluded, are simple, intelligible to any sensible person, while they will bear the test of any scientific examination. His methods too, of attaining his proposed object

partake of the same advantage: their very ingenuity consists of their simplicity. A letter which he has lately published, of scarcely a column in the *Times*, contains all that is worth knowing on the subject of ventilation; and another short paper by him in one of the publications before us,[a] applies the principles of this subject to ships. When one considers the lavish expenditure, or rather the waste, of public money consumed in Dr. Reid's experiments for the ventilating and warming the Houses of Parliament; when one hears of the expense gone to in trying various methods, in barracks, hospitals, churches, and other public buildings, one is really tempted to exclaim, that modern science, when it comes to deal with plain and ordinary things, is little better than empiricism, not to use the more expressive term—humbug. The fact is, that such experiments, and new methods, proceed upon no principle whatever, and generally seek to combine conveniences or advantages that are incompatible. Science tells us most truly, that animal life is kept up at the expense of what is necessary for itself. If we did nothing but eat, and did nothing to produce food, or if nature did not take this duty into her own hands, of course we should starve. And in like manner every breath robs the air of a portion of that ingredient which is necessary for vital respiration, and surcharges it with an additional quantity of deleterious matter. It is clear, therefore, that if the process be repeated again and again, upon the same bulk of atmosphere, this becomes more and more unsuited to life, and at length is perfectly a poison. Another breath of it, and it kills. When, therefore, a multitude is assembled together, as at a meeting of the Protestant Association in Exeter Hall, all breath-

[a] Report on Quarantine, p. 144.

ing away at a furious rate, and all the harder Popery is hit, and the louder they shout against Maynooth, these good gentlemen little think in how many ways they are tainting the air about them, and poisoning one another. Among other modes this is one; that a number of persons are pumping oxygen out of the same portion of atmosphere; and of course the more pumps, the quicker the exhaustion. They therefore go home with a bad headache, and a deteriorated appetite, unable to distinguish whether these mischiefs proceed from Mr. Stentor's speeches, their own cheering, or—the *closeness* of the room. This last, and almost instinctive expression, hits at once the remedy. The room must be opened somewhere; and here begins the theory, or practice, of ventilation. You open a window, but the bald head of an elderly gentleman near it, tells him, and he tells the assembly, that cold air is actually raining on his pate with a copiousness and steadiness of supply, which must effectually preclude all exit to the foul air. It is like a crowd rushing into a building, and making it impossible for another to come out. The two get jammed together; and so the good air, only at most, dilutes the bad; but in reality it obeys a certain law of currents, and plagues dozens of people, who beg to have that window shut, or they will infallibly take cold. And thus the alternative is, between suffocation and rheumatism. An Englishman has an instinctive horror of draughts, that is, of air; and he insists on having ventilation, on the following bases. First, the foul air must be got out of the room. Secondly, no fresh air must be felt, or known, to come in. Thirdly, the room must not be made cold by the influx of the external air. To effect all this, has been the object of the expensive experiments alluded to: and the labour

has proved vain. Dr. Arnott has put efficient methods within the reach of every one. The breathed air rises necessarily to the top of the room, and can only be got out there. By his ventilator, it has a passage into the chimney, where the natural draught being outwards, instead of inwards, as at the window, the deleterious atmosphere finds a vent. This being the case, the quantity of air that finds its way through doors and windows suffices to establish a current, the course of this being no longer entirely towards the chimney, but wherever the air in the room yields, by having an exit. And as the rarefied air forms the upper stratum, this is most easily impelled by the elastic pressure from below, and is driven out.

But Dr. Arnott's simple invention does not stop here. Where many breathers are collected together, as in a church, a school, or a workshop, the ingress of fresh air will not be proportionate to the consumption, and an artificial impulse is necessary. This he has effected by means of a pump; the more easy and simple one of two, being the swing-pump, a simple machine which may be made by any packing-case maker, at the cost of thirty shillings. A boy may work it, and draw off the foul air, for which, of course, an equal quantity of fresh air is necessarily substituted. Further, where it is advisable to keep an even temperature, as in the Brompton Consumption Hospital, and in barracks, where fires are inconvenient, the pump, worked by steam, propels exactly the given quantity of fresh air required by the inmates of the place, but warmed to an even temperature, by first passing between hollow copper plates, or leaves, filled with hot water. And thus, ventilation and warmth are combined, by the most simple means, and without any great expense.

This problem of comfort is a most difficult one to solve. We wish to make the very laws of nature bend to our convenience. We insist upon everything being made perfect; every window must be air-tight, every door must close hermetically, and perhaps be made double; a series of outposts in the shape of doors at the end of every passage, guard our apartments from the intrusion of a breath of exterior air, even if the street door open; every corner and cranny is explored, and every crevice is puttied or pasted over, through which we are able to feel a draught, and then we complain that our chimney smokes, and that our room is excessively close. Even the abode of royalty has not been exempt from this curse of smoky chimneys, because everything was too well made; and it was found necessary to admit draughts, in order to cure it. With all our science, or rather with too much science, we have not yet learnt a remedy for this most domestic of all plagues. Year after year you will see a model, or perhaps more than one, in the Polytechnic, of some chimney-top, which infallibly prevents smoke. There is a lecture upon it; which gives a theory, no doubt most scientific, and based on sound principles, showing why every other plan has failed, and why this *must* succeed. Then comes the experiment of a baby-house filled with smoke, which, by the action of the chimney, is miraculously cleared out. And yet unhappily the real nuisance remains unabated, and the beautiful theory fails utterly in practice. Now this again, to our minds, arises mainly from the same fault, of our wishing to bring nature's public arrangements to give way to our domestic ones. She has legislated on a large scale, and made the laws of currents, as yet mysterious and almost hidden, to rule the grandest and most awful phenomena of her

kingdom—the storm, the hurricane, the tornado, the simoom, the trade-wind, the land-breeze, and the poetical zephyr, are all so many results and exponents of her laws, so many data by which their theory is to be constructed. But we expect them all to obey the superior law of comfort; we insist upon constructing our flues and chimneys and fire-places according to certain fashions, and rules of architecture, or in compliance with certain ideas of skill; and then we insist that dame Nature shall come into our views, and not presume to put her mandates in opposition to ours. One complains of the nasty east wind, because it always makes his chimney smoke; another cannot understand how the north wind should always drive a down-draught, with its denigrating consequences, into his drawing-room.

Now let us consider how we set about, first defying the winds, and then trying to battle with them. One of the first things that a modern builder must take care about, is how he stacks his chimneys. Look at the gable of an unfinished row of London houses; you see it completely scored with white lines from top to bottom, making every sort of curve and meander, two always running parallel. These are the channels of all the chimneys of the next house, the courses traced out whereby the streams of smoke shall flow, till they discharge themselves into their native element, the superincumbent ocean of fog. Here is the builder's science. It does not consist in seeing how the natural laws of air in motion will act, and how under any, or every, given circumstance, the chimneys will have draught; that is not his concern. All that he has to think of is, how, by hook or by crook, he can get the whole of the flues into one wall, and get the mouth of each into the level line of chimney-tops which must

run fore and aft between two roofs. Or if the house be a square, detached, residence, as it is called, the owner probably insists that there shall be but one stack in the middle; and flues are sometimes carried round three sides of a room, to get them into the right channel. Ask the builder if it will not smoke? That is not his business, he has only to look to the neatness of the building; the disfiguring process which ensues does not come into his first contract. It will form a future bill. It amuses us, occasionally, to see the sort of vegetation, or growth, to which these domestic appendages are infallibly subject. One of the earliest demonstrations that one of these new terrace houses has been let, consists in seeing an additional chimney-pot on the top of two or three of the original ones. When once this first sprout has made its appearance, a rapid growth takes place. Soon, a tall pipe is seen to protrude; then this puts out horizontal arms at the top, without any head, a sort of fuliginous scarecrow turning round in the wind. Then these arms get elbows, and send forth shoots. Next comes perhaps a head with a sort of vizor, swinging about very sharply and angrily at every puff of wind, like a testy knight-errant in armour (a figure that would make a most elegant chimney-pipe); and then perhaps the whole, always rising in height, is crowned with a hood and feather, or arrow, or vane, as if to put a finish to the work of modern constructive science. Any one walking the streets of London, or rather passing over them on a railway, will be amazed at the ingenious variety of these contrivances. Every imaginable bend, twist, curve, knee and joint, every conceivable head-piece, every possible position for the exit of smoke, every unnatural inclination and deviation from the perpendicular will be found in this absurd mode of remedying

a systematically propagated evil; till even the old telegraph, with its mountebank motions, could not have rivalled their strange postures. Now the architect when he planned the house, and the builder when he erected it, and the tenant when he took it, were all quite assured that it must come to this: they knew that these hideous excrescences would, and must, necessarily spring up. But they were necessary consequences of a system, of the orthodox established mode of co-ordinating chimneys; shops and warehouses were awaiting the coming and certain crisis, full of these fanciful shapes, all ready to be exalted to the house-top. It is not an accident in house-building that they should mount thither; it is a foreseen, and calculated, fact. It is a part of architectural science to overlook totally the real object of a chimney, which is to carry out the smoke, provided it will only carry out the design of a neat symmetrical building.

Now abroad they have not yet become so scientific, and consequently they are not plagued near as much with smoky chimneys. The old architects also, whether of the middle ages or of the *renaissance*, did not put themselves much out of the way to procure a great confluence of smokes. If two or three flues happened to be near, they grouped their tall and elegant chimneys together. But if not, they allowed them to run straight up, and each to smoke most independently. They had not need to trouble themselves in the old days, about want of draught to send the smoke up their capacious chimneys. The great hall, in which the fire blazed, often opened straight into the air, and the massive oak planks and iron hinges of its door, fastened to the stone door-posts, did not allow a very close fit. The window casements too, permitted a pretty free admission of pure air. But as the piled-

up wood sparkled, and crackled, and the blaze roared up the chimney, it lit up the beaming faces of men clad in good leathern jerkins, with perhaps hooded coats, the best security against draughts, and dames snugly wrapped in honest linsey-woolsey of home-spun solidity. They took a common sense view of these domestic arrangements; they did not pretend to know the theory of atmospheric currents, and therefore they submitted to them. They took the straightforward way about things; they sent out their smoke by the shortest road, and ran their chance, much the best one, of being right; they had a brighter fire and less smoke by not being over careful to exclude air; and they protected themselves against its damaging influence by substantial clothing. They lived a cheerful race, they reached a good old age, without much influenza or much physic; and we do not believe that their discomforts were greater than ours, although they knew so little of science.

What we have just said brings before us another branch of modern science, which we fear may easily invade our personal, more than our domestic, interests. We trust that the day may be very far distant, when man will be subject to a thoroughly scientific treatment. And yet we see symptoms of an approach to such a plan. There was a time when man, the animal, was supposed to be composed of certain visible substances, some solid and some liquid, which assumed certain definite forms, and performed obvious functions. Our old physiologists were content with considering his body as consisting of bone, cartilage, membrane, muscle, and so forth; and as containing blood, bile, lymph, and a variety of other fluids and juices. He lived exceedingly well under that theory, and died in his good time, dosed and doctored according to rules

conformable to it. But by degrees he was more accurately studied, and science, instead of anatomizing, set to analyzing him; in place of examining what he might be cut up into, it was investigated what he might be boiled down to. It was discovered that this complicated body of his was only composed of three organic substances, gelatine, fibrine, and albumen. And as though he had not been yet reduced sufficiently low, he was proved to be only a collection of chemicals; and those three components are shown to be nothing more than three gases, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, combined with one poor solid, carbon. So true it is, that when this mortal frame of ours is dissolved, and all the gaseous portion of us melts into thin air, ashes literally alone remain—dust and ashes! These discoveries are exceedingly interesting, and very important; but we own we dread their becoming too much the basis of "treatment" in sickness and in health. However true the theory, and none can doubt it, we should abhor almost as much as a return to the old theory of humours, to see poor humanity handled upon the basis of its constituent elements, and either its medicines or its food regulated, on the principle of establishing a proper equilibrium among its simple constituents. The sense of nature would be contrary to such a science. In the first visitation of cholera, it was decided by some theorists, that the disorder arose from a deficiency in one of the ingredients of the blood, and the direct course was adopted of communicating it to the circulation. Now nature never takes up substances pure, but loves to elaborate them after her own fashion. There is iron in the blood; but no one supposes that the application of cold steel to the pores of the face each morning, or the occasional handling of the fire-irons in the day, ex-

ercises the slightest influence on the appropriation of this metal by the system. Whether in the gold regions of the West, or amidst the sands of Africa, our veins will find their colour, though the miner may not find a single vein of that metal in the entire continent. And our little "Kosmos" contrives to make its chalk formation in the joints of the gouty, out of port-wine and highly-seasoned viands, without the aid of London milk; for, we believe, it is agreed by geologists, that the "London basin" contains a considerable chalk deposit. Nature thus has her own roundabout way of getting what she wants; and does not like to have it forced upon her. We must not give her the flour ready made and sifted; she would rather have the corn and be left to grind it in her own mill, and work it up according to her own processes, into whatever she needs. While, therefore, there is a tendency, in physiological and medical pursuits, to deal too intimately with her powers, and endeavour to shorten her operations, we cannot but fear that this may lead to rash systems, and dangerous results. Good sense would suggest, that the great aim of all sanitary treatment, and medical investigation, should be, by the one, to endeavour to stimulate nature's own powers, and, by the other, to discover how this can be done. To second and to regulate her own efforts to retain or recover her normal condition, is the rightful, sensible, and noblest purpose of true science.

In many points we may sincerely congratulate ourselves on the triumph of good sense over false science; and in no department more than in these pursuits. Why do we now see so few crippled and distorted limbs, so few deformed frames, compared with what used to be? No doubt, because we have abandoned all scientific ways of swathing, bandaging, and tying

up children : we have learnt to let them grow up to a certain age as "noble savages," with free limbs and copious applications of cold air and cold water to them ; in other words, *mother*-wit, which is instinctive common sense, has been allowed to take the place of learned theory. Our forefathers used to consider a periodical blood-letting quite indispensable for health ; it was most scientifically proved essential to it. Common sense has prevailed ; and the lancet is scarcely known to thousands, except as the title of a newspaper, or an advertising appellation of a new razor. The same good sense has ruled us in other matters, especially as to clothing ; though not as yet to the extent to which it should. However, the move is in the right direction,—towards the free and easy. The arteries are becoming every year less compressed, the joints less hampered, the body less straitened, the pores less closed, the neck less strangled, and the head less bound. Even the hat and the wig are getting furnished with ventilating apparatuses ; so that the two most unnatural of all outward accoutrements have become comparatively innocuous. Let us, however, draw our crude remarks to a close.

A strange year is this which is just closing upon us, and upon the century ; leaving us but one more—its jubilee year, to finish its first half with better auguries for the next half, than we see surround us now. It appears as if the present year had been sent to humble our pride, and baffle our skill, and confound our science. It has made the high-born and the daintily-bred familiar with thoughts, and sounds, and sights, from which they would have before shrunk with horror. During it, the bills of mortality were grasped, each morning, with trembling hand ; and the number of yesterday's dead was counted, and scored

against the preceding day's, and the catalogue of loathsome diseases was scanned and analyzed. Men then cared somewhat for how many poor died, and longed to see the ebb set in, in that tide of mortality. For, the surge washed up to the very door of the rich, and thundered against the dams which wealth had raised between itself and the ills of poverty. The earth seems to have yawned before us, and disclosed its unholy mysteries. We have been led by the hand through its dark alleys, and taught to mark and note each foul thing that creeps or floats through them, down slowly to the poisoned bed of the river. We have been discoursed to of the reeking pestilence that exhales from the surface of those subterraneous streams, and have been lectured on the fatal elements that compose it, till we believed we were living over a mine ready charged, and only awaiting some signal to explode, and scatter all living things in irretrievable destruction. We have seen the graves swelling and writhing with the life of corruption, as though in the throes of a new plague-birth; the black soil from the church-yard's side, oozing into the dwellings of the poor; its liquid drainings trickling into their wells; its subtile vapour stealing into their windows; and grave opening into grave, the recent dead falling into the embrace of ripe and rank corruption, steaming upwards to earth, through the opened avenue. And through all this loathsome subsoil, these dregs and off-scourings of earth's mortal things, there run glittering veins of liquid metal, as though escaping from the spoils of death. And what do they prove to be? Not gold from those who, with one hand, wash the sands of California's Pactolian streams, and with the other hold the ready steel; but whom a more daring hunter after gold has surprised with the rifle, not till after the

metal had ingrained itself into their pores. Not silver from the spoiler of temples, or sanctuaries, whom human or divine vengeance has overtaken in the south, and who, like Achan, has perished and been consumed, with his ill-gotten wealth about him. No: it is the poisonous metal from the corpses, of infants whom their mother has slain, of husbands whom their wives have coolly murdered; which even the grave in its corruption has retained, destroying all but the destroyer, consuming the victim, yet holding fast the witness to the foul deed. Such indeed has wise, philosophical England disclosed to wondering nations, this year in rank abundance. And from such a soil what has grown and flourished? The gallows-tree, more laden with the fruits of vicious, irreligious times than ever before; with a heavier growth of depravity, with more desperate, fiendish crime than a generation has seen. And round its foot our populace was dancing as at an orgy, making merry at its lessons. Surely then we have much to do, much to amend, which scientific instruction will not effect. We have moral teaching, moral training to give the people, which we are in danger of forgetting, while we are making them content with more worldly and philosophizing thoughts.

May the rest of the century be as successful in this first pursuit, as the past portion has been in the second; and thus may a just balance be established, and a satisfactory arbitration be made, in the great cause of Sense v. Science.

THE END.

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